

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET



IN PROSE
AND POETRY



THINK YOU, LIFE IS ALL A DREAM?

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET

IN

...POETRY AND PROSE...

A CHOICE COLLECTION, COMPRISING

POEMS OF THE DAY, SUNSHINE AND SORROW, STRUGGLES AND
VICTORIES, GLORY, HONOR, RICHES, LOVE AND MARRIAGE,
REFLECTION, DEEDS UNDONE, DUTIES UNFULFILLED,
OLD AGE, CONTENTMENT, ABSENCE,
HOPE, HOME, HEAVEN.

CONTAINING ALSO

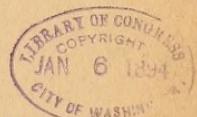
*HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF NOTED WOMEN, ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE TRAVELS
PRIZE STORIES, AND FRONTIER TALES.*

TOGETHER WITH

Forty-Eight Full-Page Illustrations.

—
...EDITED BY...

MRS. GRACE TOWNSEND.



MONARCH BOOK COMPANY,

(Formerly L. P. Miller & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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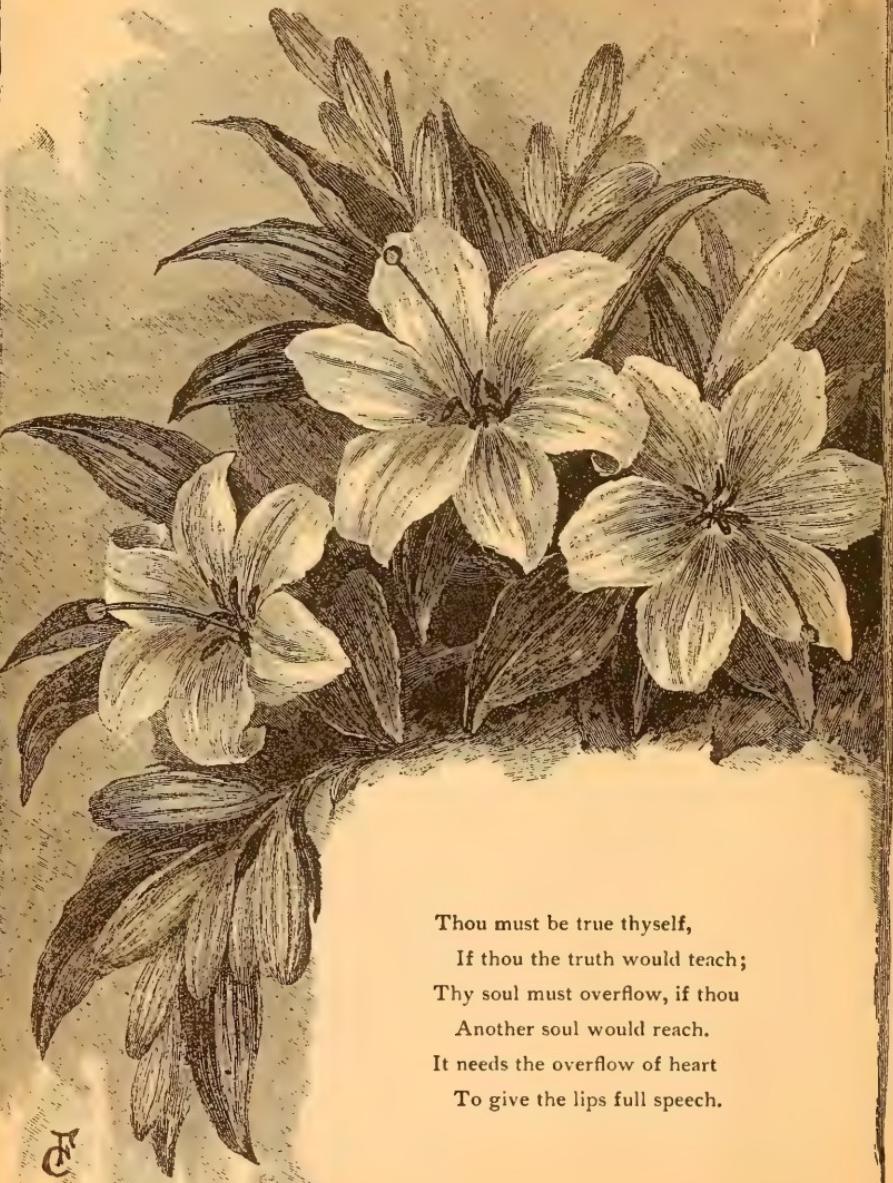
ON THE RIVER

Where wind and water meeting made And passion slept secure from waking;
A tremor in the hues that fade Our hearts forgot their ancient aching;
Between the sundown and night's shade, Our spirits so the past forsaking,
We floated on adown the river— We knew that delicate hour & golden,
Not deah himself our souls might sever, Delight was ours, and memory olden
We felt we should so float for ever. In poppy sleep was fast enfolden.

The lapping wave, no boisterous billow,
Behind us swept past reed and willow;
Love for our guide, and peace our pillow,
What joy to see the coy moon peeping
O'er dreaming hills & woodlands sleeping
Ever her faithful vigil keeping.

O then for us no phantom morrow,
Full-fraught with old prophetic sorrow;
Might tease our souls to vainly bottom
The future's largess in that hour,
Whose wealth of unimagined dower
Sufficed for life, come sun come shower.

Alice Mavers.



Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

MARY MAPES DODGE, in *Boston Transcript*.

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,
The dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.

We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know; our loved and lost, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us: "What is life?" not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

BED-TIME.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

INDEED, and indeed I am not sleepy;
I want a story, one story, oh please !
My eyelids just feel a little creepy,
And my head would like to lie on your knees."

"It's the sand-man making your eyelids creepy,"
I say, as I stroke the curly head ;
"My darling is very, very sleepy,
And here comes nurse to take her to bed."

"Just a minute, mamma, a little minute !
I haven't finished my dolly's hood ;
I left the needle all sticking in it,
And she has to have it — I said she should."

"I will finish the hood for dolly, sweetheart,
She shall have it to-night, as her mother said ;
But the dark has come, and the stars are shining,
And the nurse is waiting ; so go to bed."

"But I left my dolly under the willow,
Without her hat or her little shawl,
With only an apple for her pillow,
And nothing over her — nothing at all !"

"I will bring her in, and to-morrow morning
You shall find her under her patchwork spread,
All safe and sound, with her hood beside her ;
So kiss me, baby, and go to bed."

"I was cross this morning, and whipped my kittens
Because they wouldn't play horses right ;
And I rubbed a coal on my little new mittens ;
Forgive me, mamma ; I'm sorry to-night."

A clinging hug, and a dozen kisses,
From lips that are soft, and warm, and red.
"I forgive you, darling ; I know you're sorry ;
Love mamma always — and go to bed."

"Ah, mamma darling, it's very lonely,
I think I would like to wait for you ;
The bed is so big with just me only,
Who are *you* waiting ? You *might* come too."

"You will be asleep in a minute, precious.
After you lay down your little head .
And when you wake, you will find me by you,
One kiss, and then you *must* go to bed !"

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

ELLE WHEELER WILCOX says that if she were asked to define the meaning of a successful man, she would say: "A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has not done in the way of achieving wealth and honor, if he has done that, he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men in the mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left to their families as great as the memory of a happy home."

“THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY.”

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

THE robin had built in the apple-tree high ;
 Low down in the moss dwelt the sparrow so shy ;
 The wren wove her nest in the jessamine fair ;
 The oriole hung up his castle-in-air —

Heigh-ho ! how do they know
 Every summer to build them just so ?

When robin and oriole, sparrow and wren
 Had finished their work and were resting — just then
 Dame Lazy-bird sat in the juniper high
 And sang, “*Not a nest all the summer build I !*”

Heigh-ho ! how does she know
 Every summer to idle just so ?

Bright yellow-bird's nest was all fashioned with grace
 And down in the dew she was washing her face,
 When Lazy-bird spying the nest all alone

Just laid her brown egg there, as if 'twas her own !
 Heigh-ho ! how does she know
 Every summer to manage just so ?

Now out of her nest in the barberry-bush
 Poor yellow-bird tries the intruder to push ;
 But, finding she cannot, with fern-cotton light
 She works till she *buries it out of her sight !*

Heigh-ho ! how did she know
 From her dilemma to come out just so ?

Dame Lazy-bird saw it, and moping all day
 Sat silent, ashamed of her indolent way ;
 While yellow-bird twittered, “ I've often heard that
There's more than one way, ma'am, to kill—kill a cat ! ”

Heigh-ho ! how did she know
 The very best proverb to quote to her foe ?

SNOW STORIES.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

WHEN over the earth, all shivering, bare,
 The sky drops down a thick white fleece,
 We say that up in the clouds somewhere

A little old woman picks her geese —
 A feather here and a feather there,
 Handfuls downy and soft and fair,
 Gray while falling, but white below,
 She flings to all the winds that blow.

But there are children over the sea,
 Mid Scotland's rugged mountains bred,
 Who, fond of a fairy tale as we,
 Call it the fairies making bread —

Bread for their breakfast or their tea,
 And say that they work so carelessly,
 And scatter the wheaten flour so,
 It powders all the winds that blow.

Which is the prettier legend, Ted ?
 The little old woman picking geese,
 Or the heedless fairies making bread ?
 Choose of the two which one you please,
 And with tippet and overcoat and sled
 Go out till your cheeks are rosy red,
 And your whole little body all aglow ! —
 Feathers or flour, you like the snow.

THE SILVER BOAT.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



THREE is a boat upon a sea ;
It never stops for you or me.
The sea is blue, the boat is white,
It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India land
Points to the prow with eager hand ;
The little Lapland babies cry
For the silver boat a-sailing by.

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck,
It never meets a change or check
Through weather fair or weather wild —
The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below
Full many vessels come and go ;
Upon the swaying swinging tide
Into the distant worlds they ride.

And, strange to tell, the sea below,
Where countless vessels come and go,
Obeys the little boat on high
Through all the centuries sailing by.

THE CORNSTALK'S LESSON.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.



IN IDLE MOOD.

ONE single grain of corn took root
Beside the garden walk;
"Oh, let it stay," said little May,
"I want it for *my* stalk."

And there it grew, until the leaves
Waved in the summer light;
All day it rocked the baby ear,
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came—
A skein of silken thread :
It was as pretty as the hair
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,
May pulled the silk away,
And then forgot her treasured stalk
For many a summer day.

At last she said, "I'm sure my corn
Is ripe enough to eat;
In even rows the kernels lie,
All white, and juicy sweet."

Ah me! they all were black and dry,
Were withered long ago;
"What was the naughty corn about,"
She said, "to cheat me so!"

She did not guess the silken threads
Were slender pipes to lead
The food the tasseled blossom shook
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought
Was shorter than a breath;
Yet every milky kernel then
Began to starve to death !

So list, my little children all,
This simple lesson heed :
That many a grief and sin has come
From one small thoughtless deed.

BIRDS OF NO FEATHER.

BY MRS. MAGGIE B. PEEKE.

FOUR little birds in a nest too small,
Only one mamma to care for all ;
'Twas twitter and chirp the livelong day,
No wonder the mamma soon grew gray.

Papa-bird was a dashing fellow,
Coat of black with a flash of yellow ;
Never a bird in the early spring
Could rival him when he chose to sing.

He helped the mamma-bird hang the nest
Where the winds would rock it the very best
And while she sat on her eggs all day,
He'd cheer her up with a roundelay.

But when from each egg in the swinging bed,
A little birdie popped its head,
He said to his wife, "I've done my share
Of household duties ; they're now your care."

Then off he'd go to a concert fine
In the apple-trees and bright sunshine,
Without a thought of the stupid way
His poor little wife must pass her day.

At last the mamma-bird fell ill,
And the papa forced, against his will,
To take her place with the birdies small,
Ready to answer their chirp and call.

But who he was, and where he did dwell,
I'll never, *no never*, *NO NEVER* tell !
The truth for once is truth for aye,
And this is the reason mammas grow **gray**.

Sorry day for the wretched fellow,
Dressed so gay with a scarf of yellow !
Shut in the house from morning till night,
Was ever a bird in such a plight ?

Tie on a hood, or fasten a shoe,
Or mend a dolly as good as new,
Or tell a story over again,
Or kiss the finger that had a pain,

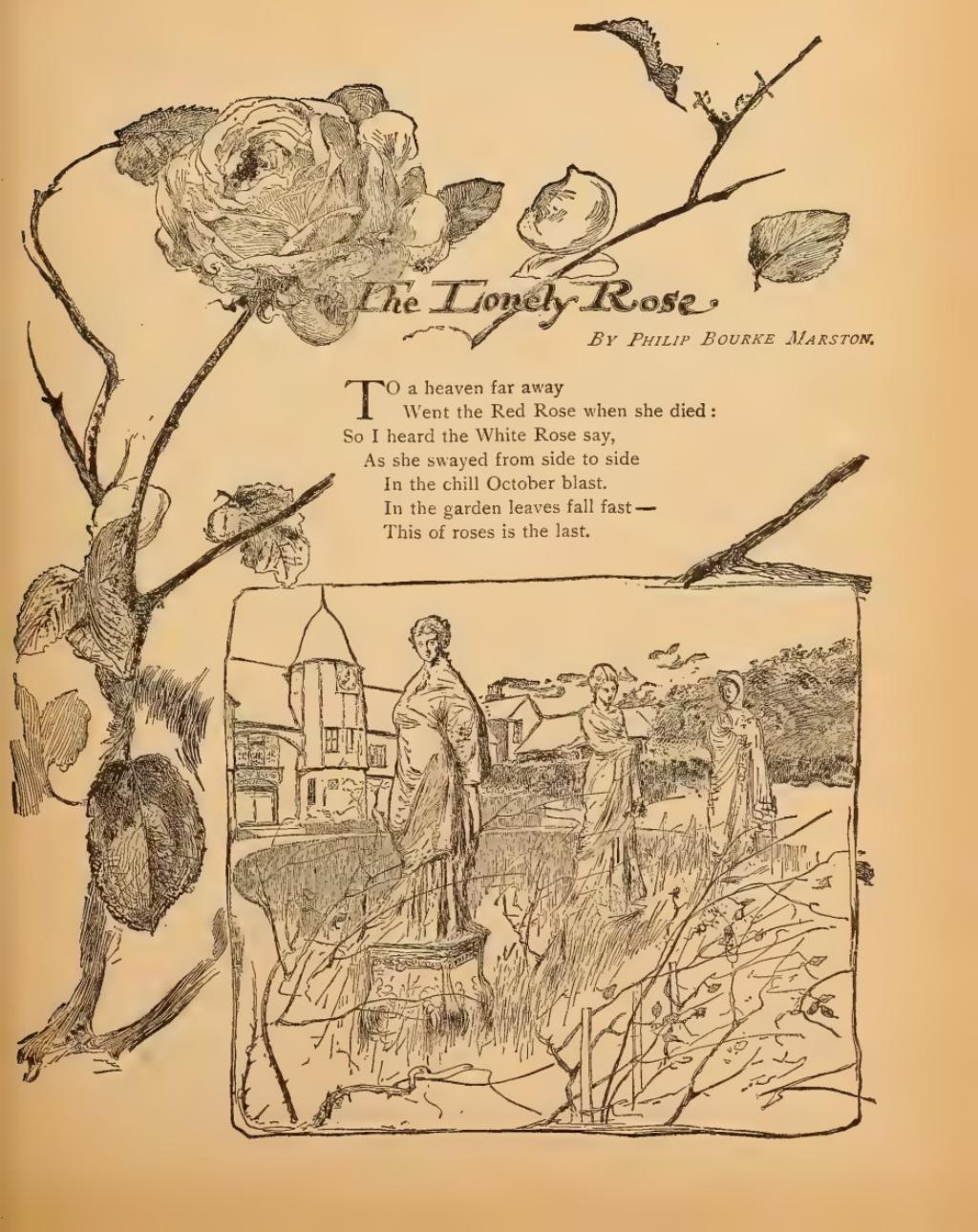
Or settle dispute of which and who,
Or sew on a button to baby's shoe —
These were a part of the calls he had
In that single day to drive him mad.

At even he said, "Another day
Would turn my goldenest plume to gray ;
Or else, in a fit of grim despair,
I'd fling these children into the air ! "

Have I mixed up birds with human folks ?
And homes with nests in the lofty oaks ?
The story is true, and I overheard
Those very words of the papa-bird ;



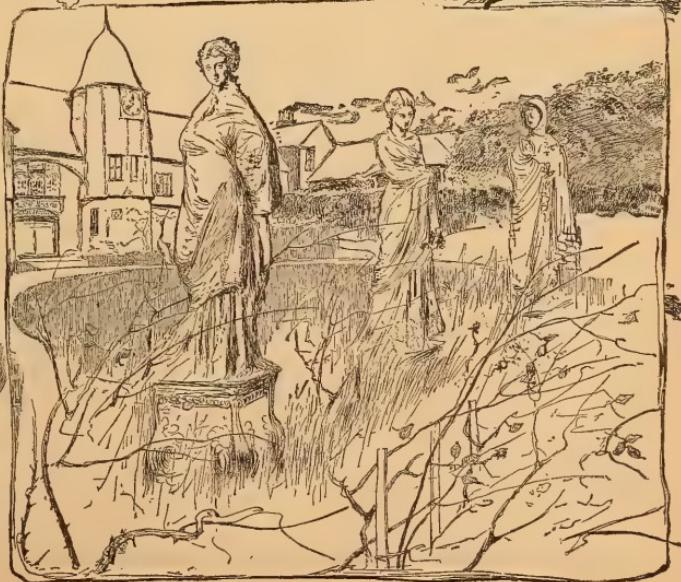
FOUR LITTLE BIRDS IN A NEST TOO SMALL.



The Lonely Rose

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

To a heaven far away
Went the Red Rose when she died :
So I heard the White Rose say,
As she swayed from side to side
In the chill October blast.
In the garden leaves fall fast —
This of roses is the last.



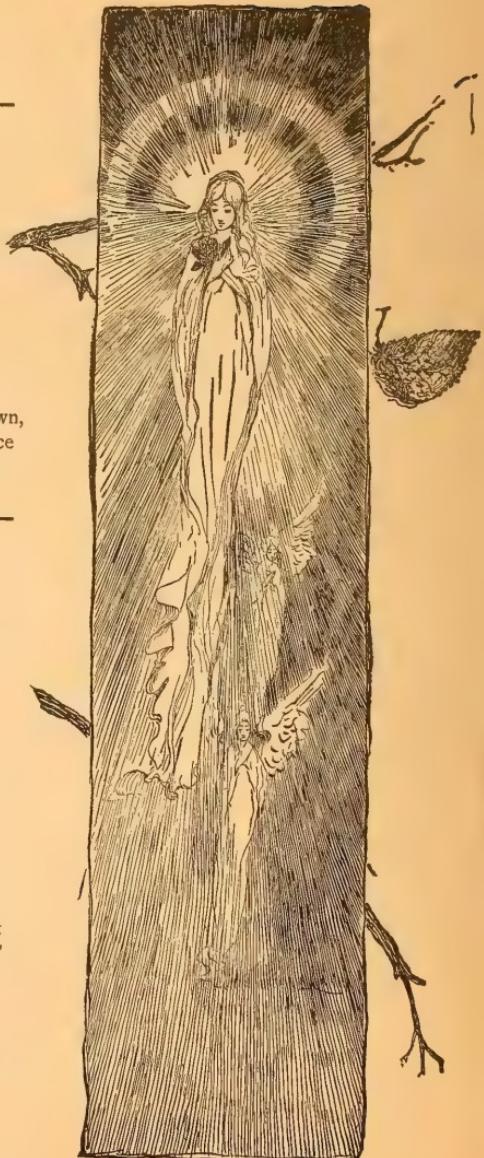
Said the White Rose, " Oh my Red Rose,
 Oh my Rose so fair to see,
 When like thee I am a dead rose
 Shall I in that heaven be ? "
 Oh the dread October blast !
 In the garden leaves fall fast —
 This of roses is the last.

" From that heavenly place, last night,
 To me in a dream she came —
 Stood there in the pale moonlight,
 And she seemed my Rose, the same."
 Oh the chill October blast !
 In the garden leaves fall fast —
 This of roses is the last.

" Only it maybe, perchance,
 That her leaves were redder grown,
 And they seemed to thrill and dance
 As by gentle breezes blown."
 Oh the dread October blast !
 In the garden leaves fall fast —
 This of roses is the last.

" And she told me, sweetly singing,
 Of that heavenly place afar
 Where the air with song is ringing,
 Where the souls of all flowers are."
 Oh the chill October blast !
 In the garden leaves fall fast —
 This of roses is the last.

" And she bade me not to fail her,
 Not to lose my heart with fear
 Seeing that her skies turned paler
 With the sickness of the year —
 I should be beyond the blast
 And the leaves now falling fast
 In that heavenly place at last."





A PURITAN FLOWER

THE PURITAN MAIDEN'S MAY-DAY.—A. D. 1686.

—
BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.
—

A H, well-a-day! 'The grandames say
That they had merry times
When they were young, and gayly rung
The May-day morning chimes;

Before the dark was gone, the lark
Had left her grassy nest,
And, soaring high, set all the sky
A-throb from east to west;

The hawthorn-bloom with rich perfume
Was whitening English lanes,
The dewy air was everywhere
Alive with May-day strains;

And laughing girls with tangled curls
And eyes that gleamed and glanced,
And ruddy boys with mirth and noise,
Around the May-pole danced.

Ah me, the sight of such delight,
The joy, the whirl, the din,
Such merriment, such glad content—
How could it be a sin?

When children crowned the May-pole round
With daisies from the sod,
What was it, pray, but their child's way
Of giving thanks to God?

The wild bee sups from buttercups
The honey at the brim :
May I not take their buds and make
A posy up for Him?

If, as I pass knee-deep through grass
This May-day cool and bright
And see away on Boston Bay
The lines of shimmering light,

A DEEP SEA DREAM.

I gather there great bunches fair
 Of May-flower as I roam,
 And with them round my forehead crowned,
 Go ladened with them home,
 And then, if Bess and I should dress
 A May-pole with our wreath,
 And just for play, this holiday,
 Should dare to dance beneath,
 My father's brow would frown enow :
 — “Child ! why hast thou a mind

*For Popish days, and English ways,
 And lusts we've left behind ?”*

Our grandame says that her May-days,
 With mirth, and song, and flowers,
 And lilt of rhymes and village chimes,
 Were happier far than ours.

If, as I ween, upon the green
She danced with merry din,
 Yet lived to be the saint I see,
 — How can *I* count it sin ?

A DEEP SEA DREAM.

O MOTHER, mother, hear the sea ! it calls across the sands ;
 I saw it tossing up the spray like white, imploring hands
 Last night before the moon went down ; and when I fell asleep,
 I saw it crawl and kiss my feet — I heard it moan and weep !

It cried, “O little maid ! come down, come down ! nor say us nay !
 There’s not a soul in all the sea to think, or love, or pray !
 Come, that our lower world may see the shining of God’s face ;
 He lives in loving, human hearts, and not in seas and space.”

And so it drew me down and down, below the restless waves,
 Through leagues and leagues of still green depths, through arching coral caves,
 And fairy gardens set with flowers — the like were never seen —
 And feathery forests, tint o’er tint, of rose, and gold, and green.

And there were plants like plumy palms, that melted into gray,
 Or mists of gold, or clouds of rose, they were so far away ;
 And there were flowers, like garden-pinks and poppies, in the sea,
 And, mother, they were all alive, and waved their hands to me !

And shining fish and dolphins came to gaze in still surprise ;
 And strange sea-monsters crowded near with cold and hungry eyes ;
 And all grew dark, and then I called, “ O mother, mother, come ! ”
 And, mother, mother, I’m so glad to be with you at home !



A DEEP SEA DREAM.





TWO LITTLE PATHS

BY SOPHIE SWETT

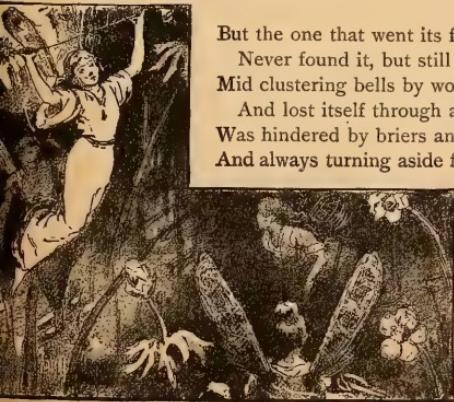
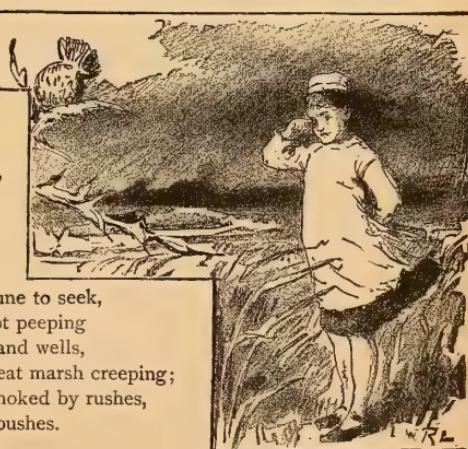
TWO little paths met by a sparrow's nest,
Down in the meadow green and sunny,
And, sitting there 'neath a rose-tree rare,
Where a yellow bee was sipping honey,
Made plans for the merry summer weather,
With their dewy faces close together.

"Oh, I," said one, "I shall stay in the field,
And hither and thither through the clover
Will trip away through the long bright day,
But never stray to the woodland's cover.
Here brooks and sunbeams laugh in the grasses,
And I find bluebells for pretty lasses."

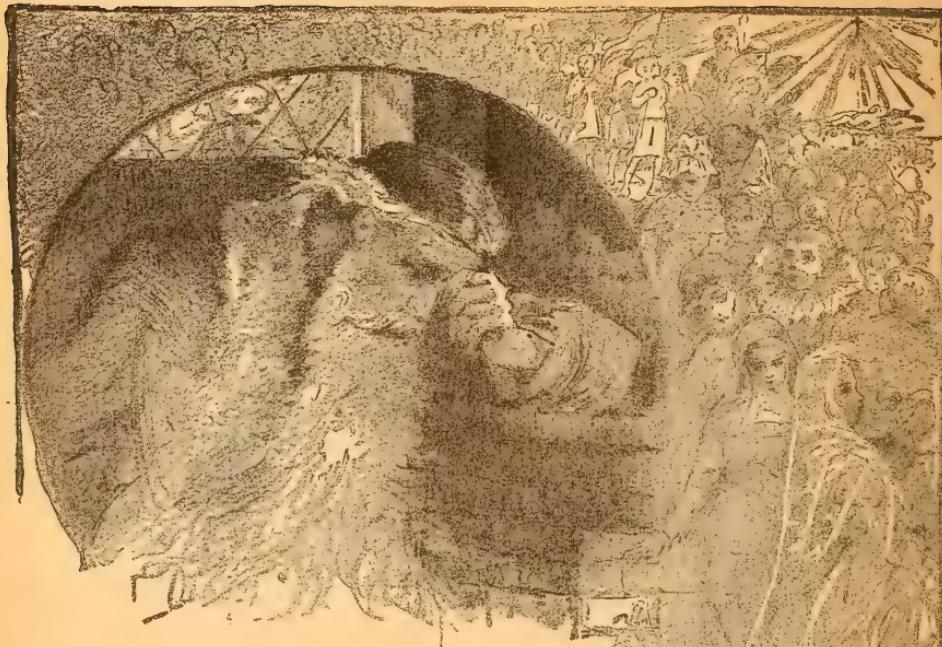
"I," said the other, "my fortune will seek,
And find the fairies that somewhere cluster.
Daisies are bright, but common as light,
And sunbeams, with all their merry lustre,
Dull enough when one sees them forever,—
What flowers, I wonder, live by the river?

And where in the woods do red-caps hide?
Here there is never one, I am certain,
For I've chased the brook into every nook,
And pushed back the tall fern's green lace curtain."
Then they said good-by, each one to follow
Its own sweet way over hill and hollow.

But the one that went its fortune to seek,
Never found it, but still kept peeping
Mid clustering bells by woodland wells,
And lost itself through a great marsh creeping;
Was hindered by briers and choked by rushes,
And always turning aside for bushes.



And the one who took for itself no thought,
But sought for weary feet cool sweet places,
Mid dewdrops bright, in midsummer night,
Met troops of fairies with all their graces;
And often felt through its velvet mazes
The touch of light feet as soft as daisies!



SANTA KLAUS, HIGH LORD AND MASTER OF ALL FAIRIES.

WAITING A WINTER'S TALE.

—
BY MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT.
—

SOME sweet things go just to make room for others :
 The blue field-blossom hurries from the dew
 (My little maiden, hush your noisy brothers)
 And see, the wild-rose reddens where it grew !

The green leaf fades that you may see the yellow ;
 We have the honey when we miss the bee ;
 Who wants the apples, scarlet-stained and mellow,
 Must give the buds upon his orchard-tree ;

^{Then,} for those finely painted birds that follow
 The sun about and scent their songs with flowers,
 We have, when frosts are sharp and rains beat hollow,
 These pretty, gray crumb-gathering pets of ours ;



The butterflies (you could ...ot c_ob l_i) were bright
 Than anything that we have left in air ;
 But these still-flying shapes of snow are whiter.
 I fancy, than the very lilies were.

Then, is the glimmer of fire-flies, cold and eerie,
Far in the dusk, so pleasant after all
As is this home-lamp playing warm and cheery,
Among your shadow-pictures on the wall?

But I forgot. There ought to be a story,
A lovely story! Who shall tell it, then?
The boys want war—plumes, helmets, shields and
glory—
They'd like a grand review of Homer's men.

Their jealous sisters say it's tiresome hearing
(A girl is not as patient as a boy,) Of that old beauty — yes, the much-recurring,
About-three-thousand-years-old, Helen of Troy.

They'd rather hear some love-tale faintly murmured
Through music of the sleigh-bells: something true,
Such as their young grandmothers, shy and saintly,
Heard under stars of winter — told anew!

The little children, one and all, are crying
For just a few more fairies — but, you know
They go to sleep when golden-rod is dying,
And do not wake till there is no more snow.

They sleep who kept your Jersey cow from straying,
My boy, while you were deep in books and grass:
Who tended flowers, my girl, while you were playing
Some double game, or wearing out your glass.

They sleep — but what sweet things they have been
making,
By golden moons, to give you a surprise —
Beat slower, little hearts with wonder aching,
Keep in the dark yet, all you eager eyes!

The fairies sleep. But their high lord and master
Keeps wide-awake, and watches every hearth;
Great waters freeze that he may travel faster —
He puts a girdle round about the earth!

"But — where's my cloak? Is this a time for sorrow?"
... And where's the story, do ask of me?
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow!
And shall you have it then? Why — we shall see!

Just now in the dim North, as he remembers
His birthday back through centuries, he appears
A trifle sad, and looks into the embers —
Then shakes down from his cheek a shower of
tears.

He thinks of little hands, that reached out light'y
To catch his beard and pull it with a will,
Now round their buried rosebuds folded white'y,
Forever and forever, oh, how still!

"Ah, where are *all* the children? How I miss them!
So many worlds-full are gone since I came!
I long to take them to my heart and kiss them,
And hear those still small voices laugh my name.

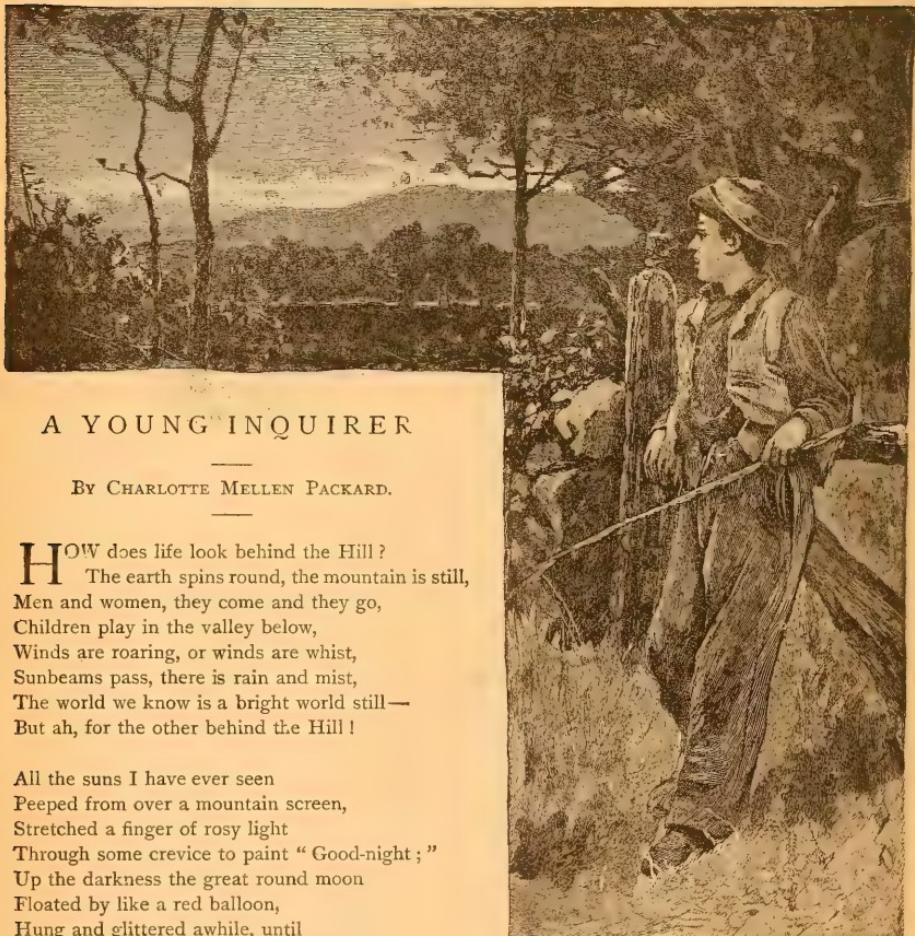
"Some over whom no violet yet is growing;
Some under broken marble, ages old;
Some lie full fathom five where seas are flowing;
Some, among cliffs and chasms, died a cold,

"Some through the long Wars of the Roses faded;
Some did walk barefoot to the Holy Land;
Some show young faces with the bride's-veil shaded;
Some touch me with the nun's all-gracious hand;

"Some in the purple with crown-jewels burning,
Some in the peasant's holden-gray go by,
Some in forlornest prisons darkly yearning
For earth and grass, the dove's wing and the sky.

"One sails to wake a world that has been lying,
Hid in its leaves, far in the lonesome West,
In an enchanted sleep, with strange winds sighing,
Among the strange flowers in her dreaming breast.

"And One — I held Him first — the immortal Stran-
ger!
I smell, to-night, the frankincense and myrrh;
I see the star-led wise men and the manger;
And his own Mother — I remember her!



A YOUNG INQUIRER

BY CHARLOTTE MELLON PACKARD.

HOW does life look behind the Hill ?
The earth spins round, the mountain is still,
Men and women, they come and they go,
Children play in the valley below,
Winds are roaring, or winds are whist,
Sunbeams pass, there is rain and mist,
The world we know is a bright world still—
But ah, for the other behind the Hill !

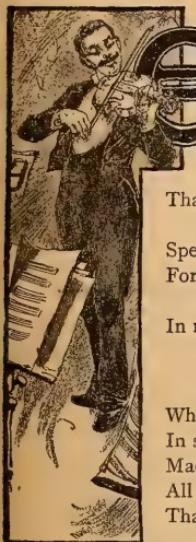
All the suns I have ever seen
Peeped from over a mountain screen,
Stretched a finger of rosy light
Through some crevice to paint “ Good-night ; ”
Up the darkness the great round moon
Floated by like a red balloon,
Hung and glittered awhile, until
It went to the people behind the Hill.

But most I dream of the unknown sea
Where brave ships hasten like birds set free,
Where plunging breakers ride high and loud
Till the sailor is lost between wave and cloud.
Oh, the sunny lands, and the frozen zone,
The forests where never a man is known !
There are wonders and wonders waiting still
For a boy who has never looked over the Hill !

Voices are calling me day by day —
I listen, and wonder whatever they say !
The valleys are pleasant, and days are long
With play and study, with work and song —
But a boy keeps planning for other things,
There’s room in his restless body for wings,
And fancy will never fold them until
He sees for himself what is over the Hill.

ON CHRIST-DAY NIGHT.

BY NORA PERRY.



ASTATELY mansion, bright and gay
With festal light, made darkness day
Far up and down the dusky street

That Christmas night, while hurrying feet
Sped swiftly by, nor scarce delayed
For all the dulcet sounds that strayed
In merry measures from within,

Where harp and flute and violin
In soft accordance, wild and sweet,
Made music for the dancers' feet.
All silken-clad those feet that kept
That time and tune, or lightly
stept

From room to room, from stair to
stair;

All silken-clad; while standing there
Shut from the summer warmth and cheer,
The silken perfumed atmosphere

Of wealth and ease, a little maid
With beating heart, yet unafraid,
Enchanted, watched the fairy scene
Between the curtains' parted screen.
The fierce north wind came sweeping past
And shook her with its wintry blast;
The frosty pavement of the street
Chilled to the bone her ill-clad feet;

Yet moment after moment fled
And there she stood, with lifted head,
Her eager eyes, as in a trance,
Fixed on the changes of the dance,

Her eager ears still drinking in
The strains of flute and violin;
And still, as sped the moments past,
Colder and colder swept the blast.



AND ON HER COLD LIPS DROPPED A KISS.

But little heed had she, or care.
Her glance upon one vision fair,
One vision, one, beyond the rest—
A girl with roses on her breast,
And with a look upon her face,
The sweet girl-face of Heaven's own grace,
As through the dance she smiling led
Her youthful guests, with airy tread.

ON CHRIST DAY NIGHT.

"Ah, would she smile on *me* like this
 And would she give *me* kiss for kiss
 If I could stand there at her side?"
 The wistful watcher softly cried.
 Even as she spoke she closer crept,
 Upon the broad low terrace stept,
 And nearer leaned.—Just then, just there,
 A street light sent a sudden flare

Across her face.—One startled glance,
 And from the changes of the dance,
 With beating heart and eyes dilate,
 The girlish mistress of the fête
 Sprang swiftly forth.—A moment more
 And through the window's opened door
 Another guest was ushered in.
 Her lip was pale, her cheek was thin,

No costly robe of silk and lace
 Appareled her, and on her face
 And in her dark bewildered eyes
 A shock of fear and shamed surprise

Did wildly, desperately gleam
 While here and there, as in a dream,
 She vaguely heard, yet did not hear,
 The sound of voices far and near.

She tried to speak: some word she said
 Of all her troubled doubt and dread,
 Some childish word—"what would they
 do?"

Then all at once a voice rang through
 Her troubled doubt, her troubled fear,
 "What will they do, why, this—and this!"
 And on her cold lips dropped a kiss,

And round her frozen figure crept
 A tender clasp.—She laughed and wept
 And laughed again, for this and this,
 This tender clasp, this tender kiss,
 Was more than all her dream come true.
 Was earth with Heaven's light shining through,
 Was Christ's own promise kept aright—
 His word fulfilled on Christ-day night!



AFTER THE FÊTE.

T IS THE SEASON.

It is the season now to go
About the country high & low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy-land.

② The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Do meet along the hazel'd brook,
To pass and linger, pause and look.



③ A year ago and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared,
They kissed & quarrel'd, laughed & cried
A year ago at Easter tide.



Her, whom with rude, uplifted hand
He did threaten or command—
Her, in a somewhat longer dress.
He now would tremble to caress.

④ Now by the stile abrade she stops;
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sights,
Or stand & marry silent eyes.

⑤ And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses,
Their common glee nee dearer far
Than nightingale & mavis are.



Now, when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

SONG OF SPRING.

INVISIBLE hands from summer lands
Have plucked the icicles one by one;
And shy little lifters, away from the sun,
Lain hold on the roots of the grass in the sands,
And O, and O,
Where is the snow!
For the crow is calling,
And showers are falling.

Ho, willow and weed! Each secret seed
Is up, and out of its garments gray;
The music of waters is heard in the mead;
And limping old winter is whither away?
And O, and O,
Where is the snow!
For the snake is crawling,
And showers are falling.



"I WISH LOUIS HAD TOLD."

THE TRUE STORY OF A STORM.

(Told by a Little Boy who had heard "Stories from Homer.")

BY MRS. S. M. E. PIATT.

THINGS floated away and the day turned dark,
And papa wasn't at home, you know;
And we didn't have any dove and ark,
Or mountain where we could go,
Like they used to have, some other year—
That time when the other flood was here.

"Then the wind kept blowing the oak-tree down;
(The Lord didn't know about the nest,)
And I thought this world was going to drown.
——Did Louis tell you the rest?
Well, if he didn't — well, then — well,
I guess — Somebody will have to tell.

IN OCTOBER. A BIRD'S HOUSE.

"Now, this was the way : One other night
 (I wish that Louis had told you then,)
 When the moon was red — why, we had a fight
 About one of Homer's men —
 (That is the reason we didn't speak.)
 He said that Hector wasn't a Greek !

"But I thought it wouldn't do to die
 And not say even one single word
 To Louis before I went to the sky !

So I told him about the bird,
 And the other birds out there in the nest
 That their mother hadn't even dressed !

"If it hadn't been for the rain, you see,
 We never could have been friends again.
 And, who would I have to play with now —
 If it hadn't been for the rain ?
 And Louis said he was glad to speak,
 But he *thought* that Hector wasn't a Greek !"

IN OCTOBER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

THREE are lingering south-winds softly blowing
 That to billowy waving the ripe grain bear;
 There are dark-winged butterflies languidly going
 Floating through golden air;
 There are mists like vapor of incense burning,
 That are rolling away under skies that are fair;
 There are brown-faced sun-flowers dreamily turn-
 ing,
 Shaking their yellow hair.

There are noisy bees that are tired of winging
 That are holding a court in some wild rose's heart;
 There are sudden thrills of the late sweet singing
 Of birds that are loth to depart;

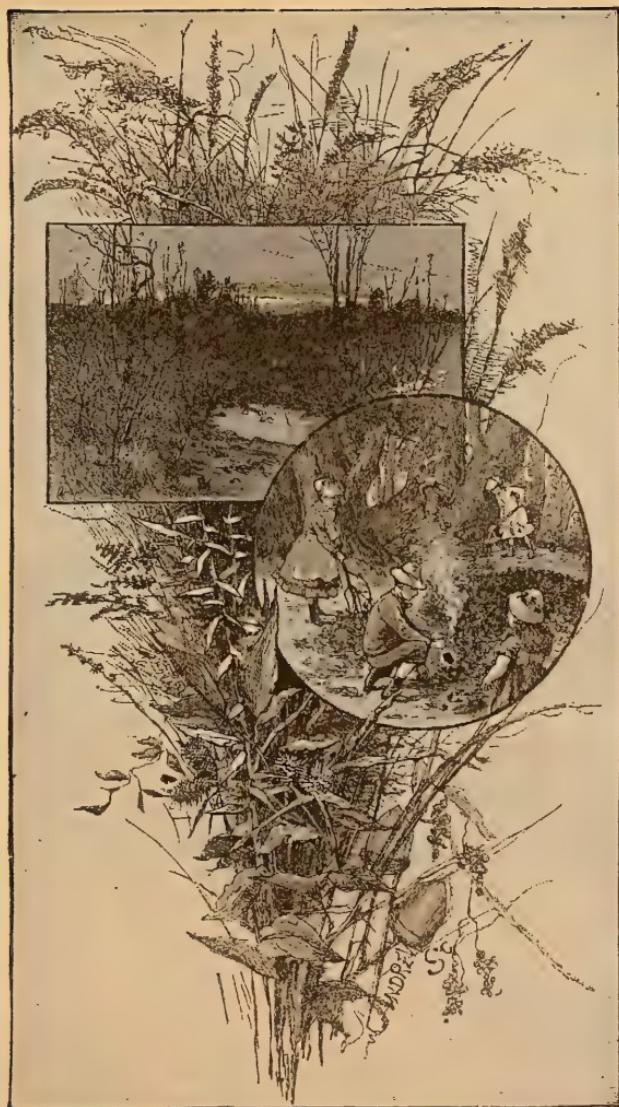
There are sunsets watching their own hot blushes
 On the breast of the ocean burning away,
 There are wind-swept pines in the infinite hushes
 Whispering as they sway.

There are changing ferns in the shadows lying,
 Where the undried dews in the noontides stay;
 There are gorgeous-hued leaves where, rustling and
 sighing,
 Quivering sunbeams play;
 There are tangled vines in the hollows trailing;
 There are short sweet days that will not delay;
 There are nights that come with a moonlight veiling
 And Autumn going away.

A BIRD'S HOUSE.

I FOUND a little bird's house to-day,
 Round and brown and as soft as silk ;
 It was built in the prettiest, cunningest way,
 When the trees were as white as milk
 With apple-blossoms — do you remember,
 Or have you forgotten in chill December?

This was the way : there were straws and sticks,
 And the father-bird found them one by one ;
 And his wise little wife knew the way to fix
 The cosiest little home under the sun,
 Out of straws and sticks and mud and clay ;
 And she built the whole on a summer's day.



THE CHILD AND THE GENTIAN.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

*"SEE, I PUT MY EAR DOWN CLOSE."*

GENTIAN, I have found you out:

Now you must tell me true —

See, I put my ear down close —

Where did you get your blue ?

"I found it, little one, here and there;

It was ready made for me ;

Some in your eyes, some in the sky,

Some in the shining sea."

How did you make the lovely fringe,
Gentian, that you wear ?

"I caught a hint from your dark eyelash,
And a hint from your curly hair."

How do you stand so straight and still,
When they say that you are wild ?

"Ah, *that* I learned in a different way,
And not from any child !"

NOBODY.

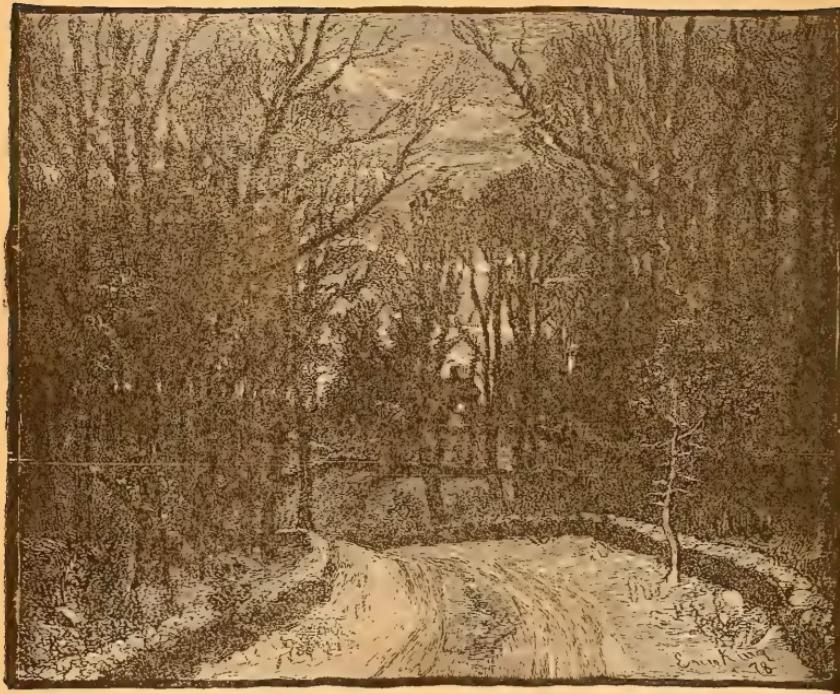
BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

NOBODY b'oke it ! It cracked itself,
It was clear 'way up on the toppest shelf.
I — p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows !"
Says poor little Ned,
With his ears as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

"*Nobody* lost it ! I carefully
Put my cap just where it ought to be,
(No, 'tisn't ahind the door,)
And it went and hid,
Why, of course it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more.

"*Nobody* tore it ! You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still !
I was just jumping over the fence —
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody ! wicked Sir Nobody !
Playing such tricks on my children three !
If I but set eyes on you,
You should find what you've lost !
But that, to my cost,
I never am like to do !



THE SPELLS OF HOME.

THERE blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
Bernard Barton.

I.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood
played,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious — oh, guard it well !

II.

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which has lulled thee into many a dream,
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,

By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

III.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth,
By the fairy tale or the legend old,
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind good-
night,
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

IV.

And bless that gift, it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light,

It hath led the freeman forth to stand
 In the mountain-battles of his land;
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
 And back to the gates of his father's hall
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.

V.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
 From the pure first loves of its youth away —
 When the sullyng breath of the world would
 come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's
 home —
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made —
 Think of the tree by thy father's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once
 more!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



"ON THE BANKS OF MOSS WHERE THY CHILDHOOD PLAYED"



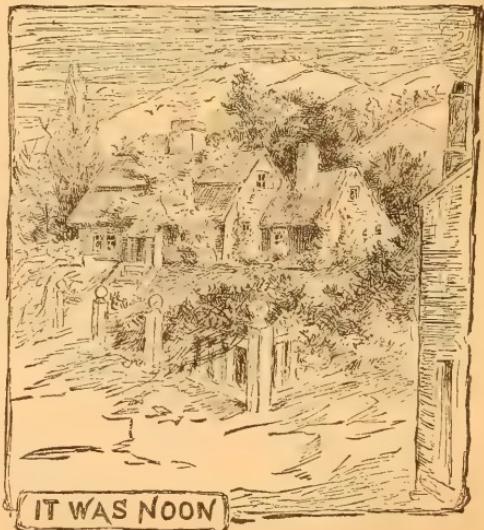
THE QUEEN.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I knew by the smoke that so grace-
fully curled
Above the green elms, that a cot-
tage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be
found in the world,
A heart that is humble might
hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that
languished around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous
bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard
not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the
hollow beech tree.

And "Here in this lone little
wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to
soul and to eye,



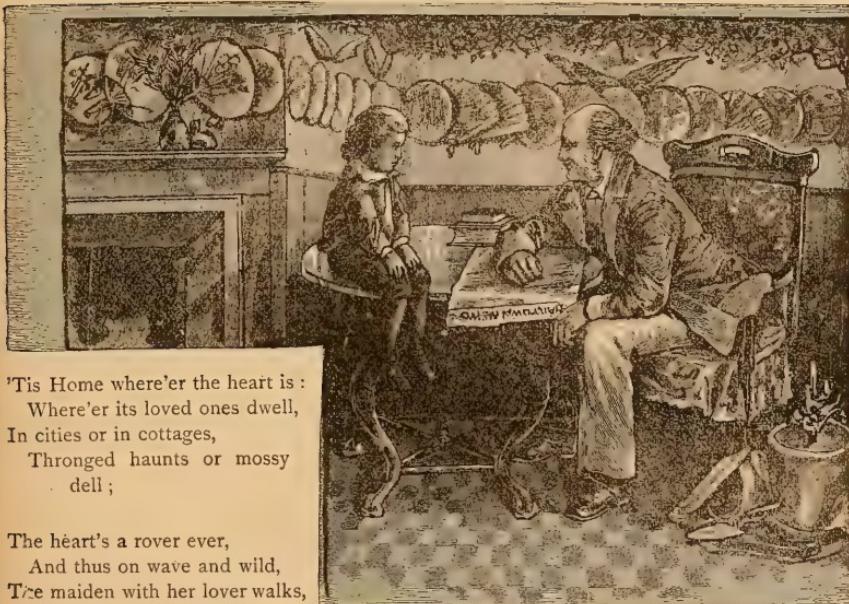
Who would blush if I praised her, and weep
if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could
I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red
berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent
lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but
mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.

HEART AND HOME.



"TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS."

'Tis home where'er the heart is :
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts or mossy
dell ;

The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is ;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.

There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affection glides ;
And a haven on each shore,
When love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is ;
Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirations,
The spirit's pealing hymn !

The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power —
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

He with short pang and slight
Doth turn him from the checkered
light
Of the fair moon through his own
forests dancing,
Where music, joy, and love,
Were his young hours entrancing :
And where ambition's thunder-claim
Points out his lot,
Or fitful wealth allureth to roam,
There doth he make his home,
Repining not.

It is not thus with woman. The far
halls,
Though ruinous and lone,
Where first her pleased ear drank a
nursing mother's tone ;
The home with humble walls,
Where breathed a parent's prayer
around her bed ;
The valley where, with playmates
true,
She culled the strawberry, bright
with dew ;
The bower where Love her timid
footsteps led ;
The hearthstone where her children
grew ;
The damp soil where she cast
The flower-seeds of her hope, and
saw them bide the blast —
Affection with unfading tint recalls,
Lingered around the ivied walls,
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,



"MAKING FRESH HONEY OF REMEMBERED THINGS."

Making fresh honey of remembered things,
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of
stings.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET HOME.

Look at that pretty hammock swung
The boughs among ;
In it beneath a feathery breast
Young orioles in sheltered rest
Toss safely between grass and sky,
With the elm's soft whisper for lullaby.
They, out of the countless birds of air,
Have their homes there.

On wooded plain or rough hill-side
The foxes hide.
Under the rocks and roots of trees
Are wrought their cunning galleries,
Where they can lie and hear the sound
Of thwarted hunter and baffled hound.
To rest in from the panting race
A fitting place.



"EVEN THE BIRDS."

But when the Son of man upon earth,
Of lowly birth,
Came with Love's gospel to mankind,
To cure the sick and heal the blind,
And even to raise to life the dead,
He had not where to lay his head.

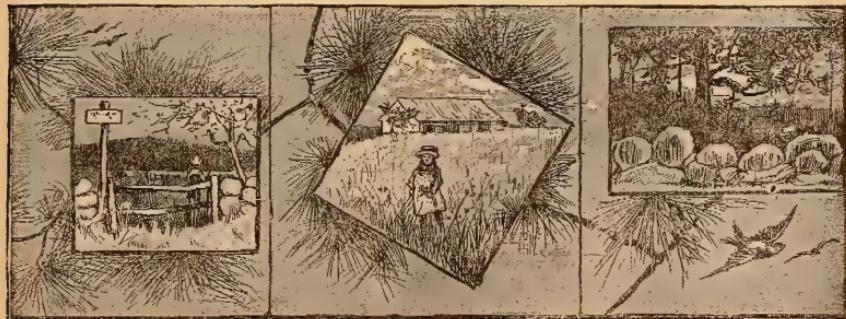
No door to enter, no field to reap,
No pillow to sleep.

Think of his lonely sorrowing years —
Think of his tears !
Think how even the bird or beast
From the greatest down to the very
least,
Had sense of comfort and peace some-
where,
Either in burrow or water or air ;
Yet was there neither roof nor bed
For his dear head.

So sweet the mere word "home," 'tis
even
One name for heaven ;
And the many mansions there that
stand

With open door, that the weary hand
Need not so much as knock, express,
That he knew all of homelessness.
So has he promised rest and home
To all who come !

CLARA DOTY BATES.



"LIKE DEWS OF MORN AND EVENING."

THE JOYS OF HOME.

Sweet are the joys of Home,
And pure as sweet ; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too ;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride ;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar ;
But stars approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given ;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

MY BOOKS

I sat on in my chamber green,
And lived my life, and thought my thoughts
and prayed
My prayers without the vicar ; read my books,
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no
good
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's pro-
found
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'T is then we get the right good from a book.

I read much. What my father taught before
From many a volume, love re-emphasized
Upon the self-same pages. . . .
But after I had read for memory,
I read for hope. The path my father's foot
Had trod me out, which suddenly broke off
(What time he dropped the wallet of the flesh

And passed), alone I carried on, and set
My child-heart 'gainst the thorny underwood,
To reach the grassy shelter of the trees.

I read books bad and good—some bad and
good
At once: good aims not always make good
books. . . .
Books, books, books !

I had found the secret of a garret room
Piled high with cases in my father's name ;
Piled high, packed large,—where creeping in
and out
Among the giant fossils of out my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the
ribs

Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there,
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read !
My books !

At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.

As the earth
Plunges in fury, when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and
throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom — thus, my soul,
At poetry's divine first finger touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.

O life, O poetry,
— Which means life in life ! cognizant of life
Beyond this blood-beat,—passionate for truth
Beyond these senses,—poetry, my life. . . .
But I could not hide
My quickening inner life from those at watch,
They saw a light at a window now and then,
They had not set there. Who had set it
there ?
My father's sister started when she caught

My soul agaze in my eyes. She could not say
I had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly she objected — and demurred,

She said some times; "Aurora, have you done
Your task this morning? — Have you read
that book?
And are you ready for the crochet here?"



"O LIFE, O POETRY!"

That souls were dangerous things to carry straight
Through all the split saltpetre of the world,

As if she said, "I know there's something wrong;
I know I have not ground you down enough

To flatten and bake you to a wholesome
crust
For household uses and proprieties,
Before the rain has got into my barn
And set the grains a-sprouting. What, you're
green
With out-door impudence? You almost
grow?"
To which I answered, "Would she hear my
task,
And verify my abstract of the book,

And should I sit down to the crochet-work?
Was such her pleasure?" . . . Then I
sate and teased
The patient needle till it split the thread,
Which oozed from off it in meandering lace
From hour to hour. I was not, therefore, sad;
My soul was singing at a work apart,
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,
In vortices of glory and blue air.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



"HERE THE POET MEETS HIS FAVORITE MUSE."

THE LIBRARY.

When the sad soul, by care and grief op-
pressed,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain, for
rest,
When every object that appears in view
Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain;
Care blasts the honors of the flowery plain:

Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove and murmurs through
the stream;
For when the soul is laboring in despair
In vain the body breathes a purer air:
No storm-tossed sailor sighs for slumbering
seas,—
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides

The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus in the calms of life we only see
A steadier image of our misery ;
But lively gales, and gently clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise ;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs em-
ployed,
Dwells on the past, or suffered or enjoyed,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.
Not hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure the stubborn sickness of the heart.



"IN THE CALMS OF LIFE."

The soul despairs each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares ;
Those lenient cares, which with our own com-
bined,
By mixed sensations ease the afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own
behind ;
A lighter grief ! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure.

But what strange art, what magic can dis-
pose
The troubled mind to change its native woes ?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we ?
This *books* can do ;—nor this alone ; *they*
give
New views to life and teach us how to live.
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they
chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise :
Their aid they yield to all. They never shun
The man of sorrows nor the wretch undone :
Unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant
crowd ;
To tell to various people various
things
But show to subjects what they show
to kings.
Come, child of Care ! To make
thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of the tranquil
scene :
Survey the dome, and as the doors
unfold,
The soul's best cure in all her cares,
behold !
Where mental wealth the poor in
thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in
mind ;
See here the balms that passion's
wounds assuage ;
See coolers here that damp the fire of
rage ;
Here the alteratives, by slow degrees
control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude :—
Silent they are, but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all the lives no more ; preserved *they*
lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.

Blest be the gracious Power who taught mankind
 To stamp a lasting image of the mind ;
 Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing,
 Their mutual feelings in the opening spring ;
 But man alone has skill and power to send
 The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend ;
 'T is his alone to please, instruct, advise
 Ages remote and nations yet to rise.
 In sweet repose when Labor's children sleep,
 When Joy forgets to smile and Care to weep,
 When Passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
 And Fear and Guilt partake the balm of rest,
 Why then denies the studious man to share
 Man's common good, who feels his common care ?
 Because the hope is his, that bids him fly
 Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power
 defy ;
 That after ages may repeat his praise,
 And fame's fair meed be his, for length of days.
 Delightful prospect when we leave behind
 A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind !
 Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day
 Shall all our labor, all our care repay.
 Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
 Not all are children of a vigorous mind ;
 But where the wisest should alone preside,
 The weak would rule us and the blind would
 guide ;
 Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show
 The poor and troubled source from whence
 they flow ;
 Where most he triumphs we his wants perceive,
 And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
 But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves
 This seat serene, and virtue's self approves —
 Here come the grieved a change of thought
 to find ;
 The curious here, to feed a craving mind ;
 Here the devout their peaceful temple choose ;
 And here the poet meets his favorite Muse.

GEORGE CRABBE.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Thy heart is mine, and mine alone
 What more can I require of thee ?
 Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Contented with thy bliss I see,
 I wish a world of books thine own.
 Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Thy heart is mine, and mine alone.
 MADAME JULIE FERTIAULT.

THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
 See, through the fractured pediment revealed
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest :
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !
 O haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
 That hall, where once in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweetened every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.
 'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;
 And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
 'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring :



And fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
 Giants and genii chained each wondering ear ;
 And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
 Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
 Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood :
 Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
 With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
 Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in
 its sleep.
 Ye household deities ! whose guardian eye
 Marked each pure thought, ere registered on
 high ;
 Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,

On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
 The screen unfolds its many-colored chart,
 The clock still points its moral to the heart,
 That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
 When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near :
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time ?
 That massive beam, with curious carvings
 wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive
 thought ;
 Those muskets cased with venerable rust ;
 Those once-loved forms, still breathing through
 their dust,



"OFT WITH THE BABES WE WANDERED IN THE WOOD."

And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.
 As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the 'wilder'd
 sight ;
 And still, with heraldry's rich hues impressed,

Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life — all whisper of the past !
 As through the garden's desert paths I rove
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
 We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;
 Welcomed the wild bee home on weary wing,

Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive
 rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half
 afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer
 shade;
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven
 seat,
To lure the redbreast from his
 lone retreat.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE OLD CLOCK.

OH, the old, old clock of the
 household stock,
Was the brightest thing and
 neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch
 of gold,
And its chimes rang still the
 sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its
 words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations
 altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned
 old and young,
When the voice of friendship
 faltered.
"Tick, tick," it said — "quick,
 quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the
 morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old
 clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The winter hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called the daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray on the misty way
 And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick" it said — "quick out of bed,

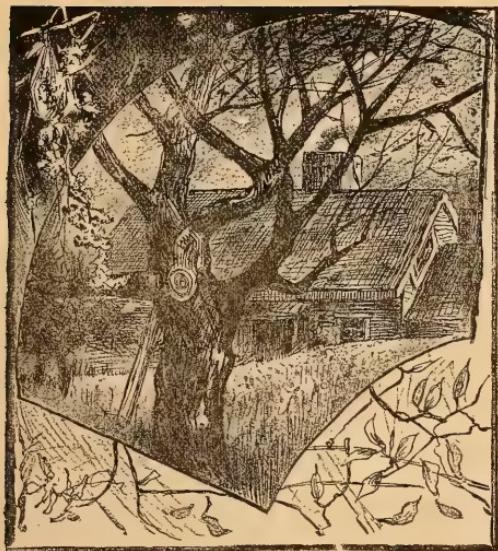
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the clock goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever;
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone



"THE OLD, OLD CLOCK OF THE HOUSEHOLD STOCK"

That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said — "to the churchyard bed,
 The grave hath given warning;
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
 And prepare for the heavenly morning."



"LOW IS MY PORCH, AS IS MY FATE."

MY HOME.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR A HOUSE IN
THE GREEN PARISH OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherin to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie,
Both soft and drie:
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by the poore,
Who hither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small;

A little buttery, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of
bread
Unchipt, unflen'd.
Some sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose loving coals I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain and the
messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of thy kindness thou hast
sent;
And my content
Makes those and my beloved
beet
More sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glitter-
ing hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And gives me for my bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one.
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame for wine.
All these and better thou dost send
Me to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My CHRIST, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.



CONSECRATION OF A NEW HOUSE.

I BLESS thy new-raised threshold : let us pray
That never faithless friend, insulting foe,
O'er this pure stone their hateful shadows
throw :

May the poor gather round it day by day.
I bless this hearth : thy children here shall
play ;

Here may their graces and their virtues blow ;
May sin defile it not ; and want and woe
And sickness seldom come, nor come to stay.
I bless thy house. I consecrate the whole
To God. It is His temple. Let it be
Worthy of him, confided thus to thee.
Man's dwelling, like its lord, enshrines a soul ;
It hath great destinies, wherein do lie,
Self-sown, the seed of immortality.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A HOME.

WHAT is a home ? A guarded space
Wherein a few, unfairly blest,
Shall sit together, face to face,
And bask and purr, and be at rest ?

Where cushioned walls rise up between
Its inmates and the common air,
The common pain, and pad, and screen
From blows of fate or winds of care ?

Where Art may blossom strong and free,
And pleasure furl her silken wing,

And every laden moment be
A precious and peculiar thing ?

And past and future, softly veiled
In hiding mists, shall float and lie
Forgotten half, and unassailed
By either Hope or Memory,

While the luxurious Present weaves
Her perfumed spells untried, untrue,
'Broiders her garments, heaps her sheaves,
All for the pleasure of a few ?

Can it be this — the longed-for thing
Which wanderers on the restless foam,
Unsheltered beggars, birds on wing
Aspire to, dream of, christen "Home ?"

No. Art may bloom, and peace and bliss ;
Grief may refrain and Death forget ;
But if there be no more than this
The soul of home is wanting yet.

Dim image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,
The true home rises in our thought
A beacon set for men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night ;
Its fire-glowes unhidden shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomforted.

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.



HE bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That shinkles sae cauld in the sweet smiles o' day
An' crooms a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel',
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty bluebell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And kisses the flowers, while its ripples they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Wins blessings on blessings fu' monie ilk' day;
For the wayworn and wearie aft rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
When the hare steals to drink in the gloamin'
sae gray,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs
and take wing,
And the lark wets his whistle, ere mounting
to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
My memory oft haunts thee by nicht and by
day,
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that
are gane,
Ha'e knelt by the brim, and thy gush ha'e
parta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to
allay,

I will drink to the loved ones who come back
nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae
fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness and
bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and
noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy love-teaching
voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of
green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden
sheen.

HUGH MACDONALD.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently—of anxious looks beguiled,

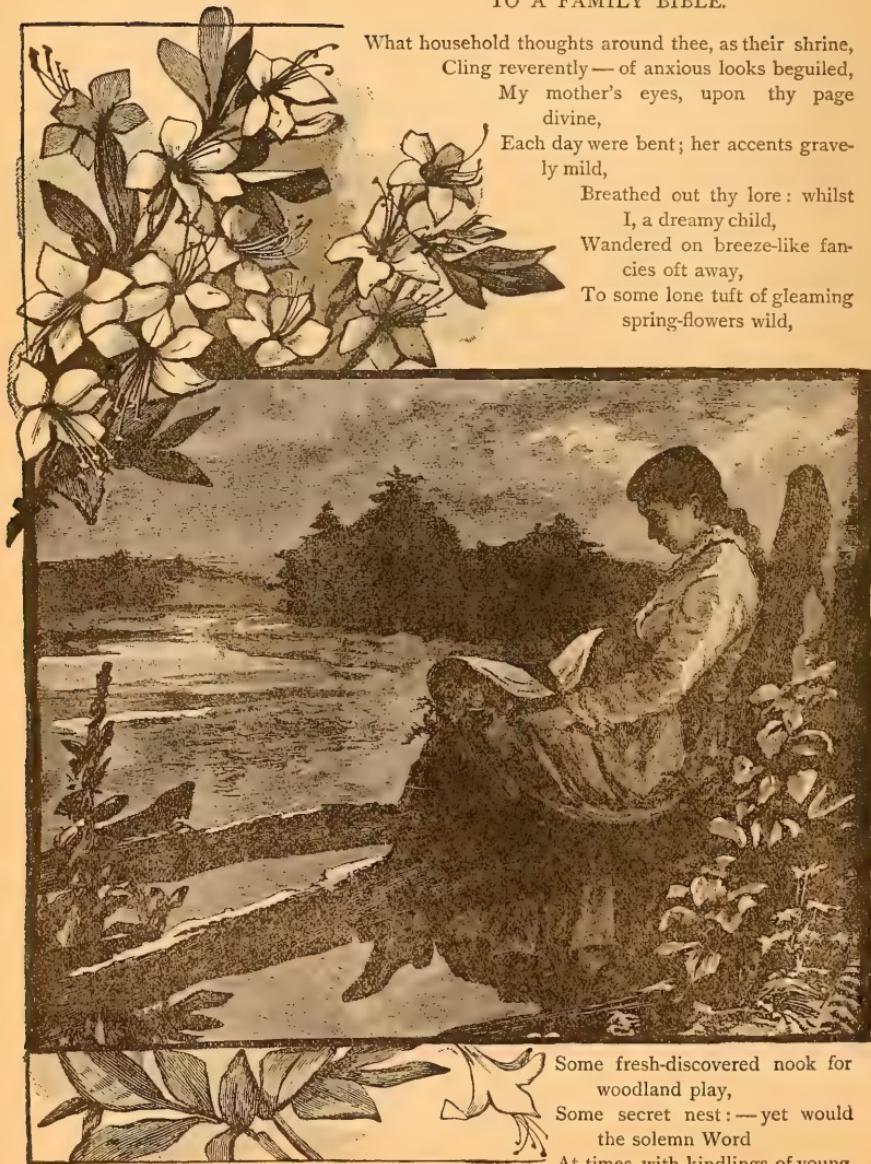
My mother's eyes, upon thy page
divine,

Each day were bent; her accents grave-
ly mild,

Breathed out thy lore : whilst
I, a dreamy child,

Wandered on breeze-like fan-
cies oft away,

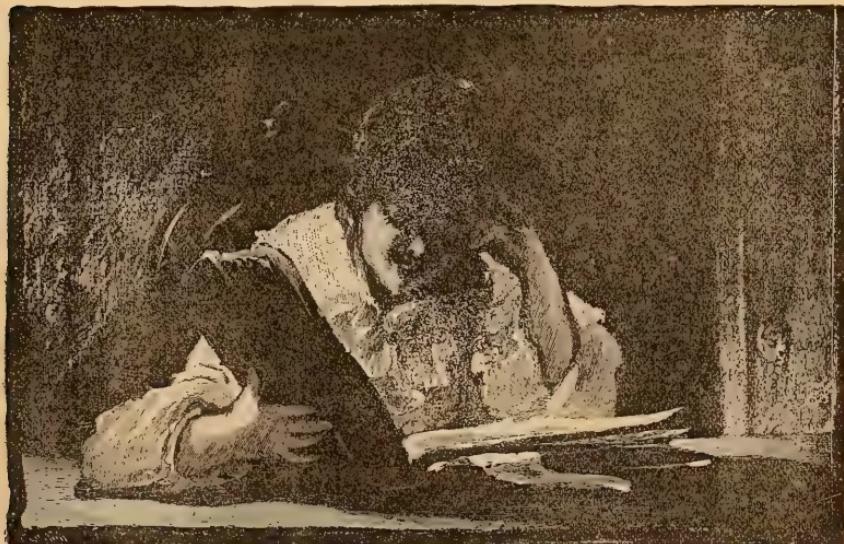
To some lone tuft of gleaming
spring-flowers wild,



Some fresh-discovered nook for
woodland play,
Some secret nest :— yet would
the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young
wonder heard

Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost ;—for which, in darker
 years,
 O book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful
 tears,
 Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee !

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam ;
 The world hath nothing to bestow —
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.



"MY MOTHER'S EYES UPON THY PAGE DIVINE."

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance ;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
 No noisy neighbor enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow-
 ers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
 If tutored right they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise ;
 We'll form their minds with studious
 care
 To all that's manly good and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then, how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small;
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given:—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath:—
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

A MIND CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry
frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music bare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREEN.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

For there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
Even by the other, so divine it is;
The other far on this side of the stars,
By men called Home, when some blest pair
are met
As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,

Where friends are matched) each at its gentle task
 Of book, or household need, or meditation,
 By summer moon or curtained fire in frost;
 And by degrees there come, — not always come,
 Yet mostly, — other small inmates there,
 Cherubic-faced, yet growing like these two,
 Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,
 Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
 Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so 'twixt joy,
 And love and tears, and whatsoever pain
 Man firmly shares with man, these two grow old;
 And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
 In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
 And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

"Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
 The simple are thy rest,
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts:
 Thou makest there thy nest."

FABER.

When all things thou hast made
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 We would come now, our Father dear,
 To breathe a grateful prayer.

In humble trust we come,
 Believing in thy Son,
 Conscious how often we have erred, —
 Of what we've left undone.

Forgive our many sins,
 O Father, we implore !

And let thy holy presence still
 These erring feet restore.

To-day we would be thine,
 Whate'er our trials be;



"OTHER SMALL INMATES THERE."

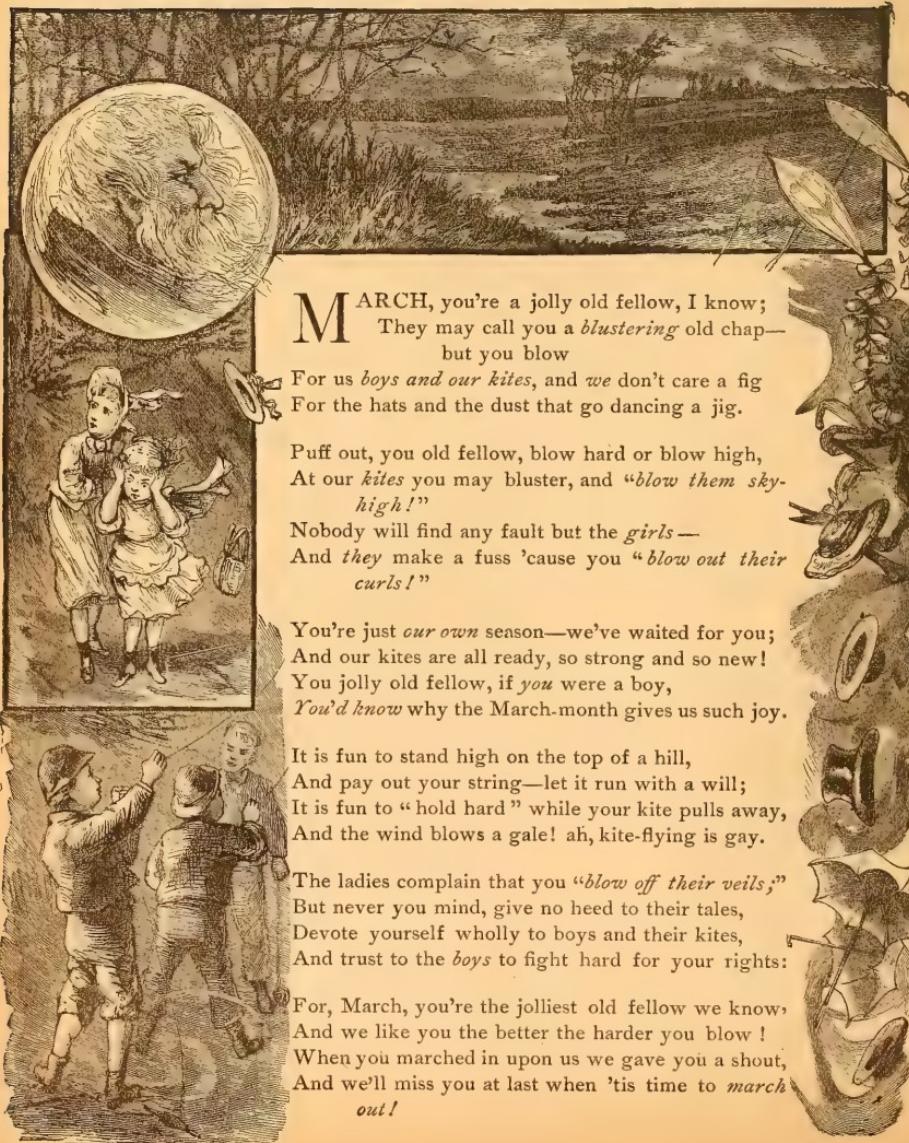
Earnest in everything to do
 Only what pleases thee.

May all who love thy truth
 Unite with one accord,
 Converting nations in the name
 Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

SAMUEL B. SUMNER.

MARCH, AND THE BOYS.

BY MARY D. BRINE.



M ARCH, you're a jolly old fellow, I know;
They may call you a *blustering* old chap—
but you blow

For us *boys and our kites*, and we don't care a fig
For the hats and the dust that go dancing a *jig*.

Puff out, you old fellow, blow hard or blow high,
At our *kites* you may bluster, and “*blow them sky-high!*”

Nobody will find any fault but the *girls*—
And they make a fuss ‘cause you “*blow out their
curls!*”

You're just *our own season*—we've waited for you;
And our *kites* are all ready, so strong and so new!
You jolly old fellow, if *you* were a boy,
You'd know why the March-month gives us such joy.

It is fun to stand high on the top of a hill,
And pay out your string—let it run with a will;
It is fun to “*hold hard*” while your kite pulls away,
And the wind blows a gale! ah, kite-flying is gay.

The ladies complain that you “*blow off their veils*;”
But never you mind, give no heed to their tales,
Devote yourself wholly to boys and their kites,
And trust to the *boys* to fight hard for your rights:

For, March, you're the jolliest old fellow we know,
And we like you the better the harder you blow!
When you marched in upon us we gave you a shout,
And we'll miss you at last when 'tis time to *march out!*



Standing on the threshold,
With her wakening heart and
mind,
Standing on the threshold,
With her childhood left behind ;
The woman softness blending
With the look of sweet surprise,
For life and all its marvels
That lights the clear blue eyes.

PUSSY WILLOW AND THE SOUTH WIND.

FEIE! moping still by the sleepy brook,
Little Miss Pussy, how dull you look!

Prithee, throw off that cloak of brown,
And give me a glimpse of your gray silk gown!

My gray silken gown, Sir Wind, is done,
But its golden fringes are not quite spun.

What a slow little spinner! pray, pardon me,
But I have had time to cross the sea.

Haste forth, dear Miss Pussy! the sky is blue,
And I've a secret to whisper to you.

Nay, nay, they say Winds are changeful things,
I'll wait, if you please, till the Bluebird sings.

THE SILENT CHILDREN.

THE light was low in the school-room,
The day before Christmas day
Had ended. It was darkening in the garden
Where the silent children play.

Throughout that House of Pity,
The soundless lessons said,
The noiseless sport suspended,
The voiceless tasks all read,

The little deaf-mute children,
As still as still could be,
Gathered about the master,
Sensitive, swift to see,

With their fine attentive fingers
And their wonderful, watchful eyes—
What dumb joy he would bring them
For the Christmas eve's surprise!

The lights blazed out in the school-room;
The play-ground went dark as death;
The master moved in a halo;
The children held their breath:

“I show you now a wonder—
The audiphone,” he said.
He spoke in their silent language,
Like the language of the dead.

And answering spake the children,
As the dead might answer too:
“But what for us, O master?
This may be good for you;

“But how is our Christmas coming
Out of a wise machine?
For not like other children's
Have our happy hours been;

“And not like other children's
Can they now or ever be!”
But the master smiled through the halo:
“Just trust a mystery,

“O my children, for a little,
As those who suffer must!
Great 'tis to bear denial,
But grand it is to trust.”

Then to the waiting marvel
The listening children leant:
Like listeners, the shadows
Across the school-room bent,

While Science, from her silence
Of twice three thousand years,
Gave her late salutation
To sealed human ears.

*"Nearer to Thee, oh, nearer,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!"*
Awestruck, the silent children
Hear the great harmony.

Happy that Christmas evening:
Wise was the master's choice,
Who gave the deaf-mute children
The blessed human voice.



"I SHOW YOU NOW A WONDER, THE AUDIPHONE," HE SAID.

Quick signalled then the master:
Sweet sang the hidden choir —
Their voices, wild and piercing,
Broke like a long desire

Wise was that other Master,
Tender His purpose dim,
Who gave His Son on Christmas,
To draw us "nearer Him."

That to content has strengthened.
Glad the clear strains outrang:
"Nearer to Thee, oh, nearer!"
The pitying singers sang.

We all are but silent children,
Denied and deaf and dumb
Before His unknown science —
Lord, if Thou wilt, we come !



THE CRAB-CATCHERS.

(*A Summer-Day Sermon.*)

—
By

MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

L OVELY space of tranquil sea

Under soft and brooding skies,
Where the clouds lie peacefully,
Where the white gull floats and flies.

With what joy on such a day
Youth's glad pulses lightly beat!
Sweet the sun's caressing ray,
And the warm wind's whisper sweet.

Just to live and see and hear,
That is quite enough delight,
Winds and waves to charm the ear,
Sky and sea to fill the sight.

Just to live, such bliss may bring —
Why should taking life away
From the smallest living thing
Help the beauty of the day?

Ah, my boys, 'tis sweet to live —
Just to live! I wonder why
Taking what you may not give
Should make pleasure's heart beat high!

Listen! — If upon the sand
Where your naked feet are set,
As you unsuspecting stand,
What if — just to pay a debt —

One of these unhappy crabs
Sought your unprotected feet,
Gave you gashes, pricks and stabs:
Would you find such pastime sweet?



Ah, you give so thoughtlessly
Such unnecessary pain !
If you cannot let them be,
Why thus torture them in vain ?

Death at last ends each and all ;
But does even a crab deserve
That such torment should befall
Shrinking flesh and outraged nerve ?

Threaded on this barbarous string,
Quivering claws outstretching wide,

Heavily they drop and swing
O'er the clear and placid tide.

And for me the picture's charm —
Floating bird and careless boy,
Summer's peace, and warmth and balm —
Does this cruelty destroy.

Thick about you pleasures throng,
Happy children, everywhere :
Do no helpless being wrong,
God's dumb, piteous creatures spare !

THE VOICE OF THE CHESTNUT TREE.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

I REMEMBER an April day ;
After many pains
A sunbeam shone on my branches bare,
And the sap stirred in my veins.

I remember a morning in May ;
Ah ! then, indeed, I was blest ,
I had soft green leaves, and a little bird came
And built on my bough a nest.

I remember a day in June ;
It was sunshine over and under,
Four blue eggs changed into baby birds —
O, wasn't that a wonder !

I fluttered my leaves like fans
To keep the little ones cool ;
They had such a pretty cradle-bed,
Only it was too full.

But they grew so fast — alas !
Why do little things grow ?
I wanted to keep them close to me,
They were so dear, you know.

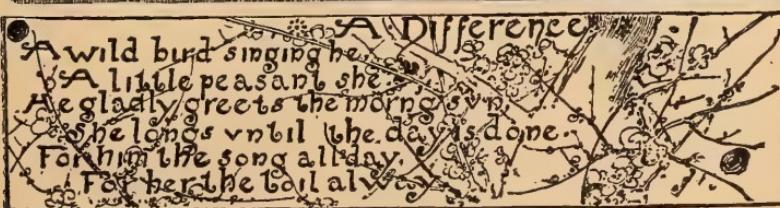
They fluttered out of the nest —
Yes, I remember that day ;
They didn't stop to say "good-bye "
As they followed their mother away.

The nest looked lonesome enough ;
But perhaps it was all for the best,
For, at last, I lost all my pretty leaves
And I couldn't shelter the nest.

I remember another day ;
I heard loud ringing words
And children's laughter, sweeter, I said,
Than the singing of my birds.

And they praised the chestnut tree,
Though it was old and bare ;
My boughs were full, and to ripen fruit
Is better than to be fair.

The winds are piercing cold ;
The snow comes out of the west ;
But I think another spring will come,
And, perhaps, another nest.



U N S A T I S F I E D .

BY ADELAIDE G. WATERS.

THREE was a little chicken that was shut up in a shell,
 He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot tell
 What I am walled in here for — a shocking coop I find,
 Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in May,
 Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
 "This yard is much too narrow — a shocking coop I find,
 Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a crack,
 The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;
 "This world is much too narrow — a shocking coop I find,
 Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

"I should like to have Ideals, I should like to tread the stars,
 To get the Unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
 I should like to leave this dark earth and some other dwelling find,
 More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure-boats go sailing to and fro,
 There's one world on the surface and another world below."
 The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink inclined,
 They swallowed up the chicken with an enterprising mind.

B O B ' S P E T T I C O A T S .

TWAS the night before Christmas," and little Bob Moore Stood tugging the bell at his own father's door And crying, "You Mary Ann, let me in quick!" "Yis, darlint," said she, "but it's naughty to kick."

"It's time fur yer supper, too, Bobby," she said.
 "Yer mother just towld me ter put yer ter bed."

"You coaxed her," he cried, "and it's all for your sake,
 I know you just want to go off to a wake!"

Then, finding his mother, he threw his brown head In her lap, and between his sobs dolefully said, "I'll never go out on the sidewalk again;
 The fellows keep calling me 'Sweet Sarah Jane!'"

Now Mamma Moore's taste and his own were
at strife;

His pretty kilt skirts were the plague of his life,
And he'd soaped his brown ringlets to take out
the curl,

For it quite broke his heart to look so like a
girl!

But mamma long noted her little boy's grief,
And her dear loving heart had been planning
relief;

For she knew, without proof of the tear or the
sob,

That life's load was too big for the shoulders
of Bob.

"'Twill be Christmas to-morrow," she said as
she heard.

"Think how jolly, my boy!" But she breathed
not a word

Of the cute little suit in her own bureau drawer
That had come from the tailor the evening be-
fore.

"Be a man, Bob," she added. "My own
darling son

Must be brave. Dry your eyes—they were
only in fun!"

"I do try," he moaned, "to be brave as I can,
But a fellow in petticoats can't be a man!"

Then mamma, in his ringlets hiding a smile,
Told many a story his grief to beguile;

And he, pleading for "Ten Little Niggers"
again,

Soon forgot all the trouble of "Sweet Sarah
Jane."

That night when his father had chuckled to see
Bob's stocking stuffed tight as a stocking could
be,

He took the great shears in his hand, and he
crept

To the side of the crib where his little boy
slept—

For his father had said, when his mother had
plead

To keep the brown curls on the precious brown
head,

"The boy's nearly six, and, my darling, tut,
tut,

There's no use in talking, his curls should be
cut!"

Said mamma, "They're so lovely I couldn't
cut one!"

You must do it yourself if the thing's to be
done!"

So that was the reason papa held the shears,
While mamma held her handkerchief over her
tears!

Snip clip! The bright rings on the white
pillow fell;

How solemn the scene only mothers can tell;
Till at last by a very slight twisting and twirl
Papa cut Bob's last and his hindermost curl.

Then manima laid them all in a book on the
shelf

To cry over softly when all by herself,
And exchanged his kilt suit, and his petticoats
too,

For jackets and trousers of naviest blue.

After pressing a kiss on the warm rosy cheek
She left him there, looking so quiet and meek,
While she slowly and wearily went to her bed,
To dream that her own little Bobby was dead!

But he wasn't! Next morning he thumped at
her door

Crying, "Now let me in, for it's me, Bobby
Moore!"

But before mamma reached it the door was
flung wide,

And when she saw Bobby she laughed till she
cried.

The jacket and trousers had made him so tall
That seen by the early dim light in the hall,
With his little bare feet and his funny cropt
head,

"The boy's none of mine!" she could almost
have said.

"Mamma, please," he cried, "will you tell
Mary Ann
To give me my breakfast as soon as she can?
I want to go out on the sidewalk again,
And punch them for calling me 'Sweet Sarah
Jane.'"



LITTLE BRIDGET LIVED IT OVER, SMELT AGAIN THE SWEET, RED CLOVER.

LITTLE BRIDGET'S CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

—
By LUCY LARCOM.

THROUGH the bleak December day
Little pale-faced Bridget lay
On her shabby trundle bed,
Covered with a threadbare spread.

Down the dim and dingy wall
Scarce a sunbeam crept at all.
Or if one astray did come,
Never seemed it quite at home.

Little Bridget lay alone,
Trying not to cry or moan
For her mother, who must stay
Out at work the livelong day.

No one by her bedside sat :
Rusty stove and ragged mat,
Chair and table, window, door,
Her companions ; nothing more.

Poor the room was, poor and plain ;
 But the narrow window-pane
 Let her out into free air,
 Into landscapes wide and fair.

Out beyond the dreary street
 Sped her fancy's flying feet,
 Over hillside, meadow, dell —
 Ah ! she knew it all so well !

Once, when summer days were long,
 Once, when she was brisk and strong,
 Kind hands bore her far away
 Into the green fields to play.

Oh, the happy Country Week,
 When the children went to seek
 Flowers and sunshine on the hills,
 Far away from city ills !

Little Bridget lived it over —
 Smelt again the sweet, red clover,
 Watched the bright-eyed squirrels gray,
 Fed the birds, and tossed the hay.

All the beautiful wild flowers
 Came to cheer her lonesome hours ;
 Smiling, one by one, they came,
 Blossoms she had learned by name.

Hardhack, with its pale, pink spire ;
 Cardinals, clothed in crimson fire ;
 Golden daisies, through the bars
 Shining up at her, like stars.

Once more on the river's breast
 Large white lilies swayed in rest ;
 Waved for her the meadows sweet ;
 Pussy-clover brushed her feet.

Once again her footsteps turn
 Towards the woodlands, fresh with fern,
 Up the hill, and down the lane —
 'Twas the Country Week again.

Little Bridget's eyes were bright
 When her mother came at night :
 " Thoughts have wings," she said, " and I
 With them through the window fly.

"I forget the cold," she said,
 "I forget my aching head,
 While I wander long, long hours,
 As I used to, gathering flowers."

Brighter little Bridget's eyes
 Shone with wonder and surprise,
 Gazing on her window-pane
 When the morning dawned again.

Who had been there in the night
 Tracing, all in outlines white,
 Blossoms, ferns, and feathery grass,
 On her little square of glass ?

Nodding harebells, daisy stars,
 Pine-clad cliffs, and even the bars
 That she used to clamber through,
 Into fields where lilies grew ?

Down the chill, gray dawning fell
 Echoes of a Christmas bell.
 Little Bridget scarce could speak,
 But a flush suffused her cheek.

And her heart with joy grew faint : —
 " Mother, did the angels paint
 Flowers and ferns I used to see
 For a Christmas gift to me ?

" Something more than flowers they seem :
 Mine in many a hungry dream,
 Things like these have been ; they grow
 In the fields of heaven, I know.

" In my dreams they bloom, so fair !
 And the little children there
 With me wondrous blossoms seek :
 Heaven is like the Country Week ! "

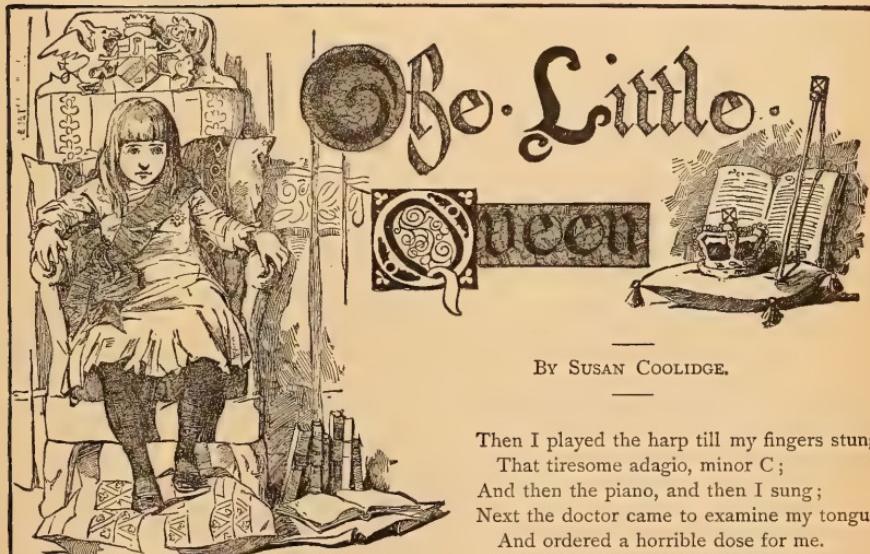
Happy Bridget ! more than health,
 More than luxury or wealth —
 Hers the blessed gift to find
 Beauty, where the world is blind.

And her angel-guides they were,
 Who in summer went with her,
 Beauty's secret to explore
 One glad week, by hill and shore.

Heaven's great gates are open here :
 Angels far and angels near
 Toward the little children lean,
 Winning them to pastures green.

And no grand cathedral shows
 Windows half so fine as those
 Little Bridget gazed upon
 In the cold, white Christmas dawn.

For the heavenly artists brought
 Their own seeing to her thought ;
 Taught her from her heart to paint ;
 Little Bridget, baby saint !



BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Then I played the harp till my fingers stung,
 That tiresome adagio, minor C ;
 And then the piano, and then I sung ;
 Next the doctor came to examine my tongue,
 And ordered a horrible dose for me.

MY tasks are over for the day,
 Over at last and I am free !
 No girl in all the land, they say,
 Has so much study, so little play
 As I, the little Queen, dear me !

First came my French and then my Greek,
 And then my German — that makes three !
 The one to read, and the others to speak,
 And two are modern, and one antique,
 And I hate them all most fervently.

Then the hour of sums, the worst of all,
 Such long, long sums in the Rule of Three ;
 And the dance to practise for the ball,
 When I was so tired I could hardly crawl,
 And Ancient and Modern History !

And once I paused and looked about
 And missed my answer, for a bee
 Caught in a flower-cup just without
 Was making a furious burr and rout —
 Then how my master looked at me !

"Your Majesty is much to blame
To heed such trivial things," said he;
And all my ladies said the same.
I felt my cheeks grow hot with shame,
So solemnly they looked at me.

They tell me that throughout the land
The other children envy me,
Because I am so rich and grand:
I cannot, cannot understand
Why people judge so foolishly.

The other children shout and run
And play together full of glee;
I never have a bit of fun,
There are no games for only one—
Nobody ever plays with me!

The other children go up-stairs
After their merry nursery-tea,
Their mothers brush and comb their hairs,
And tuck them in, and hear their prayers—
How pleasant all those things must be!

My ladies duly bend and wait
And serve me soft on bended knee,
Put off and on my robes of state,
And bathe and brush and curl and plait,
But no one ever kisses me!

I am the Queen, and I am told
That the whole land belongs to me,
Mine to up-bear and rule and hold,
And I am only twelve years old,
Only a little girl you see!

If I might change for a few days,
And just a common child could be,
To live in common happy ways
With easy tasks and easy plays
And no one by to chide or see—

I *might* perhaps come back and class
Myself as happiest—it might be:
But that will never come to pass,
I am the little Queen, alas!
And there is no escape for me!

PROPHECIES.

—
BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

LITTLE blue egg, in the nest snug and warm,
Covered so close from the wind and the
storm,
Guarded so carefully day after day,
What is your use in this world now, pray?
"Bend your head closer; my secret I'll tell:
There's a baby-bird hid in my tiny blue shell."

Little green bud, all covered with dew,
Answer my question and answer it true;
What were you made for, and why do you stay
Clinging so close to the twig all the day?
"Hid in my green sheath, some day to unclose,
Nestles the warm, glowing heart of a rose."

Dear, little baby-girl, dainty and fair,
Sweetest of flowers, of jewels most rare,
Surely there's no other use for you here
Than just to be petted and played with, you dear!
"Oh a wonderful secret I'm coming to know,
Just a baby like me, to a woman shall grow."

Ah, swiftly the bird from the nest flies away,
And the bud to a blossom unfolds day by day,
While the woman looks forth in my baby-girl's eyes,
Through her joys and her sorrows, her tears and
surprise—
Too soon shall the years bring this gift to her cup,
God keep her, my woman who's now growing up!

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
 For the toiling day is done,
 And the gay and solemn twilight
 Follows down the golden sun.
 Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
 Stalk like giants through the gloom,
 Wander past the dusky casement,
 Creep around the fire-lit room.
 Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
 Place the slippers by the fire ;
 Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
 What care we for wind-sprite's ire ?

What care we for outward seeming ?
 Fickle Fortune's frown or smile ?
 If around us love is beaming,
 Love can human ills beguile.
 'Neath the cottage-room and palace,
 From the peasant to the king,
 All are quaffing from life's chalice
 Bubbles that enchantment bring.
 Grates are glowing, music flowing
 From the lips we love the best ;
 Oh, the joy, the bliss of knowing
 There are hearts whereon to rest !

Hearts that throb with eager gladness —
 Hearts that echo to our own —
 While grim care and haunting sadness
 Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
 Care may tread the halls of daylight,
 Sadness haunt the midnight hour,
 But the weird and witching twilight
 Brings the glowing hearthstone's dower.
 Altar of our holiest feelings !
 Childhood's well-remembered shrine !
 Spirit-yearnings — soul-revealings —
 Wreaths immortal round thee twine !

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

Saviour of them that trust in thee,
 Once more with supplicating cries,
 We lift the heart and bend the knee,
 And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
 The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven ;
 Thy helping arm, thy guiding Word,
 And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height
 Or walk temptations slippery way,
 Be still, to steer our steps aright,
 Thy Word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Be ours thy fear and favor still,
 United hearts, unchanging love ;
 No scheme that contradicts thy will,
 No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
 Support us when the hour shall come ;
 Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
 Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

HENRY ALFORD.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground
 May Domestic Peace be found —
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies !
 Far on fearful wings she flies,
 From the pomp of sceptered state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate,
 In a cottaged vale she dwells
 Listening to the Sabbath bells !
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow, smiling through her tears,
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

OUR FIRESIDE EVENING HYMN.

Hither, bright angels, wing your flight,
 And stay your gentle presence here ;
 Watch round and shield us through the night
 That every shade may disappear.

How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky !

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier
There, I ween !



"HITHER, BRIGHT ANGELS, WING YOUR FLIGHT."

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round,
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground !

Oh, ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love, may night begin,—
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much respected
friend !
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end :
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise :
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The blackening trains o' crows to their re-
pose ;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does
hamward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher²
through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
glee.
His wee bit ingle,³ blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's
smile,
The lisping infant Prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his
toil.

¹ Moan.

² Stagger.

³ Fire or fireplace.



Swing, swing! sing, sing!
Here's my Throne and I am a King!
Swing, sing! swing, sing!
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

2 Low, high, here I fly,
Like a bird through sunny sky!
Free, free, over the sea,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

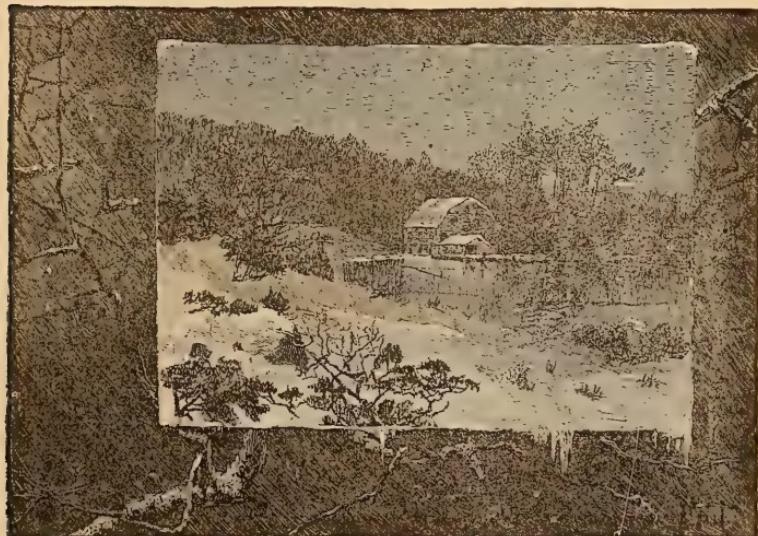
3 Up, down, up and down,
Which is way to London town?
Where, where? - Up in the air!
Close your eyes - and now you are there!

4 Soon, soon, afternoon
Over the sunset, over the moon.
Far, far, over all bar,
Sweeping on from star to star!

5 No, no! low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe,
Low, low, to and fro,
Slow - slow - slow - slow.

Belyve¹ the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie²
rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bran new
gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' com-
mand
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent
hand,
An' ne'er, tho' o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty duly morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the
Lord aright!"



"THE SHORTENING DAY IS DRAWING NEAR A CLOSE."

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An, each for other's welfare kindly spiërs :³
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet;
Each tells the uncos⁴ that he sees or hears :
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars⁵ auld claes look amaint as weel's the
new;
The father mixes a wi' admonition due.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek :
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,

¹ By and by.
⁴ News.

² Careful.
⁵ Makes.

³ Inquires.
⁶ Diligent.

While Jenny haflins¹ is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben²
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye;³
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate⁴ and laithfu',⁵ scarce can weel
 behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
 grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected
 like the lave.⁶

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
T'is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling
 smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
 child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their dis-
 traction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple
 board,
The healsome parritch,⁷ chief o' Scotta's food:
The soupe their only hawkie⁸ does afford.

That 'yont the hallan⁹ snugly chows her
 cood:¹⁰

The dame brings forth in complimentary
 mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained¹¹ kebbuck¹²
 fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond¹³ auld, sin' lint was i'
 the bell.¹⁴

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets¹⁵ wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,

He walcs¹⁶ a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
 solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures
 rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets¹⁷ the heavenward
 flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian thrills are tame,
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;

¹ Half. ² Into the spence or parlor. ³ Cows.

⁴ Bashful. ⁵ Sheepish. ⁶ Rest.

⁷ Porridge. ⁸ A white-faced cow. ⁹ Wall.

¹⁰ Chews her cud. ¹¹ Saved. ¹² Cheese.

¹³ Towlmouth. ¹⁴ Flax was in flower. ¹⁵ Gray locks.

¹⁶ Chooses. ¹⁷ Kindies.

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire :
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'l'on's doom pronounced
by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal
King
The saint, the father and the husband prays ;
Hope springs "exulting on triumphant
wing,"¹
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this; how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul ;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor
enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God ; "²
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous
load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content !
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
loved isle.

O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
heart ;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !)
O, never, never Scotia's realm desert !
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard !

1780.

ROBERT BURNS.

¹ Altered from Pope's "Windsor Forest," I, 112.

² Pope's "Essay on Man," iv. 248.

THE PSALM-BOOK IN THE GARRET.

A garret grows a human thing
 With lonely oriental eyes,
 To whom confiding fingers bring
 The world in yesterday's disguise.



“OLD HOUSE OF PURITANIC MOOD.”



Ah, richer far than noon tide
 blaze
 The soft gray silence of the
 air,
 As if long years of ended days
 Had garnered all their twi-
 lights there.

The heart can see so clear and far
 In such a place, with such a light—
 God counts His heavens star by star,
 And rains them down unclouded night.

Where rafters set their cobwebb'd feet
 Upon the rugged oaken ledge,
 I found a flock of singers sweet,
 Like snow-bound sparrows in a hedge.

In silk of spider's spinning hid,
A long and narrow psalm-book lay;
I wrote a name upon the lid,
Then brushed the idle dust away.

Ah, dotted tribe with ebon heads
That climb the slender fence along!
As black as ink, as thick as weeds,
Ye little Africans of song!

Who wrote upon this page, "Forget
Me Not?" These cruel leaves of old
Have crushed to death a violet—
See here, it's spectre's pallid gold.

I shake the leaves. They part at "Mear"—
Again they strike the good old tune,
The village church is builded here;
The twilight turns to afternoon.

Old house of Puritanic wood,
Thro' whose unpainted windows streamed
On seats as primitive and rude
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,

The white and undiluted day!
Thy naked aisle no roses grace
That blossomed at the shuttle's play;
Nor saints distempered bless the place,



"SILK OF SPIDER'S SPINNING."

A penciled whisper during prayer
Is that poor dim and girlish word;
But ah, I linger longest where
It opens of its own accord.

These spotted leaves! how they once basked
Beneath the glance of girlhood's eyes,
And parted to the gaze unasked,
As spreads the wings of butterflies.

The book falls open where it will—
Broad on the page runs "Silver Street!"
That shining way to "Zion's Hill"
Where base and treble used to meet.

Like feudal castles, front to front,
In timbered oak of Saxon Thor,
To brave the siege and bear the brunt
Of Bunyan's endless Holy War.

The pulpit and the gallery stand:—
Between the twain a peaceful space,
The prayer and praise on either hand,
And girls and Gospel face to face.

I hear the reverend elder say,
"Hymn fifty-first, long meter, sing!"
I hear the psalm-books, fluttered play,
Like flocks of sparrows taking wing.

Armed with a fork to pitch the tune,
I hear the deacon call "Dundee;"
And mount as brisk as "Bonny Doon"
His fa, sol, la, and scent the key.

He "trees" the note for Sister Gray,
The old Scotch warbling strains begin;
The bass of Bashan leads the way,
And all the girls fall sweetly in.

How swells the hymn of heavenly love,
As rise the tides in Fundy's Bay!
Till all the air below, above,
Is sweet with song and caraway!

A fugue let loose cheers up the place
With bass and tenor, alto, air;
The parts strike in with measured grace,
And something sweet is everywhere!

As if some warbling brood should build
Of bits of tunes a singing nest,
Each bringing that with which it thrilled
And weaving it with all the rest!

The congregation rise and stand;
"Old Hundred's" reeling thunder comes
In heavy surges, slow and grand,
As beats the surf its solemn drums.

Now comes the times when "China's" wail
Is blended with the faint perfume
Of whispering crape and cloudy veil,
That fold within their rustling gloom

Some wounded human mourning dove,
And fall around some stricken one
With nothing left alive to love
Below the unregarded sun!

And now they sing a star in sight,
The blessed "Star of Bethlehem;"
And now the air is royal bright
With "Coronation's" diadem.

They show me spots of dimpled sod,
They say the girls of old are there:—
Oh, no, they swell the choirs of God;
The dear old songs are everywhere!

THE OLD CHESTS IN THE GARRET.

Up in the garret one rainy day,
Where the rafters were hung with the cobwebs
gray,
Where the dust lay thick on chest and board,
Where the wind up the great wide chimneys
roared,
I came to think awhile.

Round about the room in a row,
Were chests of treasures of long ago:
Quaint old fans of sandal-wood,
Silks that alone in their glory stood,
On some day long passed by.

India muslins fine and old,
Costly lace as yellow as gold,
Satin with its silvery sheen,
Strings of pearls fit for a queen,
Carefully stored away.

Into my fancy a picture came,
Of royal knight, of stately dame,
Of laughing eyes, of glossy curls
Fastened back with these strings of pearls,
Some by-gone Christmas eve.

I closed the chest-lid with a sigh,
And hung the key on a rafter nigh,
For many a Christmas eve had gone,
Passed had many a Christmas morn,
While they slept under the snow.

Resting there, for their work was done,
Of deeds, of words, and honor won;
Those in memory will stay,
Though lord and lady have passed away,
And treasures fall to dust.

I opened another chest to find
Packs of letters with ribbons twined,
Some of the ribbons were bright and gay,
Others were black and seemed to say,
Sad news was with them bound.

One letter writ in a manly hand,
Came over the sea from a foreign land,

Telling when the ship would sail ;
But the vessel sank in a fearful gale
And the sailor came no more.

I started, for the tears fell fast
O'er this reminder of the past,
But softly speaking in my ear
An angel's voice I seemed to hear,
And this it said to me :

"Weep not for a past which is over and gone,
The friends whose memory you mourn
Safe through the storms of life's rough sea
By the dear Christ's side are awaiting thee,
Soon shalt thou meet them there."

The dusky garret with peace was filled,
The pattering rain on the roof was stilled,
The sunbeams flickering through the room,
Came like light from my Father's home,
Or a smile from loved ones gone.

THE BROKEN HEARTHSTONE.

Our foot struck hard against a broken stone —
A hearthstone 'mid the corn :
It was the hearthstone that our childish feet
In the years past had worn.
We bowed, not heavy with a load of grief,
But tender tears came, making our belief

More fresh within us ; not as to a grave
We came to seek this place,
But o'er the stones we bent most tenderly
Our sober homeward face ;
We came as one who duly understands
The house he seeketh — one not made with
hands.

But we would lean our homeward face once
more
Upon earth's altar stones,
And if we cling too closely to the place,
New tenderness atones
For anything of doubt or human dread,
And in the place our soul was comforted.

A soft hand, fragrant as an angel's wing,
Reached from the stones and laid
Its touch upon us, there we found a string
Of pearls hung in the shade
Of the green waving corn ; we knew the clear,
White valley lilies, to our childhood dear.

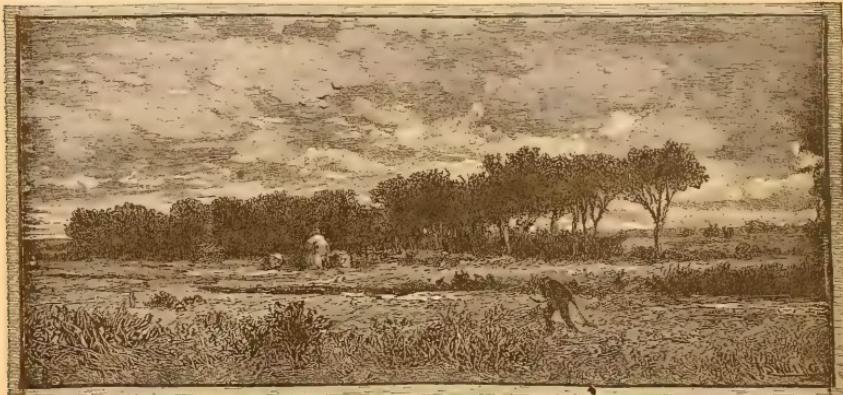


"PEARLS HUNG IN THE SHADE."

They came up through the chinks of the
mossed stone ;
They had crept from the still
To the old hearth. Perhaps most tenderly
Their fibers felt the chill
Of loneliness and crept more near, and near,
As we do to the hearthstone every year.

However, there they were, the valley bells
A-tremble on their stirrings—
The frail, yet the enduring, the unchanged.
As if an angel's wing
Had swept our heart, it trembled, and we
said,
Yea, Lord, our pilgrim soul is comforted !

And runs them on the white threads of the heart
And they are sadly sweet—
Not chance nor change, nor any frost of time,
Our soul's life can defeat.
Our home is an abiding city ; there, with God
Are those who, with us, earth's poor hearth-
stones trod.



"THEIR FIBRES FELT THE CHILL OF LONELINESS."

The corn above us waved triumphantly ;
Vale-lilies bent beneath,
And all things said—not less our heart
within —
“ There is, there is no death ! ”
We will not put our human yearnings by,
They knit our soul to that which can not die ;

But when we go on love's lone pilgrimage,
And when our tears like rain
Fall down on broken hearths, let us arise
In hope renewed again :
“ We seek a better country,” even where
The many mansions of the Father are.

And for the tenderness and for the tears
That welled as if from springs,
We thank Thee, God, and for the trembling
notes
That hope within us sings !
She catches up the rustle of the corn,
The faintest whisper in the lily born,

O HAPPY HOUSE !

O happy house ! where thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest,
Where none can ever fill thy place ;
Where every heart goes forth to meet thee,
Where every ear attends thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house ! where man and wife in heart,
In faith, and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can ever part
The holy union here begun ;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
And live before thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
Early to thee, in faith and prayer,—
To thee, their Friend, who from the heights
of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise,
And childhood's lisping
tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of
love and praise.

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

Father of heaven and earth!
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

O happy house! and happy
servitude!
Where all alike one Mas-
ter own;
Where daily duty, in thy
strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toil-
some known;
Where each one serves thee,
meek and lowly,
Whatever thine appoint-
ment be,
Till common tasks seem
great and holy,
When they are done as
unto thee.



"I BLESS THEE FOR THE NIGHT!"

O happy house! where thou
art not forgot
When joy is flowing full
and free;
O happy house! where every
wound is brought,
Physician, Comforter, to
thee.
Until at last, earth's day's
work ended,
All meet thee in that home above,
From whence thou camest, where thou hast
ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA.

Translated by MRS. ERIC FINDLATER.

Now, far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's
nest;
The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'erwearied one,

O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of the oppressed,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!
Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven!
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night,
The soft, still, holy night!

FELICIA D. HEMANS.



GOOD NIGHT!

HYMN FOR BEDTIME.

Round about my bed abide,
Jesu Lord, at eventide;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Round about my pillow keep
Watch and vigil while I sleep:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

Ward away the hosts of hell,
Thou who keepest Israel;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch:
When thou wast over me,
Let my spirit watch with thee:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

Let thy holy angels spread
Dewy wings about my bed:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch:
Let him shed from his pure breast
Dreams of heaven's eternal rest:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

Underneath thy cross's sign
I myself to thee resign:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch:
Hence let Satan flee away!
Only, Jesu, with me stay:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

Friends and kinsmen everywhere,—
All commend I to thy care;
Watch, dear Jesu, watch:
Let them sleep secure from harm
Underneath thy sheltering arm:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

O'er the sleepers who have gone
To their rest thy breast upon,
Watch, dear Jesu, watch:
Sleep they well, till time shall cease:
May their spirits rest in peace:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

Till the night of trouble o'er,
On the everlasting shore
We all awake, to sleep no more;
Watch, dear Jesu, we implore:
Watch, dear Jesu, watch;
Jesu, watch.

GERARD MOULFRIE

A GATHERED FAMILY.

Scattered o'er various fields by Heaven,
Through various pathways led,
What happiness in peace to meet
Around a common head !

To talk of mercies shared by all,
Of hopes that virtues raise ;
And in the general bliss enjoyed,
To join in general praise !

The pleasures of the past recall,
And tell the tales again
Of infant dreams, and childhood's joys,
And youth's delightful reign, —

And then the strange vicissitudes
Of mankind to compare ;
And mark how wonderful, how kind,
Heaven's dispensations are, —

To plan the schemes of future bliss ;
Rejoicing to confess,
That He whose love hath blessed the past,
The future, too, will bless.

Thus the domestic hearth is made
Both love and virtue's shrine,
And thus earth's dross is purified,
And man becomes divine.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Never yet could careless sleep
On Love's watchful eyelid creep ;
Never yet could gloomy night
Damp his eye's immortal light :
Love is his own ray, and sees
Whatsoe'er himself doth please :
Love his piercing look can dart
Through the shades of my dark heart,
And read plainer far than I
All the spots which there do lye.

Pardon then what thou dost see,
Mighty Love, in wretched me :
Let the sweet wrath of thy ray
Chide my sinful night to day ;
To the blessed day of grace,
Whose dear East smiled in thy face,
So no powers of darkness shall
In this night my soul appall ;
So shall I the sounder sleep,
'Cause my heart awake I keep,
Meekly waiting upon thee,
Whilst thou deign'st to watch for me.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Before us our repast is spread ;
Before us are thy bounties shed ;
Oh, bless, Most High, these gifts of thine,
That we may grow in grace divine.
To all the creatures lacking food
Thou art the generous and good.

The land with peace and fruitfulness
Enrich ; air, earth, and water bless.
Nourish us with the bread of life,
Bought by Christ's grand and deadly strife.
With humble, grateful heart may we
Accept whatever flows from thee !

Translated from the Danish of THOMAS KINGO
by GILBERT TAIT, 1868.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it
with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
Would you know the spell ? a mother sat
there !

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's home I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;



And gentle words that
mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach
me to live.
She told me that shame
would never betide
With truth for my creed,
and God for my guide ;
She taught me to lisp my
earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old
arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many
a day,
When her eye grew dim,
and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshipped
her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible
to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last
one sped, —
My idol was shattered, my
earth-star fled !
I learned how much the
heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her
old arm-chair.

"Tis past, 'tis past! but I
gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and
throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me,
'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava
tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me
weak,
Whilst scalding drops start
down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and
cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old
arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.



A BLIND MAN'S SONG.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

What has this woman been doing,
So long since the morning begun?
I don't believe she can remember
One-half of the work she has done.

That's what this woman's been doing,
Day after day 'tis the same;
Angels, oh, watch and defend her,
"Mother"—for that is her name.



"I DON'T BELIEVE SHE REMEMBERS ONE-HALF THE THINGS SHE HATH DONE."

Dressing the dear little baby,
Combing his soft silken hair,
Putting him back in the cradle
To sleep and grow healthy and fair.

Doing the work in the kitchen,
Just what it happens to be,
Covering books for the school-room,—
Ready for callers at three.

Mending and making and chatting,
Two or three children to teach,
If not the primer's first lesson,
Methods no others can preach.

A WOMAN'S SONG TO WOMAN.

Pull the needle, swing the broom,
Tidy up the littered room,
Patch the trousers, darn the shirt,
Fight the daily dust and dirt;
All around you trust your skill,
Confident of kindness still.

Stir the gruel, knead the bread,
Tax your hands, and heart, and head:
Children sick and household hungry;
(Though some thoughtless words have
stung you),

All are waiting on your will,
Confident of kindness still.

Never mind the glance oblique,
Never cause of coldness seek,
Never notice slight or frown,
By your conduct live them down :
All at last will seek your skill,
Confident of kindness still.



"WORDS OF CHEER AND COMFORT SPEAK."

Lift your heart and lift your eyes,
Let continual prayer arise ;
Think of all the Saviour's woe
When He walked with man below,
How poor sinners sought His skill,
Confident of kindness still.

Sing the song and tell the story
Of the Saviour's coming glory,
To the children whom He blesses
With your guidance and caresses,
Who for all things wait your will,
Confident of kindness still.

Feed the hungry and the weak,
Words of cheer and comfort speak,
Be the angel of the poor,
Teach them bravely to endure ;
Show them this, the Father's will,
Confident of kindness still.

Gratitude may be your lot,
Then be thankful ; but, if not,
Are you better than your Lord
Who endured the cross and sword
From those very hands whose skill
Waited ever on His will ?

Noble is a life of care
If a holy zeal be there ;
All your little deeds of love
Heavenward helps at last may prove,
If you seek your Father's will,
Trusting in His kindness still.

FAMILY TIES.

The human heart can never know
Enjoyment more refined,
Then where the sacred band is twined
Of filial and parental ties, —
That tender union, all combined
Of Nature's holiest sympathies !

'Tis friendship in its loveliest dress !
'Tis love's most perfect tenderness !
All other friendships may decay,
All other loves may fade away :
Our faults or follies may disgust
The friend in whom we fondly trust ;

Or selfish views may intervene,
 From us his changeful heart to wean ;
 Or we ourselves may change, and find
 Faults to which once our love was blind :
 Or lingering pain, or pining care
 At length may weary friendship's ear ;
 And love may gaze with altered eye,
 When beauty's young attractions fly :
 But in that union, firm and mild,
 That binds a parent to his child,
 Such jarring chords can never sound —
 Such painful doubts can never wound.
 Though health and fortune may decay,
 And fleeting beauty pass away ;
 Though grief may blight, or sin deface
 Our youth's fair promise, or disgrace
 May brand with infamy, and shame,
 And public scorn, our blasted name ;
 Though all the fell contagion fly,
 Of guilt, reproach and misery, —
 When love forgets, and friends forsake,
 A parent, though his heart may break,
 From that fond heart will never tear
 The child, whose last retreat is there !
 O union, purest, most sublime !
 The grave itself but for a time
 The holy bond shall sever ;
 His hand who rent shall bind again,
 With firmer links, thy broken chain,
 To be complete forever !

FITZARTHUR.

LEMUEL'S SONG.

Who finds a woman good and wise,
 A gem more worth than pearls hath got ;
 Her husband's heart on her relies ;
 To live by spoil he needeth not.
 His comfort all his life is she ;
 No wrong she willingly will do ;
 For wool and flax her searches be,
 And cheerful hands she puts thereto

The merchant ship resembling right,
 Her food she from afar doth fet. [Bring.]

Ere day she wakes, that give she might
 Her maids their task, her household meat.
 A field she views, and that she buys ;
 Her hand doth plant a vineyard there ;
 Her loins with courage up she ties,
 Her arms with vigor strengthened are.

If in her work she profit feel,
 By night her candle goes not out :
 She puts her finger to the wheel,
 Her hand the spindle turns about.
 To such as poor and needy are
 Her hand (yea, both hands) reacheth she,
 The winter none of hers doth fear,
 For double clothed her household be.
 She mantles maketh, wrought by hand,
 And silk and purple clothing gets.
 Among the rulers of the land,
 (Known in the gate) her husband sits.
 For sale fine linen weaveth she,
 And girdles to the merchant sends.
 Renown and strength her clothing be,
 And joy her later time attends.
 She speaks discreetly when she talks ;
 The law of grace her tongue hath learned ;
 She heeds the way her household walks,
 And feedeth not on bread unearned.
 Her children rise, and blest her call :
 Her husband thus applaudeth her,
 "Oh, thou hast far surpassed them all,
 Though many daughters thriving are !"

Deceitful favor quickly wears,
 And beauty suddenly decays ;
 But, if the Lord she truly fears,
 That woman well deservesth praise,
 The fruit her handywork obtains :
 Without repining grant her that,
 And yield her when her labor gains,
 To do her honor in the gate.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
 Of England green and old,
 That out from fame and ivied tower
 A thousand years have tolled;

How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Outbreaking as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born!
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,



"THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND, HOW THEY PEAL!"

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales ;
Sweet tales of olden time ;
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime !
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian
chimes,
How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland
Upon a Christmas morn,

With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival !
The chimes of England, how they
peal

From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem
fill

The dim cathedral aisle ;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls !

And then, those Easter bells, in
spring,

Those glorious Easter chimes !
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times !
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,

From vale to mountain high.
I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am
sprung

Of good old English line :
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells ;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells !

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth ;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR C. COXON.

York Garrison.

1640. Sarah Orne Jewett

THE long hill slope, the river's course,
The high tide sleeping there—
I see them all in sunshine soft;
September days are fair.

The wild birds sing in Brixham woods,
Far off the sea waves call;
In Scotland garrison but one
Keeps watch and ward for all.

One woman at her spinning stands
There in the lookout high,
Now glances at the woodland's edge,
And now spins busily.

She bends to touch the whirling wheel,
Or mend the thread that flies,
Then wakes from sweet day-dreams of home
And seeks with eager eyes

Her own and only little child,
Lest she should stray too far
From where the captain and his men
Out in the clearing are.



There steadily the brave men work,
Nor sigh for what they miss;
A memory of English farms
Would shame a wild like this,



XX.

All unafeard of Indian foes,
Forgetting, every one,
The stories told to frighten her,
Is Polly Masterson.

There, by the brook, such lovely flowers
Have bloomed to make her glad,
Such scarlet splendors tall and gay
Old England never had !

"All safe, thank God !" says Masterson,
"Now let the siege begin —
Our walls are strong." Then wails his wife,
"Did you bring Polly in ?"

Her prim Dutch doll is in her arms,
And Polly hums a tune
To match the brook that leads her on
This pleasant afternoon.

The mother, busy at her wheel,
The father at his plough,
Forget to keep her safe in sight,
Nor dream of dangers now.

Yet suddenly a piercing call
And all the work is done.
"Come in ! come in !" the watcher cries,
"Quick ! to the garrison !"

Only one word the farmers need ;
With beating hearts they climb
The hill, and reach the open door
And shut it just in time.

Out from the woods the Indians steal
Like tigers lithe and strong.
A merciless and awful cry
Rings out and echoes long.



A sudden silence in the fort ;
A fearful hum without —
And by the brook the scarlet flowers
That tempted Polly out.

III-6

She hears the crackling of the boughs;
Strange whispers come and go;
Oh, Polly Masterson, run quick!
Your little feet are slow!

Alas, she hears the savage cry.
Where has her father gone?
He cannot have forgotten her,
His Polly Masterson.

She hurries by the scarlet flowers,
She holds her dolly fast,
She sees the crested, snake-like heads—
The danger knows at last.



The Indians! oh the woods are full
Of dreadful shapes of men!
Across the open field can she
Get safely home again?

They see her come, the little girl.
Alas, she trips and falls!
Oh anxious faces looking down
From the stockaded walls!

They fear to see her captured now
Before their very eyes—
The awful march to Canada
Brings fearful memories.



The father turns away his face,
He prays to God aloud.
The mother stands as still as stone
To watch the savage crowd.

For just beyond, so short, so small,
The breathless Polly tries
To hurry to the fast-barred gate
And "Father! Father!" cries!

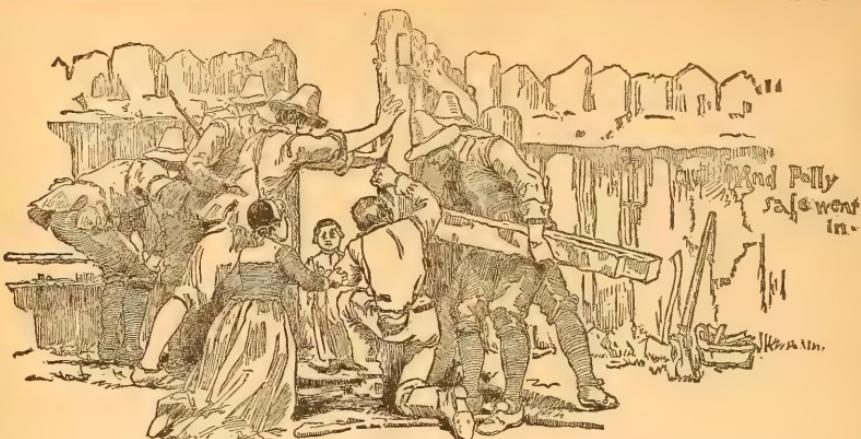
Who can go out? The strong men look,
But cannot speak; they know
That certain death is his who dares
To meet the foes below.



And no one fires a gun; they stand
And watch the little child,
They hear her voice so faint and shrill,
They see her apron, piled

With posies, and her arm still holds
The dolly safe and fast.
There! there she is! The Indians see,
They laugh as she runs past.

They must not murder Polly where
An hour ago she played!
Oh will they drag her to the North
A wretched captive maid?

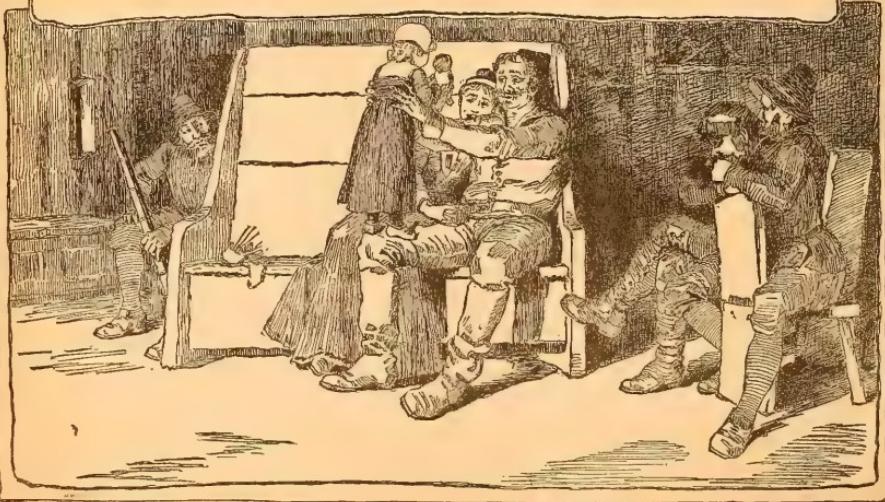


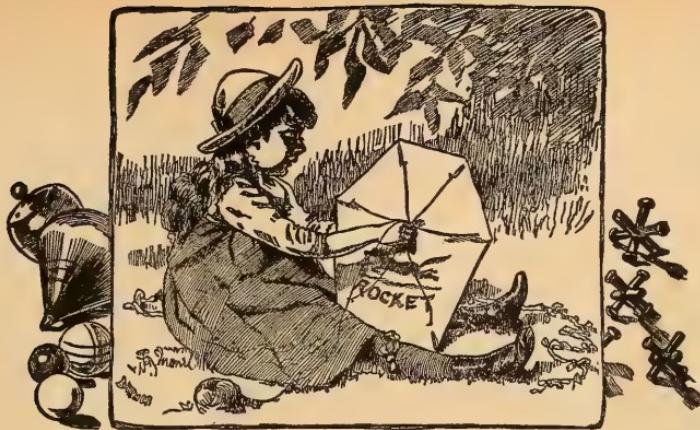
What blessed mercy sudden shone
And covered many a 'sin !
The Indians shouted merrily
And Polly safe went in.

No tomahawks were thrown at her
And no one gave her chase ;
Perhaps it touched their savage hearts —
That frightened little face !

The story seems for those dark times
A gleam of sunshine bright ;
I hope they called the Indians friends
And gave them food that night.

But one thing I am sure about
(And then my story's done) —
That all the women and the men
Hugged Polly Masterson !





KATIE AND HER KITE.

Clara Doty Hale.

SOFT whiffs of air there were,
But scarcely enough to stir
The hollyhock, or the ragged lady,
Or the big gold sunflower,

When little Kate Greenaway Smith,
Who lisps, and for "is," says "ith,"
Took her pale green kite with its tail of yellow,
And a string to hold it with,

And went to a lane near by,
The beautiful thing to fly,
And thought in her proud little heart to see it
Soar to the very sky.

But the wind took it into his head
To be wicked just then, and said,
"Kate Greenaway Smith is so very pretty,
I'd rather fly her instead!"

So he puffed out her round hat crown,
And blew up her straight-skirt gown,
And she, as light as the seed of a thistle,
Went up, while the kite staid down;

And, frightened almost to death,
The people cried in one breath,
"Do you like it, little Kate Greenaway Smith?"
And the answer came back: "Yeth."

FAIRY DREAMS.

By LOUIS HALL.

WHY should a little girl keep still?
The summer wind goes where it will,
The clover's full of humming bees,
And robins swing in cherry-trees,

The brook runs on, the swallows fly
Quite down to earth and up the sky
Among the clouds that lie asleep
Like pastured flocks of snowy sheep.

I know the fairies are not gone —
 The old may be, but more are born ;
 I wish the Queen would send me one
 To finish what I have begun —
 I am so tired of sewing seams ;
 'Tis nicer far to dream day-dreams —
 I'll shut my eyes and call them low,
 So no one but themselves will know :
 When sun shines through the open door,
 A shining path along the floor,
 If three times round I turn the key,
 And bow three times, they'll come to me,
 And bring a pony white as milk,
 With silver shoes and reins of silk,
 A string of ringing bells across
 His curly mane as fine as floss,
 The softest saddle ever seen,
 Of rabbit skin and velvet green ;
 He'll carry me so far away
 Through shady woods this summer day
 That I'll forget this tiresome seam,
 All in a truly fairy dream.

The swallows darted wild and free,
 Her long seam slipped from hand to knee,

She heard the brooklet's tinkling bell,
 The bees droned on, her eyelids fell,



THE LITTLE DREAMER.

Three times she bowed her sunny head —
 And fairies came as she had said.

THE SUNBURN GLOVES.

Clara Doty Bates.

HOLD out your hands — let's see,
 Is it gloves that you have on ?
 They look so like, we will call them that,
 Put there by the wind and sun.

Their color a fine brown tan ;
 And they fit — ah, yes, they fit
 Better than any I could buy,
 Or any I could knit.

There is neither stitch nor seam,
 And the little arm above
 Looks very fair where the sleeve comes down
 To the top of the sunburn glove.

Will they keep you warm, do you think,
 When old Jack Frost creeps out
 From his dreary den at the white north pole,
 And peers and peeps about,

And says to himself, "oh my !
 The fun there is for me
 When I get to the land of girls and boys
 Where the little bare fingers be"?

He's a rogue, a sly keen rogue ;
 So I think, when the days grow cool,
 We will not trust to the sunburn gloves
 But will have some mittens of wool.



AND THERE, A YARD-STICK FOR MY BOW,
THROUGH SHERWOOD'S FOREST-AISLES I GO.

MY SWEETHEART.

James Berry Bensel

SUCH a gorgeous little fellow,
In a suit of *fad'* yellow,
And a pair of silken stockings black as any star-
less night.
And a hat with ribbons flowing,
When the Summer breeze is blowing —
Ah ! a bonnie little lad is he and quite my heart's
delight !

Sometimes we have gone a-boating
Down the Mystic River floating,
With the sun in splendor shining and the blue sky
overhead.
He can pull an oar with any
And can sing as cannot many,
And he's one among a thousand whatsoever may
be said.

He is very fond of horses —
All their paces and their courses
He can tell you, and he hopes some day to have a
long-tailed steed.
But just now he does his riding,
In the Future's gifts confiding,
Down along the village sidewalk on a red velocipi-
pede.

Every father, every mother,
Has one sweetheart or another
With a multitude of virtues and a fault or two
beside —
But we love them, ah ! we love them
Better than the stars above them,
For the wondrous goodness of them and their
truth that's ne'er denied.

By and by, when this bright fellow
Wears no more his suit of yellow,
But is clothed in darker garments as befits a grown-
up man,
I'm afraid I'll grieve a trifle
With a grief I cannot stifle
For these days when we went boating and the
river swiftly ran.

But he says he'll be much bolder
When the years have made him older,
Be much bolder and much better, and I really
think he will ;
Yet I'm sure I'll keep a-wishing
For the days we went a-fishing
Or a-climbing after violets that grow upon the
hill.



READY FOR A RIDE.

Now he's singing in the garden
Some old song of Enoch Arden,
And I know he's tired waiting while I write this
down for you.
So I'll go there where he's singing
Like the birds about him winging,
And we'll take a walk together when the sun has
dried the dew.

And I hope he won't be scolding
 When he reads this rhyme's unfolding,
 For I think he ought to deem it quite "a feather
 in his cap,"
 That I have not put on paper
 Any frown of his, nor caper,
 Since the time I used to hold him as a baby on
 my lap.

When you're somewhere near us staying,
 Come and pass a forenoon playing;
 He'll be very glad to see you, and will do the best
 he can
 In the way of merry laughter,
 So you'll like to come hereafter
 For another morning's outing ere he gets to be
 a man.

THE LITTLE PIXY PEOPLE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

IT was just a very
 Merry fairy dream !
 All the woods were airy
 With the gloom and gleam ;
 Crickets in the clover
 Clattered clear and strong,
 And the bees droned over
 Their old honey-song.

In the mossy passes,
 Saucy grasshoppers
 Leapt about the grasses
 And the thistle-burrs ;
 And the whispered chuckle
 Of the Katydid
 Shook the honeysuckle
 Blossoms where he hid.

Through the breezy mazes
 Of the lazy June.
 Drowsy with the hazes
 Of the dreamy noon,
 Little Pixy people
 Winged above the walk,
 Pouring from the steeple
 Of a mullein stalk.

One — a gallant fellow —
 Evidently King, —
 Wore a plume of yellow
 In a jewelled ring
 On a pansy bonnet,
 Gold and white and blue,
 With the dew still on it,
 And the fragrance, too.

One — a dainty lady —
 Evidently Queen —
 Wore a gown of shady
 Moonshine and green,
 With a lace of gleaming
 Starlight that sent
 All the dewdrops dreaming
 Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat
 Of roseleaves, out and in,
 And one wore a faced-coat
 Of tiger-lily-skin ;
 And one wore a neat coat
 Of palest galangale ;
 And one a tiny street-coat,
 And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the king of them,
And Hey, sang the queen,
And round and round the ring of them
Went dancing o'er the green,
And Hey! sang the queen of them,
And Ho! sang the king —
And all that I have seen of them
— Wasn't anything!

It was just a very
Merry fairy dream! —
All the woods were airy
With the glow and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey-song!

AN UNHAPPY LITTLE GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

By M. E. B.

I DON'T know how it happened, but the world's gone wrong to-day!
There's not a bit of real fun in any sort of play;
My dolly's just as sulky, my dog won't show his tricks,
My sister Lil is crosser than a pair of crooked sticks;
When Nursey went to brush my hair she jerked it by the roots;
And now the rain has gone and spoiled my best new Sunday boots;
The apple that I took to school was sour as sour could be —
There's not a thing but has a spite against poor little me!

And here's the hardest part of all — the tears are in my eyes —
I told mamma, and thought of course, that she would sympathize;
But when she heard the story, she only smiled and said,
"I think my little girl got out the wrong side of the bed!"
And then she went and left me there as if I were to blame
Instead of other people! And it's just a perfect shame

If a girl's only mother, who should comfort her and kiss,
Is going to say cruel words, and turn away like this!
The wrong side of my bed, indeed! I'd really like to see
What difference that could ever make to any one but me.
It's *other folks* I'm talking of, so hateful and perverse,
Who make the good things horrid, and all the bad things worse,
Like cook to-day at breakfast, who just began to scold
Because I simply told her that the porridge was all cold
And her muffins were too heavy and no tea was in the pot;
Suppose I was a little late — she might have kept them hot!
Then Kit and Sue came after school, and each one played so rough,
And talked so rudely, that at last we broke up in a huff,
And I declared I'd never play with two such hateful things;
And they said something *just* as mean, all full of pricks and stings!

I'd like to know whose fault it was, or if 'twas
wrong to say
That since I was the oldest there I ought to have
my way?
Now, could mamma think possibly the horrid
things they said
Could have the least connection with how I got out
of bed?

It makes one so unhappy! It makes one feel so
blue,
To have your mother and your friends all lay the
blame on you,
When any one with half an eye can see as plain as
day
It's everybody else who acts in such an awful way!

Perhaps they'll all be sorry when they see me fade
away —
For who would ever want to live the life I've lived
to-day?
Perhaps they'll realize too late how wicked and
absurd
It is to crush a person down without one kindly
word,
And then, perhaps — that is, I hope — they'll turn
around and see
How perfectly preposterous their hints have been
to me;
For what does this big world care, when all is
done and said,
For how one wretched little girl gets in or out of
bed!





THE CHRIST CHILD.—HEADS FROM RAPHAEL'S PAINTINGS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Mary E. Wilkins

DEAR Nanny in her Christmas hood
With fluffy swansdown round the face,
Wearing her pretty Christmas gown
And little frill of dainty lace,
Came with her mother into church, on Christmas
Eve, with timid grace.

“ My muff, my hood ! ” dear Nanny sang,
“ My coat, my dress, my golden ring,
My waxen doll, my picture-book,
My stocking full of everything ” —
So sang the sober little maid, so softly no one
heard her sing.

Dear Nanny sat there in her pew,
The Christmas-greens with music stirred,
The choir sang like a nest of larks,
But never once she caught a word.
For she was singing to herself and hers was all the
song she heard.

O sweetly caroled forth the choir
Their Christmas songs, and never knew
How, in her little simple tune
Which after all was just as true,
A-sitting meekly down below dear little Nanny
caroled too.

THE MINUTE MAN.

(*A Ballad of "The Shot heard round the World."*)

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

FOR more than a hundred years
In history, legend, and rhyme,
Has the old story been told anew
Of the Century's deed sublime.

On this Memorial Day,
When the grateful hearts of all,
Recounting the struggle for Liberty,
The Nation's birth recall,

We tell the story once more
Of that brave and early fight,
When young America stood to her guns,
With trust in the God of right.

We sing the old, old story
To the children of our time,
Of the Minute Man at Concord Bridge—
Again in simple rhyme.



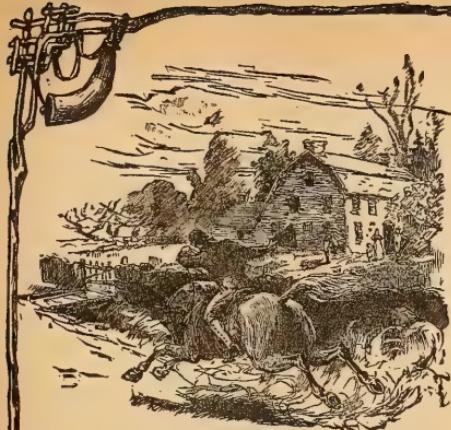
The scattered hamlet, listening
To the river's melody
Slow-pulsing, even, sweet,
Like dream of heaven, fair paradise,
With forests grand, and fertile fields,
Is blessed, safe retreat.

To weary pilgrims, tossed upon
A sea of conflict, stormy, rough,
Who waves of trouble breast,
Musketa-quid seems fair indeed.
They bare the brow, and fervently
Thank God that here they rest.

They settle here, and honestly
They purchase land by river,
Requiting Indian toil.
And peacefully, 'neath Jethro's Oak,
So runs the legend, springs the name
Which blesses all the soil.

Fair Concord! fitting spot to be
The Nation's birthplace, lovingly
Is given to thee the fame
Of leading in the Right, that long
As Liberty has voice to speak,
Shall halo thy dear name.





III.

Over the highway old,
With banner, and song, and jest,
In uniform gay, eight hundred strong
Are marching out toward the West.

Beaming is now the sun
With healing in each bright ray,
The earth is waking to life anew
This beautiful April Day.

Nature is smiling sweet
From meadow, and wood, and hill,
And a simple task it seems to be
To conquer this hamlet still.

Passing the jest along,
The jubilant host march on
To the easy honor of victory
Like that of Lexington.

II.

A cloud descends the vale,
The pine-crowned crests
Repeat an echo warningly ;
A cry, that were not God their God,
Would make those settlers quail.

The hurrying, threatening cloud scarce waits
For prayers ascending to the God who led
the Pilgrims forth.

“To arms ! To arms ! They come—They
come !”

Is heard the cry,
And quick as lightning on his smoking steed
A messenger must fly
To waken all that valley sweet
Lying in blessed, cool retreat.



Swiftly the message ran
Through villages on its way,
Bringing the minute men instantly,
To hold the town that day.



Quietly on the hill,
Drawn back from river and road,
These yeomen gather from plough and field,
To wait alone with God.

Bravely the words that come,
Pealing down these hundred years,
Voicing their trust in the God of might,
And ringing into our ears.

Fearless and faithful words,
Hear them so martial and clear:
“Let us stand our ground, and if we die,
Praise God, we will die right here.”



Fiercely rages beneath
Destruction and pillage dire;
Liberty's signal crashes and falls,
Destroyed in the vandal's fire.

Waiting, the minute men
“In the fear of God” on the hill
Calming the hot blood patiently,
Are holding their rifles still.

Hardest of all to wait,
To say coolly, one by one,
“We will never fire a single shot
Unless first fired upon.”

Listen! sharp the command!
Bayonet and gun in place,
The rallying point of the Nation's war,
The old North Bridge, they face.

Holding war-council there,
On God they trustingly wait;
Sublimely the Century keeps for them
A grand and glorious fate.



THE MAYBE'S.

FROM the country where it's and perhap's grow,
 That shadowy land called Doubt,
 Where nobody ever can say "I know,"
 For nothing is ever found out,
 Come the sprites who bewitch us in childhood and age,
 Whose promises fascinate baby and sage—
 Come the Will-o'-the-wisps who can comfort and tease,
 The dear little, bright-winged, alluring *Maybe's!*

A CHILD'S PARTY.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

BEFORE my cheeks were fairly dry,
 I heard my dusky playmate say:
 "Well, now your mother's in the sky,
 And you can always have your way."

"Old Mistress has to stay, you know,
 And read the Bible in her room.
 Let's have a party! Will you, though?"
 Ah, well, the whole world was in bloom.

"A party would be fine, and yet—
 There's no one here I can invite."
 "Me and the children." "You forget"—
 "Oh, please pretend that I am white."

I said, and think of it with shame,
 "Well, when it's over, you'll go back
 There to the cabin all the same,
 And just remember you are black.

"I'll be the lady, for, you see,
 I'm pretty," I serenely said.
 "The black folk say that you would be
 If—if your hair just wasn't red."

"I'm pretty anyhow, you know.
 I saw this morning that I was."
 "Old Mistress says it's wicked, though,
 To keep on looking in the glass."

Our quarrel ended. At our feet
 A faint green blossoming carpet lay,
 By some strange chance, divinely sweet,
 Just shaken on that gracious day.

Into the lonesome parlor we
 Glided and from the shuddering wall
 Bore, in its antique majesty,
 The gilded mirror dim and tall.

And then a woman, painted by—
 By Raphael, for all I care!
 From her unhappy place on high,
 Went with us to the outside air.

Next the quaint candlesticks we took.
 Their waxen tapers every one
 We lighted, to see how they'd look;—
 A strange sight, surely, in the sun.

Then, with misgiving, we undid
 The secret closet by the stair;—
 There, with patrician dust half-hid,
 My ancestors, in china, were.

(Hush, child, this splendid tale is true!)
 Were one of these on earth to-day,
 You'd know right well my blood was *blue*;
 You'd own I was not common clay.

There too, long hid from eyes of men,
A shining sight we two did see.
Oh, there was solid silver then
In this poor hollow world — ah me !

We spread the carpet. By a great
Gray tree, we leant the mirror's glare,
And graven spoon and pictured plate
Were wildly scattered here and there.

And then our table : — Thereon gleamed,
Adorned with many an apple-bud,
Foam-frosted, dainty things that seemed
Made of the most delicious mud.

Next came our dressing. As to that,
I had the fairest shoes ! (on each
Were four gold buttons) and a hat,
And the plume the blushes of the peach.

But there was my dark, elfish guest
Still standing shabby in her place.
How could I use her to show best
My own transcendent bloom and grace ?

" You'll be my grandmamma," I sighed
After much thought, somewhat in fear.
She, joyous, to her sisters cried :
" Call me Old Mistress. Do you hear ? "

About that little slave's weird face
And rude, round form, I fastened all
My grandmamma's most awful lace
And grandmamma's most sacred shawl.

Then one last sorrow came to me :
" I didn't think of it before,
But at a party there should be
One gentleman, I guess, or more."

" There's uncle Sam, you might ask him."
I looked, and in an ancient chair,
Sat a bronze gray-beard, still and grim,
On Sundays called Old Brother Blair.

Above a book his brows were bent.
It was his pride as I had heard,
To study the New Testament
(In which he could not spell one word).

" Oh *he* is not a gentleman,"
I said with my Caucasian scorn.
" He is," replied the African ;
" He is. He's quit a-plowing corn.

" He was so old they set him free.
He preaches now, you ought to know.
I tell you, we are proud when he
Eats dinner at our cabin, though."

" Well — ask him ! " Lo, he raised his head.
His voice was shaken and severe :
" Here, sisters in the church," he said,
Here — for old Satan's sake, come here !

" That white child's done put on her best
Silk bonnet. (It looks like a rose.)
And this black little imp is drest
In all Old Mistress' finest clothes.

" Come, look ! They've got the parlor glass,
And all the silver too. Come, look !
(Such plates as these, here on the grass !)"
And Uncle Sam shut up his book.

The priestess of the eternal flame
That warmed our Southern kitchen hearth
Rushed out. The housemaid with her came
Who swept the cobwebs from the earth.

Then there was one bent to the ground,
Her hair than lilies not less white,
With a bright handkerchief was crowned :
Her lovely face was weird as night.

I felt the flush of sudden pride,
The others soon grew still with awe,
For, standing bravely at my side,
My mother's nurse and mine, they saw.

" Who blamed my child ? " she said. " It makes
My heart ache when they trouble you.
Here's a whole basket full of cakes,
And I'll come to the party too."

Tears made of dew were in my eyes.
These after-tears are made of brine.
No sweeter soul is in the skies
Than hers, my mother's nurse and mine.

LOVE PERENNIAL.

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye ;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow
weak,
As if the rose made summer, — and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek,
Whose health is of no hue — to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time ;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossoms into Winter's clime.

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVE CHANGETH NOT.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when its alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove ;
O no ; it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his pending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE ?

Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken awhile to me ;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth,
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung ;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young ;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love and, love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

RATHER ON EARTH.

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point, — what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not
long

Be here contented ? Think. In mounting
higher,
The angels would press on us, and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, beloved, — where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death hour rounding it.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FAIRER THAN THEE.

Fairer than thee, beloved,
Fairer than thee !
There is one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,
Bright though it beams ;
Not the green earth, beloved,
Silver with streams ;

Truth in her might, beloved,
Grand in her sway ;
Truth with her eyes, beloved,
Clearer than day.

Holy and pure, beloved,
Spotless and free,
Is the one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.



"THERE'LL BE NAUGHT, BELOVED, FAIRER THAN THEE."

Not the gay birds, beloved,
Happy and free ;
Yet there's one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,
Glowing with light ;
Not (fairer still, beloved)
Star-crowned night.

Guard well thy soul, beloved,
Truth dwelling there,
Shall shadow forth, beloved,
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,
That thou art she ;
And there'll be naught, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Come, swallows, come, for thee we wait;

Come seek thy northern home anew,

Where pale spring flowers are delicate,

And winter skies are changed to blue.

Come, swallows, come,

for thee we wait.

Come, swallows, come,

for thee we wait;

The thatch is warm beneath

the sun,

Here tell of love to thy fond mate;

To-day should see thy nest begun,

Come, swallows, come, for thee we wait.



Come, swallows, come, for thee we wait;
The spring is perfect but for thee;
Ah! welcome, though thou comest late,
Thy truant wings from o'er the sea;
Welcome, for not in vain we wait.



GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Now is ended our repast,
And our grateful hands we fold ;
Boundlessly before us cast,
We recall thy gifts untold.
For repose and sweetest peace,
For the joys that never cease,
For what now we ate and drank,
For earth, water, forest, air,
For their treasures, pleasures rare,
We thee, Father, praise and thank.

Lord, how many roam the land,
Pining for a crumb of bread !
Raising famished eye and hand,
Crave they fervent, — go unfed.
Lord, how many, many more,
In heart's wound, in body's sore,
Bear starvation's direst doom !
Morsels of the gifts we waste
They implore, as crushed, defaced,
On they totter to the tomb.

Let us not our basket hide,
Lock and bolt and bar behind,
From the needy who abide
With us, and with patient mind,
Zeal untired, their duty do ;
Bountiful as they are true,
Let us warm, ungrudging give ;
And our store shall not be less,
But increase from love's excess, —
And we shall diviner live.

Bless us in the Saviour's name,
Thou who givest daily food ;
Let us now thy praise proclaim
By our toil and hardihood.
Bless our striving, bless our deed,
Bless our valor, — bless and lead.
May want never, never steep
Our hard, scanty bread in tears ;
And while us abundance cheers,
May we comfort those who weep.

When draws near the closing hour,
And earth's food shrinks from our lips,

Bread of life — thy grace's power —
Grant us in that dread eclipse.
If our spirit we commend
To thee, God, our dearest Friend,
We shall smile at death and pain ;
And, no more by sorrow wrung,
And re-born, — forever young, —
Thine eternal banquet gain.

THOMAS KINGO. Translated by GILBERT TAIT.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage ;
Noble by heritage ;
Generous and free ;

Brave, not romantic ;
Learned, not pedantic ;
Frolic, not frantic —
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new ;

Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE FIRST KISS.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clean and
white, . . .
Slow to world's greetings . . . Quick with
its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in
height
The first, and sought the forehead and half
missed,

Half-falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love with love's own
crown,

With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state! since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said,

"My love, my own!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LAST KISS.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEW- DROP.

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so
purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest; yes, and
her sure faith's the surest:
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the
depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier
than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's
rose-tinted marble:
Then her voice's music . . . call it the
well's bubbling, the bird's warble.

And this woman says: "My days were sun-
less and my nights were moonless;
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the
lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not!" and I who—(ah, for
words of flame!) adore her!
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpa-
ble before her,—
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her
lattice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight make her
mine, as hers she makes me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

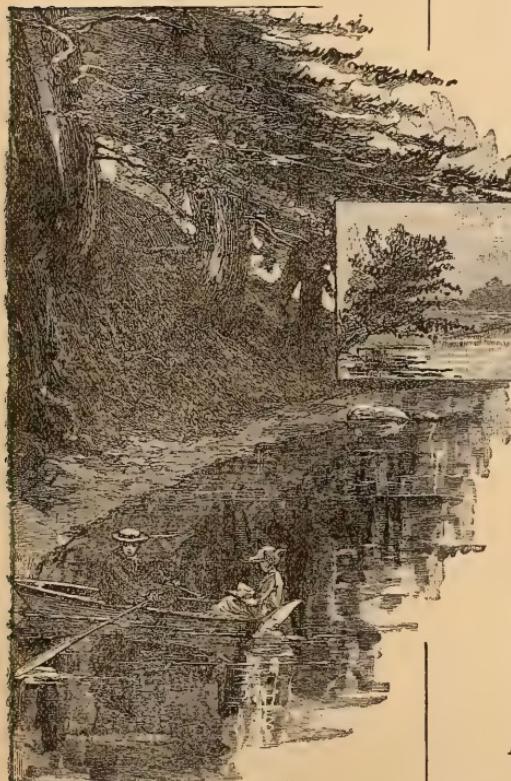
The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and
old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night;
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.



"SUSY AND SOMEBODY."

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and slow,
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,

Words never used before
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple tree
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see,
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she's at the gate
Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door,
Two shadows on the floor,



Moonlight reveals no more,
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody,
To-night.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul
to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;

Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which
I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before
all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new or strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my
heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?

Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
wilt surely warm and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late:
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—

Whatever on my heart may fall—remember,
I would risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

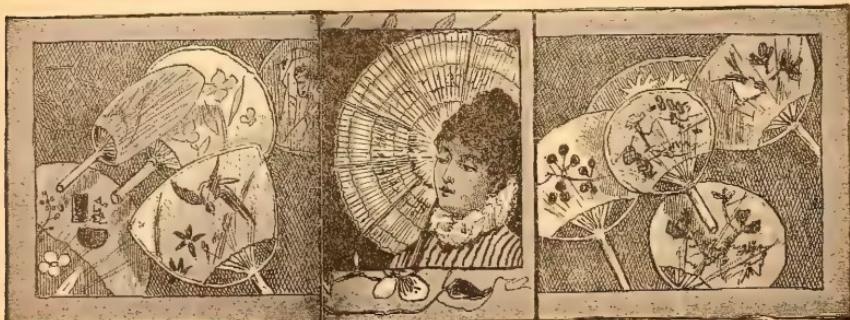
THE LOVE-KNOT.

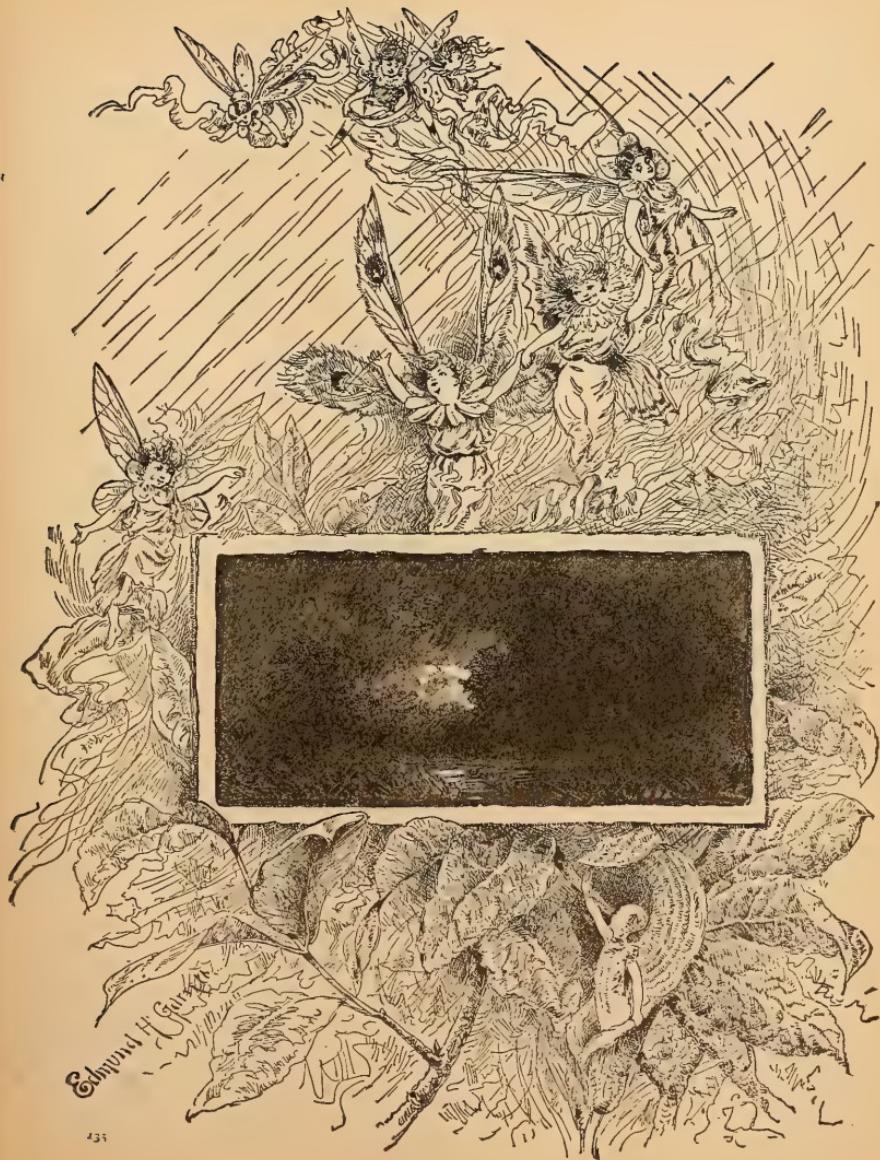
Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in its silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and
chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy peach-color'd face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,





All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprison'd a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill —
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and play'd
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast?
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.



"SHE TIED HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN."

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.



"CLOSE BY THE WINDOW YOUNG EILEEN IS SPINNING."

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, the blind grandmother,
sitting,
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting,—
“Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
“Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
“Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”
“Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”
Merrily, cheerily, nosily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel,
while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

“What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?”
“Tis the little birds chirping the holly bush, under.”
“What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of ‘The Coolun’?”
There's a form at the casement,—
the form of her true-love,—
And he whispers, with face bent,
“I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on your stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, nosily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.



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LIFE IS A MYSTERY AS DEEP AS DEATH.

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lay
her fingers,
Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



"SWINGS THE WHEEL, SPINS THE REEL, WHILE THE FOOT'S STIRRING."

The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;

The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray :
I love thee — I love thee !
Is all that I can say.

I love thee — I love thee !
Is ever on my tongue ;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung ;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young :
I love thee — I love thee !
A thousand maids among.

I love thee — I love thee !
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance ;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee — I love thee !
Whatever be thy chance.

THOMAS HOOD.



"ON A BRIGHT, CLEAR SUMMER DAY."

LINES.

Let us make a leap, my dear,
In our love, of many a year,

And date it very far away,
On a bright clear summer day,
When the heart was like a sun
To itself, and falsehood none ;
And the rosy lips a part
Of the very loving heart,
And the shining of the eye
But a sign to know it by ; —
When my faults were all forgiven,
And my life deserved of Heaven,
Dearest, let us reckon so,
And love for all that long ago ;
Each absence count a year complete,
And keep a birthday when we meet.

THOMAS HOOD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not
say

"I love her for her smile . . . her
look . . . her way
Of speaking gently . . . for a trick
of thought
That falls in well with mine, and
certes brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a
day" —

For these things in themselves, be-
loved, may

Be changed, or change for thee, —
and love so wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love
me for

Thine own dear pity's wiping my
cheeks dry;

A creature might forget to weep,
who bore

Thy comfort long, and lose thy
love thereby.

But love me for love's sake, that ever-
more
Thou may'st love on through love's eter-
nity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
 Placed in thy bosom bare,
 'Twill blush to find itself less whitr,
 And turn Lancastrian there.
 But if thy ruby lip it spy,
 As kiss it thou mayst deign,
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
 And Yorkish turn again.

MEETING.

The gray sea, and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves, that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed in the slushy sand.
 Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And the blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and
 fears,
 Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Oh dance, little wavelets, all feathered with
 foam,
 And break in his path as he steereth for home.

I wonder what luck had my good man this
 day? —

The hours drag slowly while he is away;
 And ah! if the gray rack scud over the sky,
 And spiteful gusts mutter that tempests are
 nigh,

I shudder to think of the clouds growing black,
 The storm swooping fierce on his perilous
 track.

'Tis a lone life, a sad life, my sailor, for me,
 When you are afar on the pitiless sea.

But aye when the wet sand grates under the
 keel,

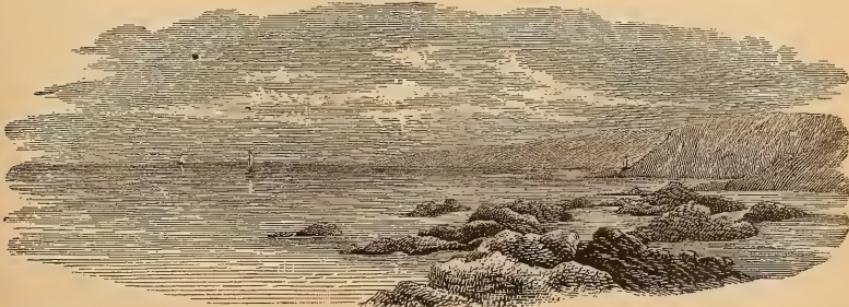
And I spring for the fish that shall burden
 the creel,

When, swarthy and bronzed with the wind and
 the sun,

My man leaps ashore, and his day's work is
 done,

Would I change with the lady who sits in her
 pride?

Not I, with my true love safe home at my
 side.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

I wait and I watch for the turn of the tide,
 For then will my sailor come back to my side.
 O breezes, be swift as ye ruffle the sea,
 And fill the white canvas that's flying to me.

Ah! weary's the time when the ebb leaves the
 shore —

Faint-hearted I gaze from my low cabin
 door;

But joyous the lap of the in-rushing sea —
 When the tide is at flood, it is music to me.

Then quick with the drifts, set the hearth-fire ablaze,
 And sing, merry kettle, an air in his praise,
 Who comes with the bread that is won from the wave,
 The fisherman, sturdy and faithful and brave.

 Far inland, I've heard, there are billows of corn,
 And orchards that laugh in the light of the morn,
 Great gardens of roses, thick hedges in bloom,
 And forests that rustle in whispering gloom :—
 I would rather dwell here, by the stern ocean's side,
 Where I watch and I wait every turn of the tide ;
 Where, though storms may be fearful, yet harbor is sweet,
 And the silver surf creeps with a kiss to my feet ;
 Where I climb to the rocks and gaze over the sea,
 To welcome the sailor who steereth to me.



THE LITTLE BROWN CABIN.

I dream of it tossing about in my skiff,
 The little brown cabin just under the cliff :
 The wild rose blown in at the window I see,
 And Rose at the door looking out after me ;
 My sweetheart, my wife,
 The Rose of my life !

The sun in the doorway strikes gold from her hair ;
 The breeze fills the little brown house with salt air,
 And she leans to its breath, as if over the sea
 It were bringing a kiss and a message from me ;
 My pretty wild Rose,
 The sweetest that grows !

I have not one wish from my darling apart :
 The thought of her sweetens my soul and my heart ;
 And my boat like a bird flies across the blue sea
 To the little brown cabin where Rose waits for me,
 The Rose of my life,
 My own blessed wife !

And hark—the gay voice of the skipper's bride !
 The sea is but a wild delight to her,
 Companion of her childhood, and its toy.
 She loves no landsman, but her mariner
 Lives in her heart, the very soul of the sea !

LUCY LARCOM.

THE NEW HOUSEHOLD.

O fortunate, O happy day,
 When a new household finds its place,
 Among the myriad homes of earth,
 Like a new star just sprung to birth,
 And rolled on its harmonious way
 Into the boundless realms of space !

For two alone there in the hall,
 Is spread the table round and small ;
 Upon the polished silver shine
 The evening lamps ; but, more divine
 The light of love shines over all ;
 Of love, that says not mine and thine
 But ours, for ours is thine and mine.



I WAIT AND I WATCH FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A WEDDING SERMON.

That good, which does itself not know,
Scarce is. Good families are so,
Less through their coming of good kind,
Than having borne it well in mind ;
And this does all from honor bar,
The ignorance of that they are
In the heart of the world, alas ! for want
Of knowing aright what light souls taunt
As lightness, but which God has made
Such that for even its feeble shade,
Evoked by falsely fair ostents
And soiling of its sacraments,
Great statesmen, poets, warriors, kings,
Have honour and all other things
Gladly accounted nothing. What
Fell fires of Tophet burn forgot !

II.

The truths of love are like the sea
For clearness and for mystery.
Of that sweet love which, startling, wakes
Maiden and youth, and mostly breaks
The word of promise to the ear,
But keeps it, after many a year,
To the full spirit, how shall I speak ?
My memory with age is weak,
And I for hopes do oft suspect
The things I seem to recollect.
Yet who but must remember well
'Twas this made heaven intelligible
As motive, though 'twas small the power
The heart might have, for even an hour,
To hold possession of the height
Of nameless pathos and delight !

III.

In Godhead rise, thither flow back
All loves, which, as they keep or lack,
In their turn, the course assigned,
Are virtue or sin. Love's every kind,
Lofty or low, of spirit or sense,
Desire is, or benevolence.
He who is fairer, better, higher
Than all his works, claims all desire,
And in his poor, his proxies, asks
Our whole benevolence ; he tasks,

Howbeit, his people by their powers ;
And if, my children, you, for hours
Daily untortured in the heart,
Can worship, and in Time's other part
Give, without rough recoils of sense,
To claims ingrate of indigence,
Happy are you, and fit to be
Wrought to rare heights of sanctity
For the humble to grow humbler at.
But if the flying spirit falls flat,
After the modest spell of prayer,
That saves the day from sin and care,
And the upward eye a void despises,
And praises are hypocrisies,
And in the soul o'erstrained for grace,
A godless anguish grows apace ;
Or, if impartial charity
Seems, in the act, a sordid lie,
Do not infer you cannot please
God, or that he his promises
Postpones, but be content to love
No more than he accounts enough.
Every ambition bears a curse,
And none if height meets error, worse
Than his who sets his hope on more
Godliness than God made him for.
Account them poor enough who want
Any good thing which you can grant ;
And fathom well the depths of life
In loves of husband and of wife,
Child, mother, father ; simple keys
To all the Christian mysteries.

IV.

The love of marriage claims, above
Each other kind, the name of love,
As being, though not so saintly high
As what seeks heaven with single eye,
Sole perfect. Equal and entire,
There in benevolence, desire,
Elsewhere ill-joined, or found apart,
Become the pulses of one heart,
Which now contracts and now dilates,
And, each to the height exalting, mates
Self-seeking to self-sacrifice.
Nay, in its subtle paradise
(When purest) this one love unites
All modes of these two opposites,

All balanced in accord so rich,
Who may determine which is which;
Chiefly God's love does in it live,
And nowhere else so sensitive;
For each is all that the other's eye,
In the vague vast of Deity,
Can comprehend and so contain
As still to touch and ne'er to strain
The fragile nerves of joy, and, then,
'Tis such a wise goodwill to men
And politic economy
As in a prosperous State we see,
Where every plot of common land
Is yielded to some private hand
To fence about and cultivate.
Does narrowness its praise abate?
Nay, the infinite of man is found
But in the beating of its bound,
And if a brook its banks o'erpass,
'Tis not sea, but a morass.

V.

Without God's Word, no wildest guess
Of love's most innocent loftiness
Had dared to dream of its own height;
But that bold sunbeam quenched the night,
Showing heaven's happiest symbols, where
The torch of Psyche flashed despair;
Proclaiming love, even in divine
Realms, to be male and feminine
(Christ's marriage with the church is more,
My children, than a metaphor);
And aye by names of bride and wife,
Husband and bridegroom, heaven's own life
Picturing, so proved theirs to be
The earth's unearthliest sanctity.

Herein I speak of heights, and heights
Are hardly scaled. The best delights
Of even this homely passion are
In the most perfect souls so rare,
That they who feel them are as men
Sailing the southern ocean, when,
At midnight, they look up, and eye
The starry Cross, and a strange sky
Of brighter stars; and sad thoughts come
To each how far he is from home.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

HOME.

When daily tasks are done, and tired hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knee,
When loving thoughts have leave to loose
their bands,
And wander over past and future free;
When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled
Bring weary eyes a spark of olden fire,
One castle fairer than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire;



A home, our home, wherein all waiting past,
We two may stand together and alone;
Our patient taskwork finished, and at last
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our
own.
Some little nest of safety and delight,
Guarded by God's good angels day and night.

We can not guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered with arching trees,





Where bird-notes joined with brook-notes gliding by,
Shall make us music as we sit at ease.
Or if amid the city's busy din
Is built the nest for which we look and long,
No sound without shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so strong,
Or if, ah! solemn thought, this home of ours
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise;
And if the nest be built in Eden bowers
What do we still, but silently rejoice?
We have a home, but of its happy state
We know not yet. We are content to wait!

A HAPPY WIFE.

He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have given my all in all,
And the flowers of a daily contentment
Renew their sweet lives ere they fall ;
And yet like an instrument precious
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart in the midst of it blessings
Goes back to a day in June —

To a day when beneath the branches
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image
As one seeth a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion,
No, not for a heart that lives!
Nor change one jot my condition
For the change that condition gives :
I should mourn not more for another,
Nor more for another rejoice,
Than now, when I weep at his absence,
Or welcome his step and his voice.
And yet like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart in the midst of its blessings

Goes back to a day in June —
To a day when, beneath the branches,
I stood in the shadowy light,
And heard the low words of a whisper
As one heareth a voice in the night.

NEVER MORE ALONE.

Go from me ! Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The wildest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream includt thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue

God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE IDEAL MARRIAGE.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse : could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond is this,

Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet, in the long years, liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman ; she, of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world.

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind ;
Till, at the last, she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste
and calm :

Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

**THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD,
MY JEANIE.**

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,

By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,

That thou wad aye be mine !

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,

And by that kind heart o' thine,

By a' the stars sown thick ower heaven,

That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic
bands,

An' the heart that wad part sic luv'e !

But there's na hand can loose my band,

But the finger o' Him abuve.

Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,

And my claitheing ne'er sae mean,

I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luv'e —

Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down ;

And luv'e wad winnow owre us his kind, kind
wings,

And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass o' my luv'e !

Come here and kneel wi' me !

The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,

And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o'
new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie ;

Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dike,

And a blythe auld bodie is he.

The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes
hame,

Wi' the holy psalmodie ;

And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,

And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye's come hame,
And a' the weary waird to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my
e'e,
Unkent by my gude-man, who sleeps sound
by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me
for his bride ;
But saving ae crown, he had naething else
beside :
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed
to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith
for me.

He hadna been gane a twelve-month and a
day,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow
was strown away ;
My mither she fell sick — my Jamie was at
sea —
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work, my mither couldna
spin ;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I
couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi'
tears in his e'e,
Said "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry
me ?"

My heart it said nay, and I looked for Jamie
back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a
wrack :
His ship was a wrack — Why didna Jamie
dee ?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me ?

My father urged me sair : my mither didna
speak ;
But she looked in my face till my heart was
like to break.



A QUIET CORNER.

They gied him my hand, but my heart was in
the sea ;
And so Robin Gray he was gude-man to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my
door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think
it he,
Till he said "I'm come hame, love, to marry
thee!"

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of
a' ;
I gied him ae kiss, and I bade him gang
awa' ;—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to
dee ;
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but
young, wae is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to
spin ;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a
sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For oh ! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star ;
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair

No simplest duty is forgot ;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteem'd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things ;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is : God made her so ;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow ;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman — one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and
green —
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

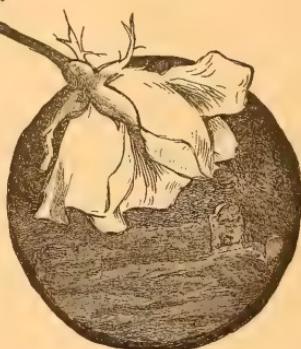


TO MY SISTER, ON THE EVE OF HER
MARRIAGE.

Thou art leaving the home of thy childhood,
Sweet sister mine ;
Is the song of the bird of the wild-wood
Faint and far as thine ?
Listless stray thy fingers through the chords,
Thy voice falters in the old familiar words ;
What wilt thou for the young, glad voices
Wherewith our earliest home rejoices ?
A father's smile benign,
A mother's love divine,
Sweet sister mine ?

Lay thy hand upon thy mouth, brother,
Lay thy hand upon thy mouth ;
One word thou hast spoken,— but another
Were perhaps too much for truth.
Home is left — oh ! yes, if leaving
Be when home is in our heart :
Grieving — yes, 'tis grief, if grieving
Be for those who cannot part.
We are one, brother, we are one, —
Since first the golden cord was spun ;
It may lengthen, but it cannot sever,
For, brother, it was twined — and
twined forever.

Sister, touch again thy passionate
lute,—
Chide no more — chide no more :
Sooner far my voice were ever mute,
Than to whisper our fond love were
o'er.



But I grieve for hours gone by,
Of heart to heart, and eye to eye ;
Oh, we cannot have the joy of meeting
Day by day thy sunny, smiling greeting ;
Nor canst thou a brother's fond caress,
Or a sister's searching tenderness ;
Grieve I too for summer flowers,
In calm weather,
Culled together,
And the merriment of fireside hours,
Something whispers, though our heartstrings
cannot sever,

These are gone, sister,—gone forever.

And for these I must repine,—
Sweet sister mine.

And my tears shall flow with thine, brother,

At the sound of those quick chimes;

And the thought of home — my father and my
mother —

Overflows my heart at times;

And my grief will have its way:

And though to-morrow

Joy chaseth sorrow,

Sorrow chaseth joy to-day,

Tell me, wherefore should I lull myself
asleep?

Let me weep, brother,—let me weep.

Nay, I will not, cannot, sister, see them flow;
Weep no more, weep no more.

There is solace from the deepest of our woe,
That our partings will ere long be o'er.

We are one in joys undying,

In the family of Heaven,

And we mourn not, like the Pleiades ever
sighing,

"We have lost our sister—we were seven."

Still, however wide our pilgrim footsteps
roam,

Bright and glorious

Lie before us

Mansions in an everlasting home.

Trust me, sister; wherefore dost thou weep so
sore?

Weep no more, sister,—weep no more.

For my spirit catches all the bloom of thine,

Nor can I in thy prime of bliss repine,

Sweet sister mine.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

PEACE IN LOVE.

A heavy heart, beloved, have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn
As the stringed pearls . . . Each lifted in its
turn

By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes
apace

Were changed to long despairs, . . . till God's
own grace

Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me
bring

And let it drop adown thy calmly great
Deep being! Fast it sinketh, as a thing
Which its own nature doth precipitate,
While thine doth close above it mediatis-

ing
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished
fate.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY
LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain ;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they
say,
Across the dark blue sea ;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee !

REGINALD HEBER.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was
presented —
The list of what fate for each mortal intends —
At the long string of ills a kind goddess re-
lented,
And slipped in three blessings, wife, children,
and friends.

In vain surely Pluto maintained he was
cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends ;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was
defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with — wife, chil-
dren, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands
vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends ;
But the heart issues bills which are never pro-
tested,
When drawn on the firm of — wife, children,
and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by
sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children,
and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

A MARRIAGE-TABLE.

W. H. L. AND F. R.

There was a marriage-table where One sate,
Haply, unnoticed, till they craved his aid ;
Thenceforward does it seem that he has made
All virtuous marriage-tables consecrate :
And so, at this, where without pomp or state
We sit, and only say, or, mute, are fain
To wish the simple words "God bless these
twain!"

I think that he who "in the midst" doth wait
 Ofttimes, would not abjure our prayerful cheer,
 But, as at Cana, list with gracious ear
 To us, beseeching that the love divine
 May ever at their household table sit,
 Make all his servants who encompass it,
 And change life's bitterest waters into wine.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

MARRIAGE SONG.

"They have no more wine," she said.
 But they had enough of bread ;
 And the vessels by the door
 Held for thirst a plenteous store ;
 Yes, enough ; but love divine
 Turned the water into wine.

When should wine not water flow,
 But when home two glad hearts go,
 And in sacred bondage bound,
 Soul in soul hath freedom found !
 Meetly then, a holy sign,
 Turns the water into wine.

Good is all the feasting then ;
 Good the merry words of men ;
 Good the laughter and the smiles ;
 Good the wine that grief begets ; —
 Crowning good, the word divine
 Turning water into wine.

Friends, the Master with you dwell,
 Daily work this miracle ;
 When fair things too common grow
 Wake again the heavenly show ;
 Ever at your table dine,
 Turning water into wine.

So at the last you shall descry
 All the patterns of the sky ;
 Earth and heaven of short abode ;
 Houses temples unto God ;
 Waterpots to visions fine,
 Brimming full of heavenly wine !

GEORGE MACDONALD.

HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
 Moving slow our solemn feet,
 We have borne thee on the road
 To the virgin's blest abode ;
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,
 And thy scarlet mantles streaming,
 And the canopy above
 Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
 And the mirth and wine have ceased ;
 And now we set thee down before
 The jealousy unclosing door,
 That the favored youth admits
 Where the veiled virgin sits
 In the bliss of maiden fear,
 Waiting our soft tread to hear.

And the music's brisker din
 At the bridegroom's entering in,
 Entering in, a welcome guest,
 To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
 Bride of David's kingly line ;
 How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave

On the bashful sealed lid !
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;
 Save that at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend,
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !
 The door unfolds, — 'tis he ! 'tis he !
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him :
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

MARRIED LIFE.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire

The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm —
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,



Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence ; for naught but love

Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they

look

Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face —
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees

And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss ;
All various nature pressing on the heart —
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamor'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink, in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

JAMES THOMSON.



A Visit from the Sea.

Fare from the loud sea beaches,
Where he goes fishing & crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea,
Here are the green trees rustling,
Etc away home to the sea!

Fresh is the river water,
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rocks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea cliff's ledges,
The white gulls are troping & crying;
Here among rocks and roses
Why is the sea-gull flying?

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

Elizabeth Cummings.

SING a song o' winter time?"
 How can I, Rosebud dear!
 O yes! I see the wild, white sky,
 The brown fields bare and drear,
 I hear the north wind piping
 A hoarse loud call for snow,
 I see upon the window-panes
 A fairy forest grow,
 I see snow-bunting flying,
 I hear the titmice call,
 Yet I must sing o' summer time
 Or else not sing at all;
 For oh! My little Darling,
 My Heart's Delight, My Dear,
 How can I sing o' winter days
 When you my joy are here!

A-looking at you, Darling,
 I see a stately row,
 All shining, o' snow-white lilies
 And roses bending low,
 Heavy with sweetness, golden,
 Or crimson-red as wine,
 As white as milk is, or half pink—
 Like old-time eglantine.
 But oh! My Sweet, My Treasure,
 The Roseland of the sun
 Holds not so fair and rare a flower
 As you, My Darling One,



So I must sing o' summer
 Whate'er the weather be,
 For me the world is full of flowers
 With you upon my knee.

LITTLE JUSTINE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THERE'S a touch of frost in the crisp, fresh air,
 And the trees and hedges are growing bare,
 And autumn says "It is my turn now,"
 As she strips the leaves from the patient bough.

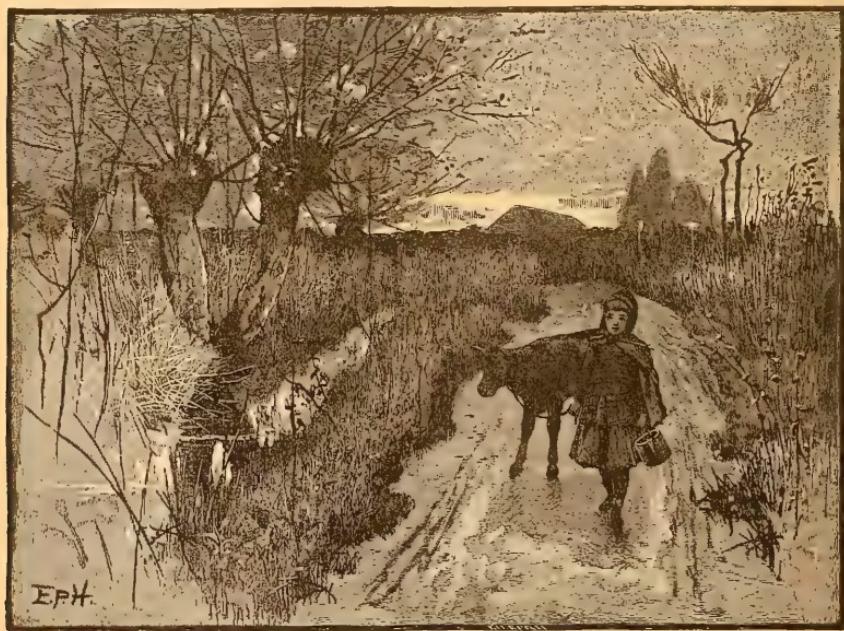
All in the bright morning comes little Justin
 With the prettiest bossy that ever was seen,
 But though he's so sleek and so handsome a calf,
 He has too much will of his own by half.

And he does not like to be led away
From his mother's side in the early day ;
Where the little maid's feet so lightly go,
He veers about and he trots so slow.

He'd say, if only the power had he,
"Justine, why couldn't you let me be ?
I'd rather go back at once, if you please,
To yonder barn by the poplar trees."

"'Tis a lovely place I shall tether you in,
There are many there of your kith and kin :
You'll not be lonesome, there's plenty to eat,
You must learn to nibble the grass so sweet."

But little Justine with a merry laugh
Cries, "Hurry, my beautiful bossy calf !
You will have nothing to do all day
But to sleep and to eat and to frisk and to play.



WITH THE PRETTIEST BOSSY THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

"O milk is good and clover is tough,
And I haven't begun to have breakfast enough :
And I know the pasture you lead me to
Is cold and wet with the frosty dew."

The wind blows her pretty blue cloak away
From her scarlet skirt and her apron gray,
And ruffles the mass of her yellow hair,
And kisses her cheeks that are rosy and fair.

And she looks so charming and blithe and gay
As she trips so carelessly down the way !
But the bossy hangs back, and "O dear," thinks he,
"Justine, how I wish you would let me be !"



THE NEST IN THE WIND.

HER PROOF.

By M. E. W.

SHE lifted her finger solemn and slow :
 " 'Tis true, for certain and sure, I know,
 And I think when I say so you ought to believe —
They kneel in their stalls on Christmas Eve.

"Once, ages and ages ago it was,
 I thought I would see for myself, because
 I doubted a little, just like you,
 Whether or no the story was true ;

"The red one, the white one, the speckled and brown,
 When the clock strikes twelve, will all kneel down,
 And it happens so every Christmas Eve,
 — Well, I'll tell you this, if you *won't* believe :

"And so one Christmas Eve I staid
 Awake till twelve — O I was afraid !
 The wind was a-blowning, and no moon shone,
 But I went to the stable myself, alone.

" And when I had slid the big doors back
 I couldn't go in, it was so black ;
 But — solemn and true — I do declare
I heard the cows when they knelt down ! There !"

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By CELIA THAXTER.

O YOU dear little dog, all eyes and fluff !
 How can I ever love you enough ?
 How was it, I wonder, that any one knew
 I wanted a little dog, just like you ?
 With your jet black nose, and each sharp-cut ear,
 And the tail you wag — O you *are* so dear !
 Did you come trotting through all the snow
 To find my door, I should like to know ?
 Or did you ride with the fairy team
 Of Santa Claus, of which children dream,
 Tucked all up in the furs so warm,
 Driving like mad over village and farm,
 O'er the country drear, o'er the city towers,
 Until you stopped at this house of ours ?
 Did you think 'twas a little girl like me
 You were coming so fast thro' the snow to see ?
 Well, whatever way you happened here,
 You are my pet and my treasure dear —

Such a Christmas present ! O such a joy !
 Better than any kind of a toy !
 Something that eats and drinks and walks,
 And looks so lovely and *almost* talks ;
 With a face so comical and wise,
 And such a pair of bright brown eyes !
 I'll tell you something : The other day
 I heard papa to my mamma say
 Very softly, "I really fear
 Our baby may be quite spoiled, my dear.
 We've made of our darling such a pet,
 I think the little one may forget
 There's any creature beneath the sun
 Beside herself to waste thought upon."
 I'm going to show him what I can do
 For a dumb little helpless thing like you.
 I'll not be selfish and slight you, dear ;
 Whenever I can I shall keep you near ;



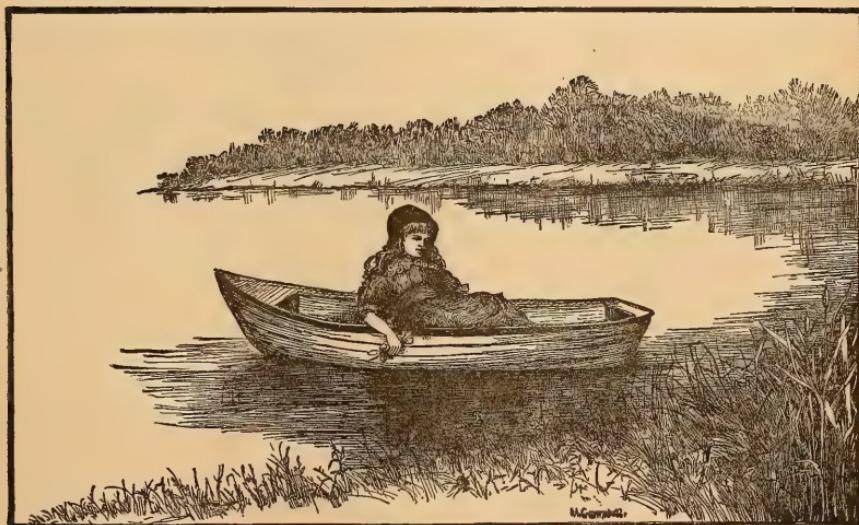
A DEAR LITTLE MISTRESS.

I never forget, whate'er befall,
 You cannot speak for yourself at all;
 I will remember that you are dumb,
 And cannot ask for a single crumb;
 You shall have all that a dog can need,
 Food and kindness and care indeed;
 A pretty, warm bed, for your dear sake,

In a woven basket I shall make;
 No rude boys shall your mind perplex,
 No teasing shall your temper vex,
 And you'll love me and I'll love you,
 And we'll be faithful and kind and true;
 And as sweet a Christmas gift I'll be
 To you, my dear, as you are to me.

HAPPINESS.

WHILE I sought Happiness, she fled
Before me constantly;
Weary I turned to Duty's path,
And Happiness sought **me**,
Saying, "I walk this road to-day,
I'll bear thee company."



GOING TO SEE THE SPHINX.

THE QUEST.

Jane Campbell

O H! whither are you sailing, my bonny little maiden,
Oh! whither are you sailing across the ocean deep?
"While south the wind is veering, my bonny boat I'm steering,
And whether shade or sunshine, my onward course I keep."

And why are you thus sailing, my bonny little maiden,
Why are you thus sailing upon the bright blue sea?
"To see the Sphinx I'm going, while fresh the wind is blowing,
To ask her just to answer one question faithfully."

TAKING THE MORNING AIR.

And after all this sailing, my bonny little maiden,
What riddle are you wanting the wise Sphinx to
unlock?

"I want to know the reason, no matter what the
season,

That little girls must always go to bed at eight
o'clock."

And while you thus are sailing, my bonny little
maiden,

What is the store of precious freight your bark
takes o'er the sea?

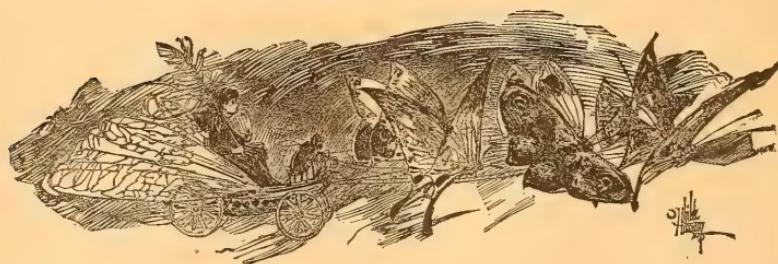
Replied the little maiden, "With flowers it is
laden

That I have gathered for the Sphinx, if she will
answer me."

May I go sailing with you, my bonny little maiden?
I'd like upon your bonny boat a passenger to
be.

"Oh! yes, and we together, come fair or stormy
weather,

Will sailing go to see the Sphinx across the
wide blue sea."



TAKING THE MORNING AIR.

Mrs M. T. Bell

BRING me a pretty painted fan,
Bring me a parasol;
Bring me a dress of scarlet silk
For my dearest little doll."

Here's a roseleaf, a roseleaf for a fan,
And a fern for a parasol;
Here's a dress of scarlet silk
For your dearest little doll

"Bring me a carriage lined with pink,
Bring me of ponies a pair;
My dearest dolly would like to ride
And get the morning air."

Here is a little rosy shell
Just your dolly's size;
And, harnessed with finest cobweb thread
Here are six butterflies.

"Bring me a coachman, if you please,
For my dearest little doll.
How can she drive the butterflies,
And carry her parasol?"

Here is a beetle, black and big—
He is a coachman rare;
Now what is to hinder the dearest doll
From taking the morning air?

THE CHILDREN OF GERVAYSE

FATHER GERVAYSE by the Holy Rood
Fasting and faint at even stood.

Long had he been on his weary way :
From dawn to dusk of a summer day.

He was no monk from the convent cell,
Blessing and banning with book and bell ;

Simple, and guileless, and trustful he
As the children that clustered about his
knee.

DAINTE
By
Kate
Rutnam
Agood.



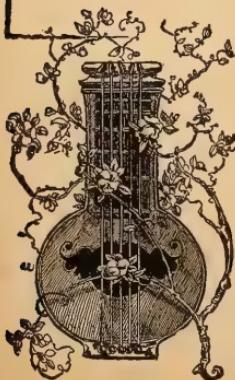
And the honest folk, in friendly mood,
Gave him shelter and warmth and food —

Seeing that fever, nor frost, nor fire,
Howl of the wolf, nor hurt of the brier,

Could hold his feet from pathways wild
To save or solace a little child.

His hand the lost one homeward led ;
His shoulder pillow'd the weary head ;

His words brought peace to the brow of
pain,
And smiles to the quivering lips again ;





With sacred story and holy song
He gathered closer the childish throng ;

And he was called, in their language quaint,
Father Gervayse, the Children's Saint.

None knew for him there another name.
Out of a distant land he came,

And in his wanderings up and down,
By lonely farmstead or busy town,

Well had the people learned to know
The stooping form, with its locks of snow,

And gaze far seeking along the road
The visible signs of the Lord's abode !

Scarce would even the veriest hind
Mock at that dream of the darkened mind —

The mirage-vision that seemed to rise
And flit away from his dazzled eyes,

Yet drew him ever, with manifold gleam,
The Beautiful City of his dream !

But here in the houseless wood at last,
Worn with the way, and the day-long fast,

Under the heavens' encircling sweep
Father Gervayse lay down to sleep.

Yet out of that sleep he seemed to rise,
And scale the heights of the midnight skies,

Along a ladder of gold that fell
From the Golden City invisible !

But, as he climbed to the topmost bar,
There lightened above, like a bursting star,

As through the warder's gate of gold
The unbarred glory of Heaven rolled !

And out of the light there came a sound :
“ What doest thou hear, O Soul uncrowned ? ”

And Father Gervayse, at that warning tone,
Shrank backward into the dark alone.

How should he hope to enter in,
Who had not thought of a crown to win ?

Lo! a scent on the startled air!
Rose and lily blossoming there,

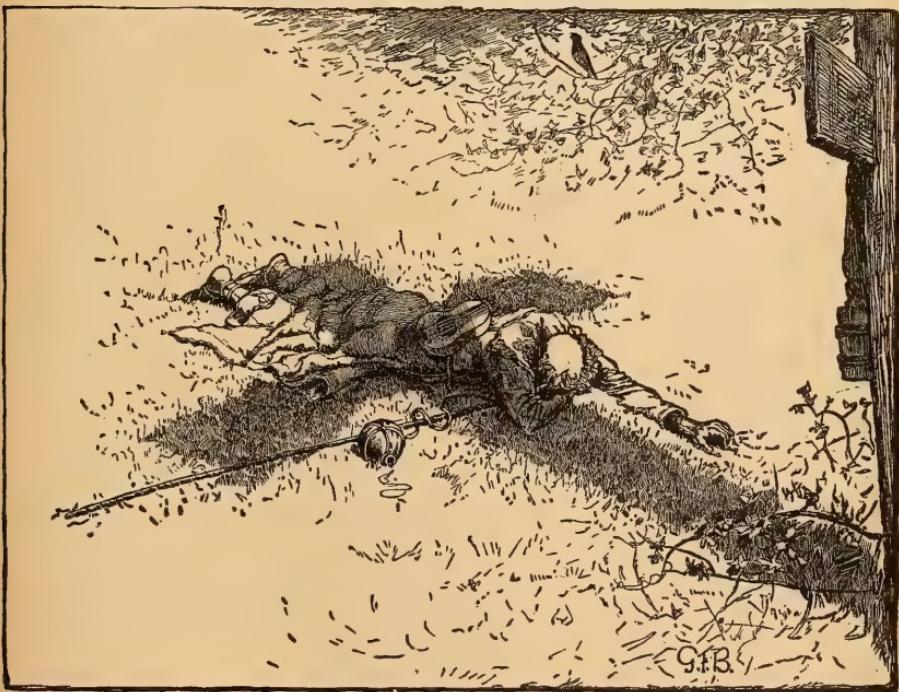
As past the warder a cherub band
Came with a flower in each shining hand!

And Father Gervayse in the childish train
Knew each transfigured face again:

From every tear a lily born,
A blood-red rose from every thorn;

Two by two on the shining stem,
The fruit of the love he had borne to them.

And straight through the glory they led him in
Who had not thought of a crown to win!



The children's faces day by day
Buried from mortal sight away.

And, while he gazed, they crowned him there
With flowers he had scattered unaware;

From streaming eyes and from bleeding feet
Sprung under his way through brier and heat;

Still, at dawn, in the houseless wood,
His head on the foot of the Holy Rood,

With a restful smile on the lips' unrest,
And a heart at peace in the burdened breast;

Lay Father Gervayse, the Children's Saint;
Nevermore weary, or sick, or faint,

Since the hand of a child had led him in
To the Beautiful City he sought to win!

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

John Boyle O'Reilly

HOW shall I a habit break?"
 As you did that habit make,
 As you gathered, you must lose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must untwine, ere free we stand.
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil, unhelped, alone,
 Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by :
 Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the centre's downward sweep;
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than that before..

Ah, the precious years we waste
 Levelling what we raised in haste :
 Doing what must be undone
 Ere content or love be won !
 First, across the gulf we cast
 Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last !



A DREAM OF DOLLS.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

I WOKE up in my chamber,
 I sat up in my bed;
 A light wind crossed the casement,
 Just kissed me and then fled.

The slender moon in heaven
 Smiled softly through the glo-

And I heard a peal of laughter
 Go rippling through the room.
 The sweetest, tiniest laughter
 That ever maiden heard,
 As light as fairy music,
 As sweet as singing bird.



The sorrel lifts her snow-white bloom
From green leaves soft and sour,
The wry-neck kids the cuckoo come,
The wych-elm's all in flower;
That sweet! sweet! sweet! that dusty dew,
That white star at my feet,
They speak of Aprils past—and you,
My sweet!

2.

Our wood still curves against the sky,
And still, all stark and dim,
Our hornbeam's fluted branches lie,
Along the shining rim;

But ah! within its base of moss
The rabbits leap and peer,
Ho footsteps fright them as they cross—
This year.

3.

When winter shared my helpless plight,
I bound my heart in frost;
There was no wealth to vex my sight
With treasure it had lost;
But ah! the buds, the scent, the song,
The agonising blue—
They teach my hopeless heart to long
For you!

And lisping lips said gayly,
 "Just see our dolly there—
 Who'll wash her? and who'll dress her?
 And who will comb her hair?"

"Let's curl it, and let's crimp it;
 Let's dress her in a dress;
 And shall we call her Daisy,
 Or Lillibel, or Bess?"

A hundred playful dollies
 Laughed sweetly, full of glee;
Their dollies were my playmates,
 Live little girls like me.

They laid us in the moonlight—
 Our dolly-mamas gay—
 All in a row they laid us,
 Then hastened off to play.



"THEY WASHED AND CRIMPED AND CURLLED ME."

"And when we get her ready
 We'll take her out to play;
 She's ours, our doll at midnight,
 Though we are hers all day."

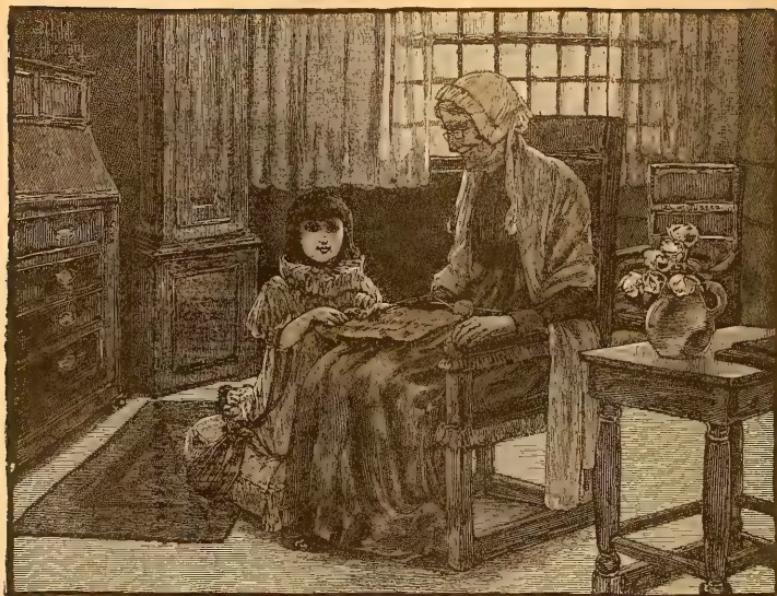
And then they fell upon me
 With mingled hands so small;
 They washed and crimped and curled me,
 And dressed me for a ball.

They bore me soft, so softly,
 All down the winding stair,
 They bore me to the play-ground—
 A hundred dolls were there.

They spread a feast of dainties,
 Rare fruits and candies sweet;
 They said, " 'Tis such a pity
 Our dollies cannot eat!"

They danced in airy circles
 Among the shadows dim—
 They danced, and sang, and chatted;
 We could not move a limb.

I sprung up in my chamber,
 I pinched myself in bed—
 The dollies all had vanished,
 My funny dream had fled.



THE LITTLE DORCAS.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

1821-1884.

Dora Read Goodale

THIS is the sampler, worn and frayed,
Stiff, ancient, ugly — have it so —
By childish hands demurely made
Some sixty years ago !

When struck the great clock on the wall,
The little Dorcas left her play,
Brought out her canvas from the hall
And gravely stitched away.

Not hers the gifts of every shore,
The chosen spoils of every sun ;
She'd watched the very frock she wore
Sheared, carded, dyed and spun !

A sober needle-woman she,
Serenely calm, immensely good ;
Beside her grandma's silken knee
Her yellow hassock stood.

Perhaps — of course it mayn't be true —
Before the final stitch was set
She shed an angry tear or two
Above the alphabet !

Perhaps, when grandma smoothed her gown,
Dropped her blue sock and nodded, *so*,
The model maid did really frown ;
I wasn't there, you know !

Perhaps! Pat sixty changing years
Have left for us a witness still,
Unconscious of the pouts and tears
And proving all her skill:

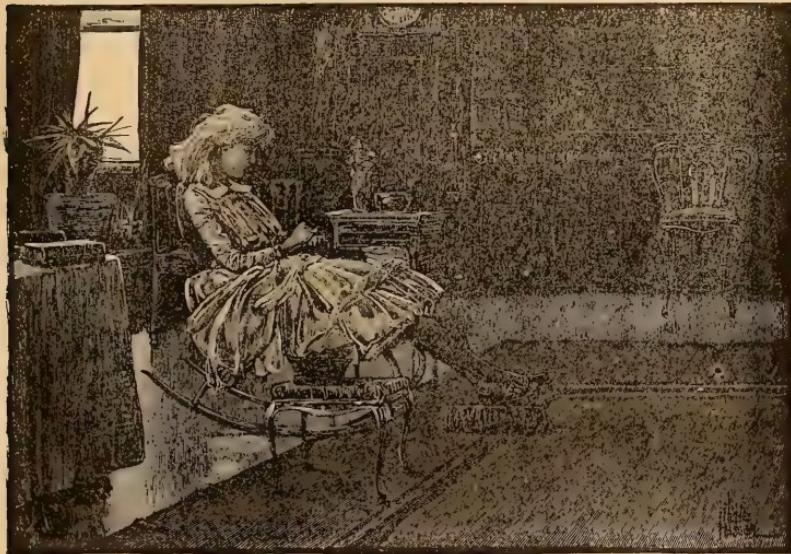
A mimic garden, prim and fine,
A sprawling date in green and gray,
The letters ranged in double-line,
And "*Wrought by Dorcas May.*"

. . . *This* is a precious modern maze—
Soft silk and knotted broidery,
Shaped in the last æsthetic craze
By smallest devotee !

Her old cracked plate of dingy delf,
The bowl she supped in every night,
Are treasured on the choicest shelf
And hoarded with delight !

That huge old clock with broken springs
Would make her wonder why and how
Those ugly, crooked, common things
Are "so delicious" now !

Ah ! she herself, demure and wise,
Intently stitching day by day,
Would figure in my lady's eyes
"A perfect Greenaway !"



SHE DOES IT WHEN THE SPIRIT MOVES.

She does it when the spirit moves—
Takes one mis-stitch and lets it go—
Scolds at the crumpled rose she loves :
"The silks will pucker so !"

Could little Dorcas stand with me
To watch, big-eyed, such modern bliss,
Of all the curious things she'd see
The strangest one is this :

My pretty maid, whose every line
Is fashioned to a poet's heart,
You laugh at grandma's crude design,
Her queer, old-fashioned art ;

But when some sixty years go by
And other hands possess the earth,
Your own enchanting tapestry
May move a childish mirth !



THE SEASON THAT IS COMING.

Mrs M. L. Butts

SWEET, sweet, sweet is the season that is coming;
 Sweet the wayside wild rose and the wild bee's humming;
 Sweet the pink azalia in the woods' recesses,
 Sweet the nodding barberry buds, wearing yellow dresses,
 Sweet the scarlet columbine climbing up the ledges,
 Sweet the pale anemone in the forest edges,
 Sweet the rosy apple blooms, sweet the birds among them,
 Sweet the petals in the grass where the winds have flung them.

Sweet, sweet, sweet are the gardens overflowing
 With pinks and yellow marigolds, and mignonette a-blowning,
 With four-o'clocks and London-pride, and pretty pansy faces,
 With honeysuckle by the wall, and roses in all places;
 And sweet the happy children who come from days of duty
 To find the fair earth all a-bloom, a place of perfect beauty;
 Books thrown away, they laugh and play, with sun and sweet winds blowing,
 A rose blooms out on every cheek, and pinks in the lips are growing.

Sweet the breeze-blown pastures with violets running over;
 Sweet the meadows stretching wide crowded with white clover;
 Sweet the thickets starred with flowers and flushed with growing berries,
 And pretty dinners set for birds of rose-hips and wild cherries.
 Sweet the corners dim and deep where floating boughs are meeting,
 And little lovers come and go with songs of happy greeting;
 Sweet the fronds of fairy fern in hidden nooks unfolding;
 Sweet the thoughts in loving hearts these lovely things beholding.

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.

But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
 The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,



"A BOY JUST FIVE YEARS OLD, WITH EYES OF THOUGHTFUL EARNESTNESS."

I cannot say how this may be ; I know his face is fair—
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air ;
 I know his heart is kind and fond ; I know he loveth me ;
 But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teacheth him to pray ;

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are
the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to man-
hood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will
be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to
lose him now.

A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheer-
ful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to
sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden
home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs: God grant his
heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now
for earthly love;



"A SECOND SON, A SIMPLE CHILD OF THREE."

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of
three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little
features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he
prattles on my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his
brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thoughts as
his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind
and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich
depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me the country folk, who
pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks
so mild and sweet.

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching
eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we
shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I
cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months
where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant
smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went
to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he
weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shin-
ing seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the
bliss which he doth feel
Are numbered with the secret things which
God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that
he is now at rest,
Where the blessed infants be on their Saviour's
loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load
of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless
dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close be-
neath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes
of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe,
(his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all
tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his
bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear,
but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles
their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he
must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and
what we still must be—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss
and this world's misery—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and
feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose another two, than have
him here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Three little curly heads golden and fair,
Three pairs of hands that are lifted in prayer,
Three little figures in garments of white,
Three little mouths that are kissed for good-
night,
Three little gowns that are folded away,
Three little children who rest from their play,

Three little hearts that are full of delight,
For this is the close of a sweet Sunday night.
And mamma had clustered them all round her
knee,
And made them as happy as children could be;
She told to them stories of Jesus of old
Who called little children like lambs to His
fold;



"SWEET, EARNEST TALK."

Who gathered them up in His arms to caress,
And blessed them as only a Saviour could
bless,
While the innocent faces grew tender and
bright
With the sweet, earnest talk of the calm Sun-
day night.

And the blue eyes of Bennie had widen'd
with fear,
While Maidie had dropped an occasional tear,
When they heard of the lions and Daniel so
bold,
And Joseph who once by his brethren was
sold,
And the children who walked 'mid the furnace
of flame,
Till the Angel of God in his purity came,
Walking unharmed in their garments of
white,—
Oh, these were sweet stories to hear Sunday
night!

And Maidie had said—the dear little child—
Looking up in the face of her mother so mild,
“I wish—oh, so much!—I wish, mamma
dear,
When the angels were walking they'd come
to us here;
I'd like once to see them, so shining and fair,
Come floating and floating right down through
the air.
Let's ask them to come,” said the wee little
sprite,
“Let's ask them to come to *us* this Sunday
night.”

Then mamma told in her grave, gentle way,
How the angels were guarding the children
each day;
How they stood softly round by the little one's
bed;
How the blessings descended alike on each
head;
But when they were naughty or willfully bad,
Then the Father was grieved and His angels
were sad.
“Ah, I mean to be good,” lisped the baby,
“and then
I may see them sometime when they're com-
ing to Ben!”

Oh, the innocent children! How little they
know
Of the dear eyes in heaven bent on them be-
low;

Of the guardian spirits, who close by their side
Are watching and waiting to strengthen and
guide;
And now, as they lie wrapped in dreams and
in sleep,
How ceaseless the vigils the angels will keep!
And mamma prays, “Father, oh, guide them
aright,
And send Thy good angels to guard them to-
night!”

THE SUNDAY BABY.

You wonderful little Sunday child!
Half of your fortune scarce you know,
Although you have blinked and winked and
smiled
Full seven and twenty days below.

“The bairn that was born on Sabbath day,
So say the old wives over their glass—
“Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!”
What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth!
And (as if that were not enough for a
dower),
Because of the holy day of your birth,
Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's
hour.

When we, poor bodies, with backward look,
Shiver and quiver and quake with fear
Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook,
Never a thought need you take, my dear.

For “Sunday's child” may go where it please.
Sunday's child shall be free from harm!
Right down through the mountain side it sees
The mines unopened where jewels swarm!

Oh, fortunate baby! Sunday lass!
The veins of gold through the rocks you'll
see;
And when o'er the shining sands you pass,
You can tell where the hidden springs may
be.

The children were drawing with caution and care,
Their sweet baby-sister, to give her the air,
In a dainty straw wagon with wheels of bright red,
And a top of white muslin which shaded her head.
She was only one year and a few months old;
Her eyes were bright blue and her hair was like gold;

Such a wonderful plaything never was known!
Like a real live dolly, and all for their own!
Two happier children could nowhere be found,
No, not if you travelled the whole world around.



"IN A DAINTY STRAW WAGON WITH WHEELS OF BRIGHT RED."

She laughed all the time from morning till night,
Till Eddie and Jane were quite wild with delight.

They had drawn her this morning where daisies grew—
White daisies, all shining and dripping with dew,

Long wreaths of the daisies, and chains, they
had made;

In the baby's lap these wreaths they had laid,

And were laughing to watch her fat little
hands

Untwisting and twisting the stems and the
strands.

Just then, of a sudden, a lark flew by
And sang at the top of his voice in the sky ;
"Ho! ho! Mr. Lark," shouted Jane, "come
down here!"

We're not cruel children. You may come
without fear.

We've something to show you. In all your
life maybe

You'll never see anything sweet as our baby!"

"Twas an odd thing, now, for a lark to do—
I hope you won't think my story's untrue—
But this is the thing that I saw and I heard :
That lark flew right down, like a sociable bird,
As soon as they called him, and perched on a
tree,

And winked with his eye at the children and
me,

And laughed out, as much as a bird ever can,
As he cried, "Ha! ha! Little woman and
man!"

"You'll be quite surprised and astonished,
maybe,
To hear that I do not think much of your
baby.

Why, out in the field here I've got in my
nest,

All cuddled up snug 'neath my wife's warm
breast,

Four little babies—two sisters, two brothers—
And all with bright eyes, as bright as their
mother's;

Your baby's at least ten times older than they,
But they are all ready to fly to-day;

"They'll take care of themselves in another
week,
Before your poor baby can walk or can speak.

If has often surprised me to see what poor
things

All babies are that are born without wings;
And but one at a time ! Dear me, my wife
Would be quite ashamed of so idle a life!"
And the lark looked as scornful as a lark
knows how,

As he swung up and down on a slender bough.

A cat had been eying him there for a while,
And sprang at him now from top of a stile.
But she missed her aim—he was quite too
high;

And oh, how he laughed as he soared in the
sky!

Then the cat scrambled up, disappointed and
cross;

She looked all about her, and felt at a loss
What next she should do. So she took up
the thread

Of the lark's discourse, and ill-naturedly said :
"Yes, indeed, little master and miss, I de-
clare,

It's enough to make any mother-cat stare,
To see what a time you do make, to be sure,
Over one small creature, so helpless and poor
As your babies are ! Why, I've six of my
own :

When they were two weeks old they could run
alone ;

They're never afraid of dogs or of rats—
In a few weeks more they'll be full-grow-
cats ;

"Their fur is as fine and as soft as silk—
Two gray, and three black, and one white as
new milk.

A fair fight for a mouse in my family
Is as pretty a sight as you'll ever see.
It is all very well to brag of your baby—
One of these years it will be something,
maybe ! "

And without even looking at the baby's face,
The cat walked away at a sleepy pace.

"Moo, Moo !" said a cow, coming up. "Moo,
Moo !

Young people, you're making a great to-do
About your baby. And the lark and the cat,
They're nothing but braggers—I wouldn't
give that,"

(And the cow snapped her tail as you'd snap
your thumb)

"For all the babies, and kittens, and birds,
that come

In the course of a year! It does make me
laugh

To look at them all, by the side of a calf!

"Why, my little Brindle as soon as 'twas
born

Stood up on its legs, and sniffed at the corn;
Before it had been in the world an hour
It began to gambol, and canter, and scour
All over the fields. See its great shining eyes,
And its comely red hair that so glossy lies
And thick! he has never felt cold in his life;
But the wind cuts your baby's skin like a
knife.

"Poor shivering things! I have pitied them
oft,

All muffled and smothered in flannel soft.
Ha! ha! I am sure t'v' stupidest gaby
Can see that a calf's dad of a baby!"
And the cow called her calf, and tossed up
her head.

Like a person quite sure of all she has said.
Then Jane looked at Eddy, and Eddy at Jane;
Said Eddy, "How mean! I declare, they're
too vain

"To live — preposterous things! They don't
know

What they're talking about! I'd like them to
show

A bird, or a kitten, or a learned calf,
That can kiss like our baby, or smile, or
laugh."

"Yes, indeed, so should I!" said Jane in a
rage;

"The poor little thing! She's advanced for
her age,

For the minister said so the other day —
She's worth a hundred kittens or calves to
play.

"And as for young birds — they're pitiful
things!

I saw a whole nest once, all mouths and bare
wings,

And they looked as if they'd been picked by
the cook

To broil for breakfast. I'm sure that they
shook

With cold if their mother got off for a min-
ute —

I'm glad we have flannel, and wrap babies in
it!"

So the children went grumbling one to the
other,

And when they reached home they told their
mother.

The dear baby, asleep, in its crib she laid,
And laughed as she kissed the children, and
said :

"Do you think I believe that the sun can
shine

On a boy or a girl half so sweet as mine?

The lark, and the cat, and the cow were all
right —

Each baby seems best in its own mother's
sight!"

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



MY BEAUTIFUL "TICK-A-TOCK"

And so my fairy little elf
Would like to stand upon the shelf!
Thinks all a good clock has to do
Is just to "tick" the whole day through!

Well, here she goes; now, one, two, three;
Keep time? of course; well, we shall see!

Two cheeks, two dimples—oh, dear me,
Where shall we find a number *three*?



THE BEAUTIFUL "TICK-A-TOCK."

No clock had e'er a brighter face:
The numbers now we'll quickly trace:
One nose—that surely stands for *one*;
Two eyes—that's *two*; we're well begun;

When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold;
I should like to have been with them then.

The pendulum I cannot find—
Now it swings two coral lips behind;
The hands are gone—ah! here
they come;
A blue-eyed rogue has brought them
home.

Now we're all ready; here we go;
"Tick-tock!" not fast, "Tick-tock!"
nor slow.

Tic-tock! Don't laugh so all the
while—
Who ever saw a dial smile?
Don't move your eyes, or I shall
think
That number two has learned to
wink;
Be ever grave, and never gay,
And just forever "tick" away.

"Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!" Now papa'll
say,
"What a booful clock 'oo bought
to-day!"
—Ah! no, to his out-stretched arms
she springs,
And I find my new French clock
has wings;
And look with regret on the empty
space
Where stood my clock with the ra-
diant face.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM
OF GOD."

I think when I read that sweet story
of old,



"LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME."

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall

Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them
all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best;
When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest!

MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE.

Wait not till the little hearts are still,

For the loving look and phrase;

But while you gently chide a fault,

The good deed kindly praise.

The word you would speak beside the bier

Falls sweeter far on the living ear;

Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips

To the rosy mouth we press,

When our wee one flies to her mother's
arms,

For Love's tenderest caress?



SWEET CHILDHOOD.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest

Ere you fill them full of flowers;

Wait not for the crowning tuberose

To make sweet the last sad hours;

But while in the busy household band,

Your darlings still need your guiding hand,

Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

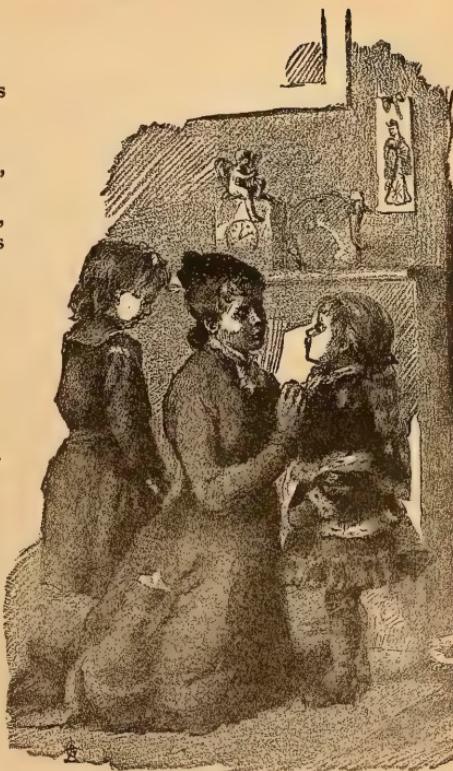
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should
reap,
Circling your lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?

Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.
Remember the homes where the light has
fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom, through childhood's
hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild rag-
ing sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O
come back to me!"



"FILL THEIR LIVES WITH SWEETNESS."

Her beads while she
numbered,
The baby still slum-
bered,
And smiled in her
face as she bended
her knee:
"O, blest be that
warning,
My child, thy sleep
adorning,
For I know that the angels
are whispering with
thee.

"And while they are
keeping
Bright watch o'er thy
sleeping,
O, pray to them softly,
my baby, with me!"

And say thou wouldest rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to
thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father
to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."



SAMUEL LOVER.



GOOD-NIGHT!

Good-night, little girl, good-night!
It's getting to be so late,
I'm sure you will know it is right
To smile, and accept your fate;
Good-night, little girl, don't wait.

Good-night, little girl, good-night!
It's pleasant for you to play,
But the robins have taken flight,

And are tucked in *their* nests away;
Good-night, little girl, don't stay.

Good-night, little girl! sweet rest
Is needful as air and light,
And the sun that sleeps in the west,
To-morrow will look *so* bright,—
Just think, little girl! good-night!
Little girl, good-night!

MRS. L. C. WHITON.



THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"Little bird! little bird! come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee,—
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,
And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew."



"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I love dearly the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree."
"Little bird! little bird! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsels! away I'll fly
To greener fields and warmer sky;

"LITTLE BIRD, COME TO ME!"



"SWEET AS CAROLS TO YOUR DAYS."

"God is love forevermore;
Love we him, and him adore
In the Christ-child born of yore.

Let your lives ring out his praise
Like a chime his finger sways:
Sweet as carols be your days.

Beautiful with holiness,
Let your daily deeds confess
In whose name ye seek to bless.

This is what the carols mean;
What the chime rung clear between;
What the bounteous evergreen.

HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world;

Every hearth is afame, and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is king!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay, we shout to the lovely evangal they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

J. G. HOLLAND.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! The workings of His brain
 And of His heart thou canst not see;
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
 In God's pure light may only be
 A scar, brought from some well-won
 field,
 Where thou wouldest only faint and
 yield.

MY DAUGHTER.

Bright as the skies that cover thee,
 Child of the sunny brow :
 Bright as the dream flung over thee,
 By all that meets thee, now :
 Thy heart is beating joyously,
 Thy voice is like a bird's ;
 And sweetly breaks the melody
 Of thy imperfect words ;
 I know no fount that gushes out
 As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
 As beautiful as now :
 That time might ever leave as free
 Thy yet unwritten brow.
 I would life were "all poetry"
 To gentle measure set,
 That naught but chasten'd melody
 Might stain thy eye of jet ;
 Nor one discordant note be spoken,
 Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
 With woman's lot are wove :
 Wrought of intensest sympathies,
 And nerfed by purest love :
 By the strong spirit's discipline,
 By the fierce wrong forgiven,
 By all that wrings the heart of sin,
 Is woman won to heaven.

Her lot is on thee, lovely child,
 God keep thy spirit undefiled !

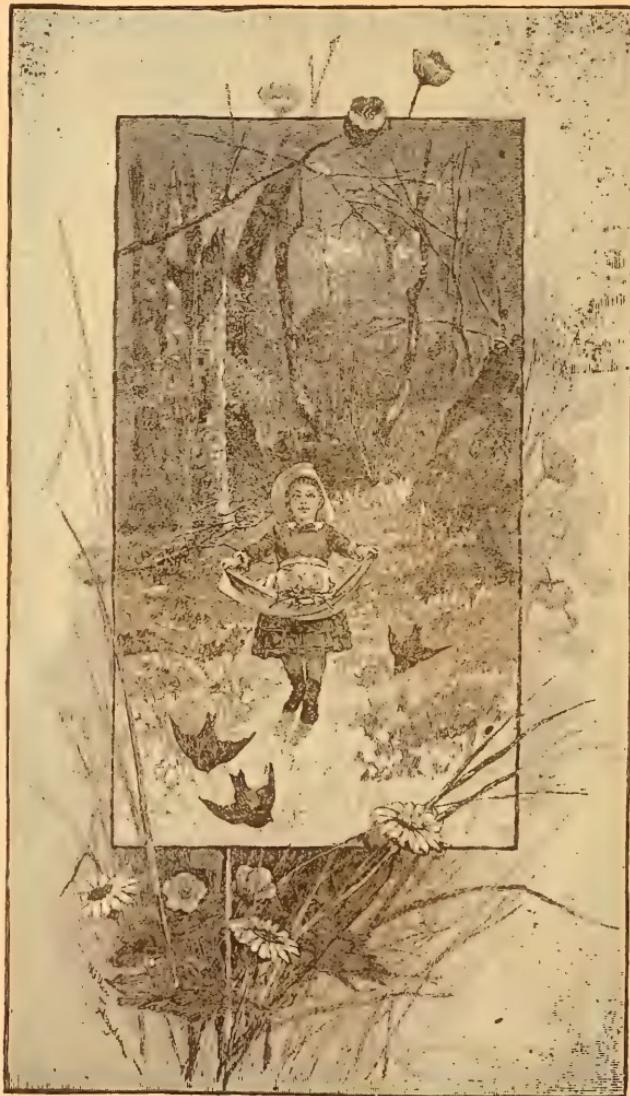
I fear thy gentle loveliness,
 Thy witching tone and air ;
 Thine eyes beseeching earnestness
 May be to thee a snare.



"CHILD OF THE SUNNY BROW."

The silver stars may purely shine,
 The waters taintless flow,
 But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
 Wreathe poisons as they bow ;
 She may fling back the gift again,
 But the crush'd flower will oftenest
 stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child ?
 Keep thee as thou art now ?



"IF I COULD KEEP HER SO."

Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim :
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He, who Himself was undefiled?
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,
Would that I could keep you with your baby
charms ;
Helpless, clinging fingers ; downy golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other-
where ;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot
speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek ;
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe ;
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roughish little damsel, scarcely six years old —
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold ;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day ;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world
about,
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors
know ;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of
books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled
looks ;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar-
plums ;
Reading books of romance in your bed at
night,
Waking up to study in the morning light ;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions — I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my
side,
All the world's before you, and the world is
wide ;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there
to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to
wake ?
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your
cheek,
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak ?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so !

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for fair unfolding in the upper air ;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from
sight ;
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow —
Babe and child, and maiden, all are with me
now !
Oh, my heart is breaking ; but God's love I
know —
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so !

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

Blessings on children, sweetest gifts of heaven
to earth,
Filling the heart with gladness, filling all the
house with mirth ;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures
of the primal bloom,
Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the re-
gion whence they come ;
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state
withouten care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all
in nature fair ;
Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief
to vex thee, nigh,
And a hope that in existence finds each hour
a luxury ;

Going singing, bounding, brightening
— never fearing as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and
the loving find a foe ;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still
with thought that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question
of the beauty in the skies ;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as
the bee still sucks her store,
All the present still a garden gleaned
a thousand times before ;
All the future but a region where the
happy serving thought
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by
the winged hunter caught ;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures
only seem to strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding
gladly to the proud delight ;
As the maiden, through the alleys, look-
ing backward as she flies,
Wooes the fond pursuer onward, with the love-
light in her eyes.

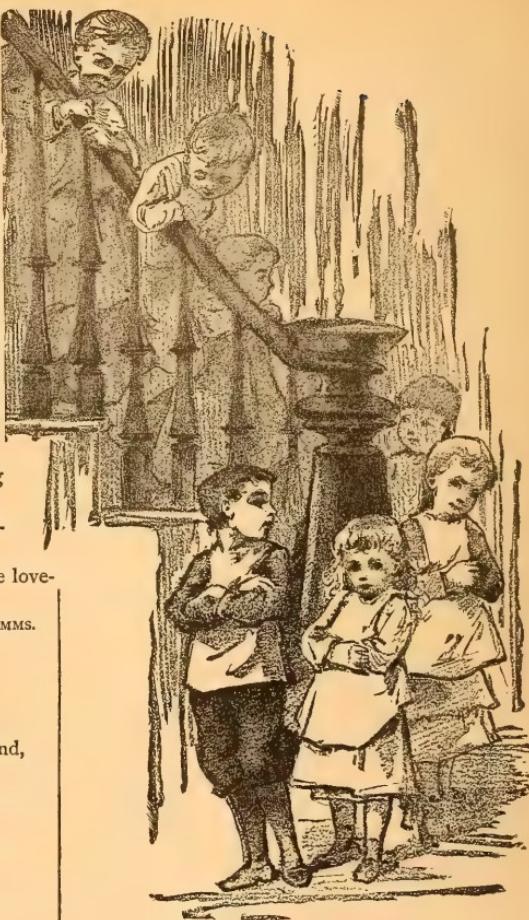
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Standing on the threshold,
With her wakening heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold,
With her childhood left behind ;
The woman softness blending
With the look of sweet surprise
For life and all its marvels
That lights the clear blue eyes.

Standing on the threshold,
With light foot and fearless hand,
As the young knight by his armor
In minster nave might stand ;
The fresh red lip just touching
Youth's ruddy rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope,
Oh, happy child of mine !

I could guard the helpless infant
That nestles in my arms :



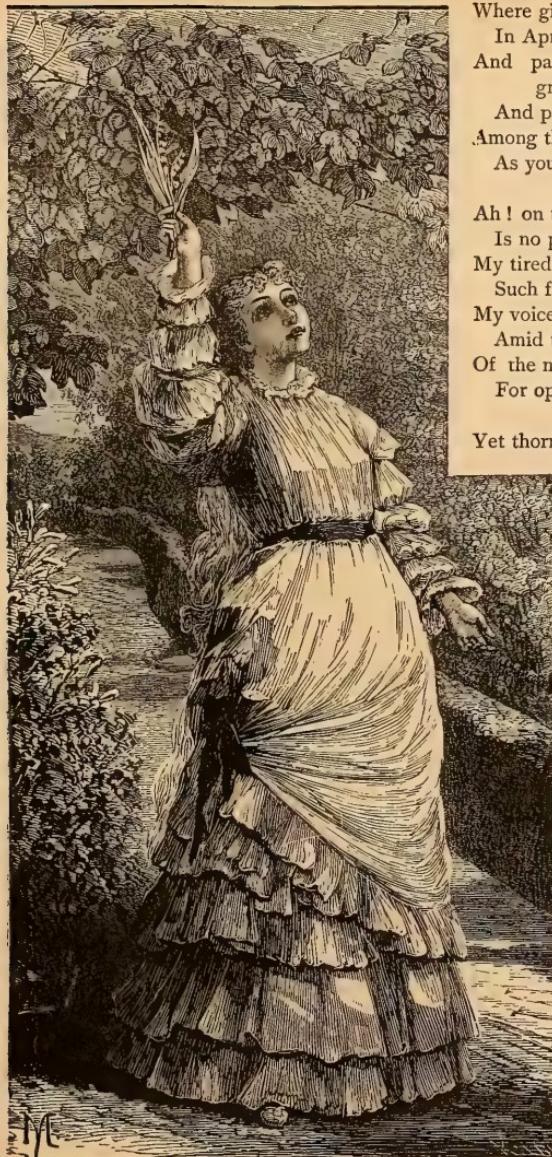
"FILLING ALL THE HOUSE WITH MIRTH."

I could save the prattler's golden head
From petty baby harms ;
I could brighten childhood's gladness,
And comfort childhood's tears,
But I cannot cross the threshold
With the step of riper years.

For hopes, and joys, and maiden dreams
Are waiting for her there,



"THESE BUSY RELIGIOUS SMALL PEOPLE."



"HER CHILDHOOD LEFT BEHIND."

Where girlhood's fancies bud and bloom
In April's golden air;
And passionate love, and passionate
griefs,
And passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring
As youth goes fluttering by.

Ah ! on those rosy pathways
Is no place for sobered feet,
My tired eyes have naught of strength
Such fervid glow to meet;
My voice is all too sad to sound
Amid the joyous notes
Of the music that through charmed air
For opening girlhood floats.

Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk,
And thunder-clouds may
lower,
And death, or change, or
falsehood blight
The jasmine in the bower;
May God avert the woe, my
child;
But oh, should tempest
come,
Remember, by the threshold
waits
The patient love of home !

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

The bells of the churches are
ringing,—
Papa and mamma have both
gone—
And three little children sit
singing
Together this still Sunday
morn.

While the bells toll away in
the steeple,
Though too small to sit still
in a pew,

These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better,
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on — our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on,— our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain ;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.



"WHO LIVES ON STORIES, AND WHOSE NAME IS GRACE."

Their angels stand close to the Father ;
His heaven is bright with these flowers ,
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children,—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love ;
All Nature around you rejoices
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on,—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,

Sing on,—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry when most deep and sincere,—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite ear.

From the German of KARL GEROK.
Translated by J. F. CLARKE, D.D.

A STORY TOLD TO GRACIE.

One day in Summer's glow
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,

With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair,
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow,
Ah me ! we loved it so —
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms ;
It learned to laugh and crow,
And play and kiss us — so —
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise,
We met each other's eyes,
Asking, " Who stole our pretty babe away ? "
We questioned earth and air,
But, seeking everywhere,
We never found it from that summer day.

But in its wonted place
There was another face —
A little girl's, with yellow curly hair
About her shoulders tossed,
And the sweet babe we lost
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so
fair.

She dances, romps, and sings,
And does a hundred things

Which my lost baby never tried to do ;
She longs to read in books,
And with bright, eager looks
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,
I love the rogue so well,
Whether I would retrace the four years' track,
And lose the merry sprite,
Who makes my home so bright,
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue-eyes ! do you see
Who stole my babe from me,
And brought the little girl from fairy clime ?
A gray old man with wings,
Who steals all precious things ;
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world they say ;
He took my babe away —
My precious babe — and left me in its
place
This little maiden fair,
With yellow curly hair,
Who lives on stories, and whose name is
Grace !



" SHE DANCES, ROMPS AND SINGS."

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!

M. E. B.

IT'S strange as people grow older what lots of sense they lose,
And how they get full of notions, and begin to pick and choose,
And start on such strange ideas, and want such queer things done —
Why, what is a fellow to live for, if he never can have any fun !

Now there are fathers and mothers, as good as good can be,
But they fret if a boy goes coasting, for fear he'll run into a tree ;
They fret if a boy goes skating, for fear he'll get a fall ;
And they're sure that he'll come home broken, if he asks to play base-ball.

And as for stealing a ride as the big teams roll along,
And as for a swim in the river, if the current be swift or strong,
Or climbing a roof on a ladder, or shinnying a good high pole —
Why, they look at a boy if he tries it, as if he had got no soul !

They want you to enter a parlor and bow like a grown-up man ;
They want you to move without racket — just show me the fellow who **can** !
To come down stairs on tiptoes just creeping as still as a mouse,
And to keep things quiet and chilly as if boys never lived in the house !

When you open your eyes in the morning and are lying awake in bed,
They'd rather you wouldn't take pillows to shy at another one's head ;
They'd like you to talk in whispers and never to rant or shout,
And empty your jacket pockets so they never would look bulged out.

Then, in spite of all this nonsense, they'll look in a fellow's eyes
As if *you* were the ones who were foolish, and *they* were the ones who were wise ;
You'd think as people grow older, they ought to grow wiser too,
But *I* wouldn't make such blunders in talking to boys — would you ?



MEMENTOES.



THE DAME-SCHOOL.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

WITH frown and with ferule
She holds her stern rule;
With voice all a-tinkle,
And face all a-twinkle,
And never a wrinkle,
She keeps a "dame-school."

"Now 'a-b,' my children!"
She says with a tap;
But her dimples belie her;
You wish you could buy her,
Cap, kerchief and tier,
To hold in your lap.

"My stollars act d'edful!
Dey don't try to not!"
Her dread ferule waving,
She says she'll "go raving"
If papa keeps having
The worst of the lot.

But who thinks of minding
A little school ma'am
As sweet as a posy,
So dimpled and rosy,
You just want to cosey
Her close in your arm!



AS SWEET AS A POSY.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE.

OH the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes, and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled the hungry hearts of all of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,
And of crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

THE DANISH EMIGRANTS.

Clara Doty Hale.

HE placed a letter in her hand,
It came from over sea:
"We'll go to great America
Where Hans and Gretel be.
Hans has a field of growing wheat
Broad as our own Lymfiord!
Why, wife, in that far wonderland
A peasant is a lord!"

The wife knew well how poor and scant
The barley grew this year;
Fifteen young mouths are many mouths
To feed when bread is dear.
"And, Hilda, where the children are
Would soon be home, you know,"
The husband urged. "Aye, so it would,"
She answered, "we will go."



The Danish wife grew very pale :
"Think of our little ones !
How can we move so large a flock,
Eight daughters, seven sons ?"
"One cannot tell," the husband laughed,
"Really, until one tries.
But we will show in freedom's land
How blue are Danish eyes !"

The crop brought in a little fund ;
The bridle cow was sold ;
And long-familiar household things
Went for a bit of gold.
And then, at length, with tear and wail,
Hand clasped the parting hand ;
And for the steamer's heaving floor
They left the stable land.

The children, curious for the new,
Went ranging here and there;
Shorn yellow heads and flaxen braids
Were bobbing everywhere.
The mother could not keep the half
Under her sheltering wing;
“There’s but one way,” the father cried,
“I’ll tie them with a string.”

He called them all about him; then,
True to his jovial word,
The thirteen that could walk he tied
Together with a cord.
Odd heights and sizes, girls and boys,
A rosy laughing row;
None could escape, none steal away;
Where one went all must go.

Ah, how the brown of sea wind came
Upon each sturdy face,
And how they clambered, peeped and played
In every nook and place.
And how, when tempest on them burst
Out of a stormy sky,
The waves were cradle-rock to them,
The roar was lullaby.

Thus arm to arm held fast and safe,
From rise to set of sun,
The little shipmates were until
The long voyage was done.
And when toward the West they sped
Upon the hurrying train,
Still did the father’s tethering knots
Bind little Dane to Dane.



“Now, wife, if half of them get wild
And heedless in their play,
He said, “the other half are sure
To pull the other way.
The strong legs will go slow to suit
The toddlers’ stumbling knees,
And they will make the good old ship
Hum like a swarm of bees.

Green be the fields that may be theirs,
And kindly bend their skies,
Nor cloud of want, nor homesick tear
Ever bedim their eyes!
Well for them if true Love but binds,
As did that bit of string,
Brother and sister as one heart
In all Life’s journeying!

GRANDMOTHER'S CAP.



WHAT has become of grandmother's cap
She spread with care on the grass one night,
Close by the blossoming lilac-bush,
To bleach in the dews and moon-beams white ?

Has human malice or elfin guile
Plundered the gossamer web in play ?
Or thoughtless winds from the east or west
Wafted it far from her sight away ?

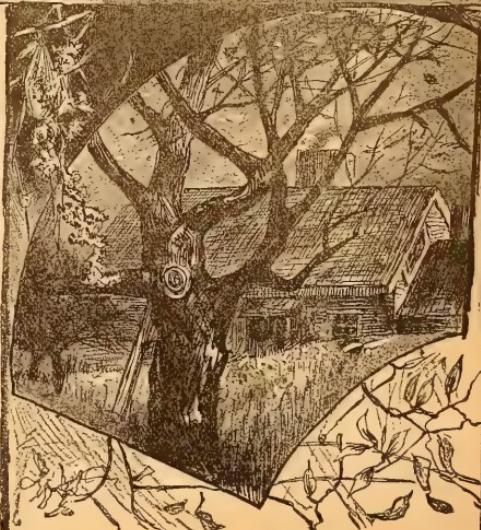
No answer comes to her faithful search,
From the earth-fields green or the sky-fields blue,
And what has become of her finest cap
Is grandmother's wonder the summer through.

The robins could tell ; Dame Redbreast knows ;
For at early dawn, one morning in May,
Seeking her building-stores, she came
Where the bleaching lace in the dew-drops lay.

She seized it, and flew with her helpful mate
To the half-made nest on the apple-tree,
Where they deftly wove it with twigs and straws,
Chatting and singing in frolicsome glee.

But when the lilac, lily and rose
Had bloomed and faded in retinue sweet,
When summer birdlings were fledged and flown,
And autumn winds round the hill-tops beat,

From the leafless boughs of a gnarled old tree
A nest was hanging in ruins forlorn ;
While a fluttering fragment of lace revealed
Grandmother's head-dress spoiled and torn.



KING ROBERT'S BOWL

Clara Doty Gates

THE dews lay chill upon the banks of Urr in Galloway;
The shepherd and his sons were out at earliest peep of day;
And on the cottage fire the gude-wife stirred the butter-brose,
Though scarce had dawn along the east tinted the sky with rose.

Close by upon the river's bank she heard a clash and clang;
Ah! well she knew the deadly sound, and to her doorway sprang;
There two armed knights in furious strife made desperate thrust and pass,
While near two stalwart warriors lay lifeless on the grass.



(It was the time when Robert Bruce, though Scotland's crowned lord,
Was driven his own realm about by Edward's envious sword—
Five centuries and more ago—and oft the dreary heath
Saw lonely battles, hand to hand, end in some lonely death.)



ONLY A YEAR.

One year ago, — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair
Too fair to die.

Only a year ! — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair, but to die !

One year ago — what loves, what schemes
Far into life !
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife !

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone !

One year — one year — one little year —
And so much gone !
And yet that even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom
fair,
Above that head ;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.



"ONE YEAR AGO."



No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, belovéd?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair — what glorious life
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
That mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone—
But *present* still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year!

HARRIET B. STOWE.

MY BOY.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair!
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;

And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes : cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not
there !

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not
there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer ;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ; he is not there !

He lives ! In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God !
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at Thy right hand,
 "Twill be our heaven to find that — he is
 there !

JOHN PIERPONT.

FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child ;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought ;
 Dearest God, forbid it not :
 Give me, dearest God, a place
 In the kingdom of thy grace.

Put thy hands upon my head,
 Let me in thine arms be stayed ;
 Let me lean upon thy breast,
 Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in thy embrace,
 Let me see thy smiling face.
 Give me, Lord, thy blessing give ;
 Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
 Free from sin's uneasy strife,
 Sweetly ignorant of ill,
 Innocent and happy still.

Oh that I may never know
 What the wicked people do !
 Sin is contrary to thee,
 Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence,
 Guard my helpless innocence ;
 Hide me, from all evil hide,
 Self and stubbornness and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to thee ;
 Thou shalt my Example be ;
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art ;
 Give me thy obedient heart.
 Thou art pitiful and kind ;
 Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be ;
 Thou art all humility.
 Let me to my betters bow ;
 Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will ;
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek thine own ;
 Thou thyself didst never please,
 God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hands I am.
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days :
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TO MY MOTHER.

A wayward son oftentimes I was to thee ;
 And yet in all our little bickerings,
 Domestic jars, there was, I know not what
 Of tender feelings that were ill exchanged
 For this world's chilling friendships, and their
 smiles
 Familiar whom the heart calls strangers still.
 A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,

Who lives the last of all his family;
He looks around him, and his eye discerns
The face of the stranger, and his heart is
sick.
Man of the world, what canst thou do for
him?
Wealth is a burden, which he could not bear;
Mirth a strange crime, the which he dare not
act;
And generous wines no cordial to his soul :
For wounds like his Christ is the only cure.
Go, preach thou to him of a world to come,
Where friends shall meet and know each
other's face ;
Say less than this, and say it to the winds.

CHARLES LAMB.

You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sis-
ter,
She's the very first person that ever had kissed
her.
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by
day,
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad
way.
I can bring other witnesses whom you
may face,
They will tell you the same — they were in
the same case.
"Has she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less
than eleven!
She has seven on earth, and four more 'up in
heaven.



"A WAYWARD SON OFTEN TIMES I WAS TO THEE."

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

In a little white house on a hillside green,
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen ;
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may
say,
She's been growing more beautiful every day.

Her hair is so beautiful — faded and thin,
There are beautiful wrinkles, from forehead
to chin,
Her eyes are as charming as charming can
be,
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at
me,

And I know by her life, which has beautiful
been,
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glo-
rious within."
Ah, you've guessed who it is! It could be no
other,
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old
mother.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Off in the after-days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep between the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland.
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy
face;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand.
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of
grace;
Oh, may they then, who crown thee with true
bays,
Saying "What love unto her son she bore!"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
"Nor ever yet was mother worshiped
more!"
So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honored name.

JULIET FANE.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now,—
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,

And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!

ROBERT BURNS.

HOMES.

How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers
And stalketh in its sun !
Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To show the phantom overhead ;
But where the breast, before its prime
That beareth not its dead —
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit, sees no tomb ?

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead ;
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread.
And, oh ! we bear about us still
The dreary moral of his art —
Some form that lieth pale and chill
Upon each living heart,

Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave !

To boyhood, hope — to manhood, fears !
Alas ! alas ! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb !
If childhood seeth all things loved,
Where home's unshadowy shadows waive,
The old man's treasure hath removed —
He looketh to the grave !
For grave and home lie sadly blent
Wherever spreads yon firmament.



"GLAD CHILDHOOD NEEDS THE LORE OF TIME."

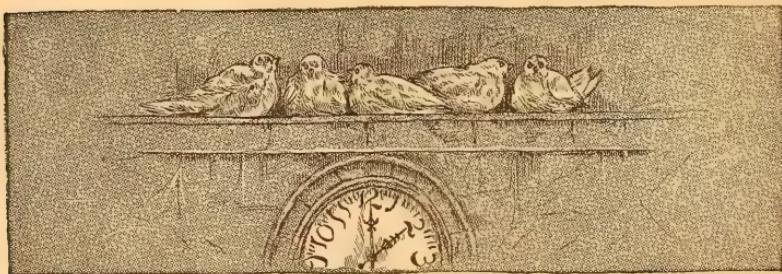
A few short years, and then the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth.
A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And one dear name he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb ;—
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first sad, bitter taste of death !

And years glide on till manhood's come ;—
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair.
A darkness from the church-yard shed
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled
To moulder in the tomb !
And household gifts that memory saves,
But help to count the household graves.

Then homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world ;
But drearier days must yet betide,
Ere sorrow's wings be furled ;
When more within the church-yard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home.
Till home, unto the old man's eye
Itself appears a tomb—
And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the home he longs to have !

It shall be so ! it shall be so !—
Go, bravely trusting — trusting on,
Bear up a few short years, and lo !
The grave and home are one !—
And then, the bright ones gone before
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting — fonder than before,
Until the loved ones come.
A home, where but the life-trees wave !
Like childhood's — That home hath no grave !

THOMAS K. HERVEY.



THE THREE FISHERS.

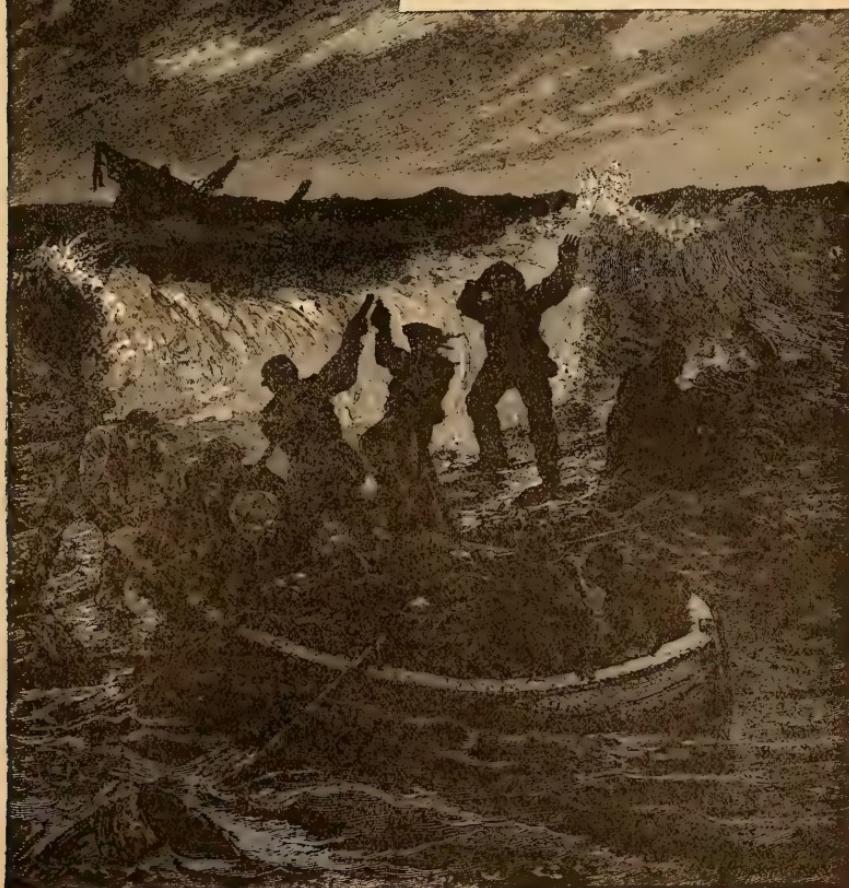
Three fishers went sailing out into the west —
Out into the west as the sun went down—
Each thought of the woman who loved him
the best,
And the children stood watching them out
of the town,
For men must work, and women must weep ;
And there's little to earn, and many to
keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked
at the shower,
And the rack it came, rolling up, ragged
and brown ;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.



Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went
down,
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands,
For those who never will come back to the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



"MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP."



"HOW DEAR TO THIS HEART ARE THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view !

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well !

That moss-covered vessel I hale as a treasure ;

For often, at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well !

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.



"AND E'EN THE RUDE BUCKET WHICH HUNG IN THE WELL."



"HER MOTHER, WHO SITS IN THE TIDY ROOM."

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

Out of the garret,
Odd little thing, we bear it :
Out of the dusty, moldy gloom,
Into the sunlight-flooded room.
Dust is over it heavy and gray,
Thick on the treadle, thick on the wheel,

And spiders have spun on it day by
day,
To mock at its old-time, busy zeal.

Smiling we linger,
Pointing with curious finger

As this or that quaint shape we see
 In this last-century mystery.
 But grandmother's face grows grave and pale,
 Our jests are idle, our wonder lost,
 This little wheel lifts up the veil
 To her from the land of grave and ghost.

Younger and stronger,
 White-haired and weak no longer,
 She sees, wide open, the cottage door,
 The ceiling low, and the sanded floor;
 The roses that climb outside, with bloom
 Half of the window space conceal;
 And her mother, who sits in the tidy room,
 Is spinning flax at this little wheel!

She hears the whirring,
 Soft as a kitten purring,
 And under and over the busy noise
 The tender song of her mother's voice.
 Her childhood's ways she walks again,
 Her childhood's heart she bears once more;
 Drops from her like a leaf, the pain
 And burden of almost fourscore!

But for a minute!
 Then, with a tremor in it
 Of age and grief, her voice speaks low:
 "She died just fifty years ago!"
 Now no longer with spirits gay,
 The novel and crude alone we see,
 But wiping the gathered dust away,
 Our tears fall on it reverently.

We think how tender,
 With love and self-surrender,
 Those busy hands their labor wrought
 Upon it in time to loving thought,—

Hopeful and eager long ago—
 While now in their folded peace they lie,
 Heedless that the toil goes on, below
 The dust of half a century!

Ah, if that spirit
 Could hover once more near it,
 Could out of the dead past come again,
 Warm and living as it was then,
 In the cosy household corner here,
 Where stands the little old-fashioned thing,
 How the children's children gathered near,
 Would give it heartful welcoming!

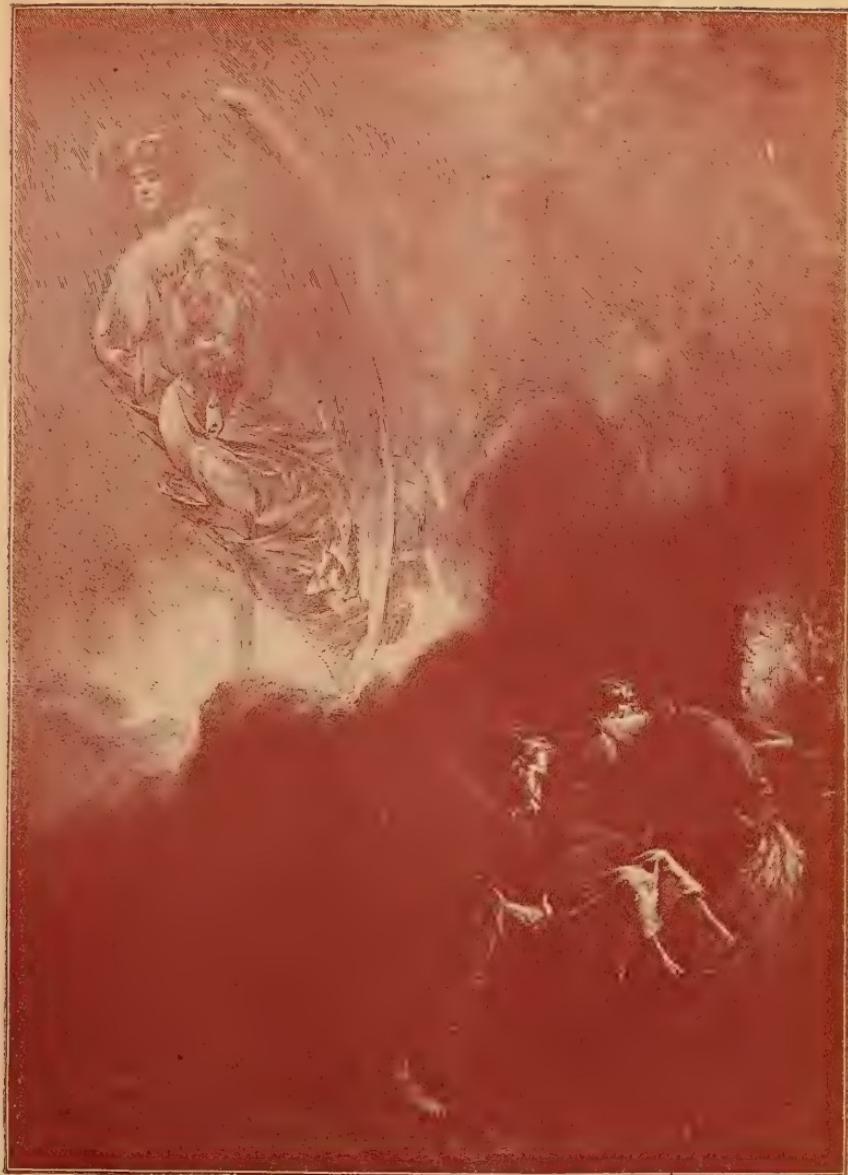
CLARA DORY BATES.

THE HEART'S HOME.

Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life, when sin shall be no more.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 And like benighted men we miss our mark;
 God hides himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
 Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.



A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
thee.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.

Cheer up! my soul, faith's moonbeams softly
glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled
sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean
for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keep-
ing;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and sooth ourselves with
weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless
love.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

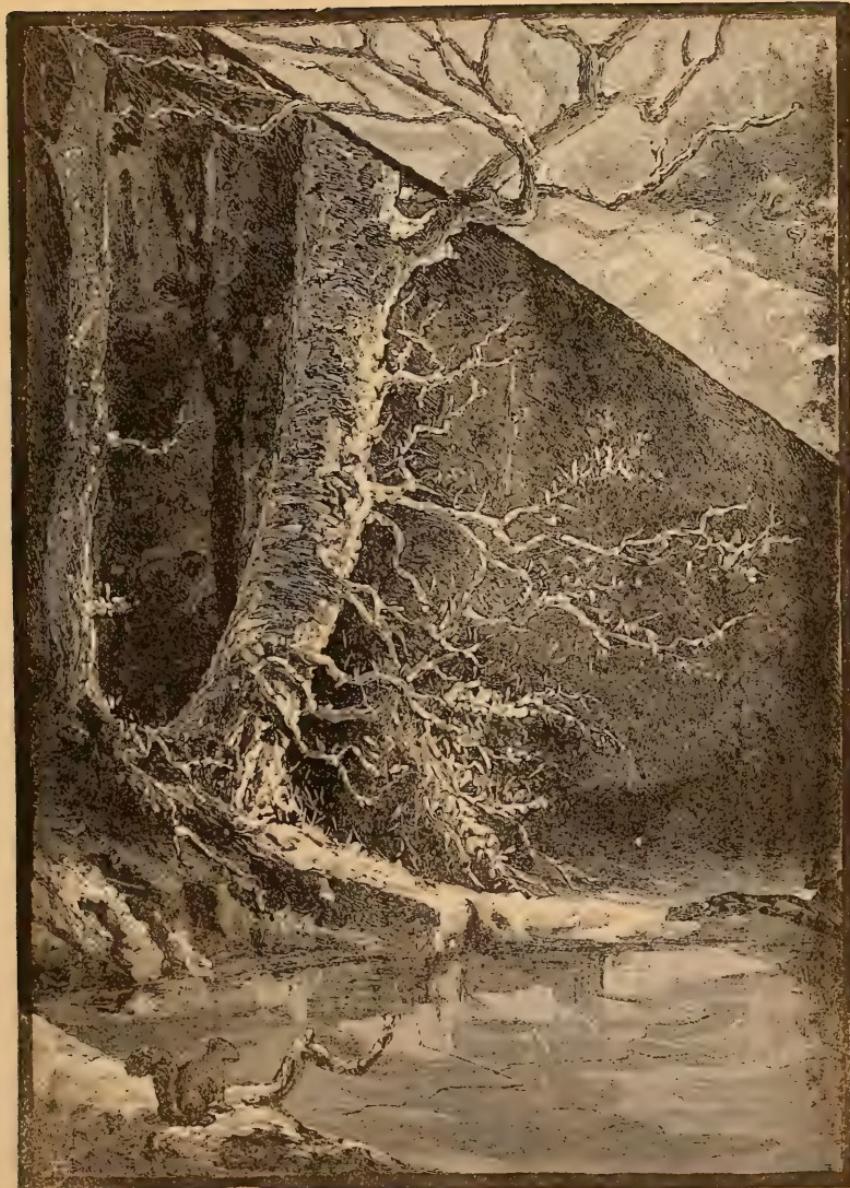
Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of *to-day*;
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody,
This New Year's morning, call me from my sleep;
A new, sweet song is in my heart for thee,
Thou faithful, tender Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou knowest where to find and how to keep
The feeble feet that tremble where they stray;
O'er the dark mountains, through the whelm-
ing deep,
Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.



"THANKSGIVING AND THE VOICE OF MELODY."



"THIS WINTER'S WEATHER ITT WAXETH COLD."

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,
For there thy footsteps, now distinct, I see ;
And seed in weakness sown, from death re-deemed,

Is springing up, and bearing fruit in thee.
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall
be —

A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine
ear,

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody
Are leading in from heaven a blest New
Year.

With voice subdued my listening spirit sings,
As backward on the trodden path I gaze,

While ministering angels fold their wings

To fill with lowly thoughts
my song of praise.

The shadow of the past on fu-ture days

Will make them clear to
my instructed sight :

For the heart's knowledge of
thy sacred ways,
Even in its deepest, darkest
shades, is light.

I am not stronger, — yet I do
not fear

The present pain, the con-flict yet to be :

Experience is a kind voice in
my ear,

And all my failures bid me
lean on thee.

No future suffering can seem
strange to me,

While in the hidden past I
feel and know

The wisdom of a child at rest
and free

In the tried love whose judg-ment keeps him low.

Thanksgiving and the voice
of melody !

Oh, to my tranquil heart, how
sweet the strain !

Father of mercies ! it arose in thee,
And to thy bosom it returns again.
There let my grateful song, my soul remain,
Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care ;
And welcome any trial, any pain,
That serves to keep thy faithful children
there.

Thoughts of Thy love — and oh, how great
the sum !

Enduring grief, obtaining bliss, for me ;
The world, life, death, things present, things
to come,
A'l swell the New Year's opening mel-o-dy.



"THE HOARY SICK... BE PLEASED TO SPARE."

Past, present, future, all things worship thee;
And I, through all, with trembling joy be-
hold,
While mountains fall, and treacherous visions
flee,
Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

LINES LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,—
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,—
Thou knowest the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway !

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven !

ROBERT BURNS.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT
THEE.

This winter's weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill ;

Bell, my wiffe, who loves noe strife,
Shee sayd unto me, quietley,
"Rise up, and save cow Cumbocke's liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee."

HE.

O, Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne ?
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin :
It is soe bare and overworne
A cricke he thereon cannot run ;
When I'll no longer borrowe nor lend,
For once I'll new appareld bee,
To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
For I'll have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Cumbocke is a very good cow,
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese I
trow,
And other things shee will not fayle ;
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go see fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
It hath beene alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat ;
I have had it four-and-forty yeere ;
Some time itt was of cloth in grain,
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see,
It will neither hold winde nor raine ;
And I'll have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

It is four-and-fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had, betwixt us twoe,
Of children either nine or ten ;
Wee have brought them up to women and
men ;
In the feare of God I trow they bee ;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken ?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O, Bell, my wiffe, why dost thou floute ?
 Now is nowe and then was then :
 Seeke now all the world throughout ;
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen,
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellow or
 gray,
 Soe far above their owne degree,
 Once in my life I'll doe as they,
 For I'll have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crown ;
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;
 Therefore he called the taylor lowne,

And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though I'me good
 man ;
 It's not for a man with a woman to threape,
 Unless he first gave o'er the plea :
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And I'll take mine old cloake about me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play,
 And persuade myself that I am not old,
 And my locks are not yet gray ;



"I LOVE TO LOOK ON A SCENE LIKE THIS."

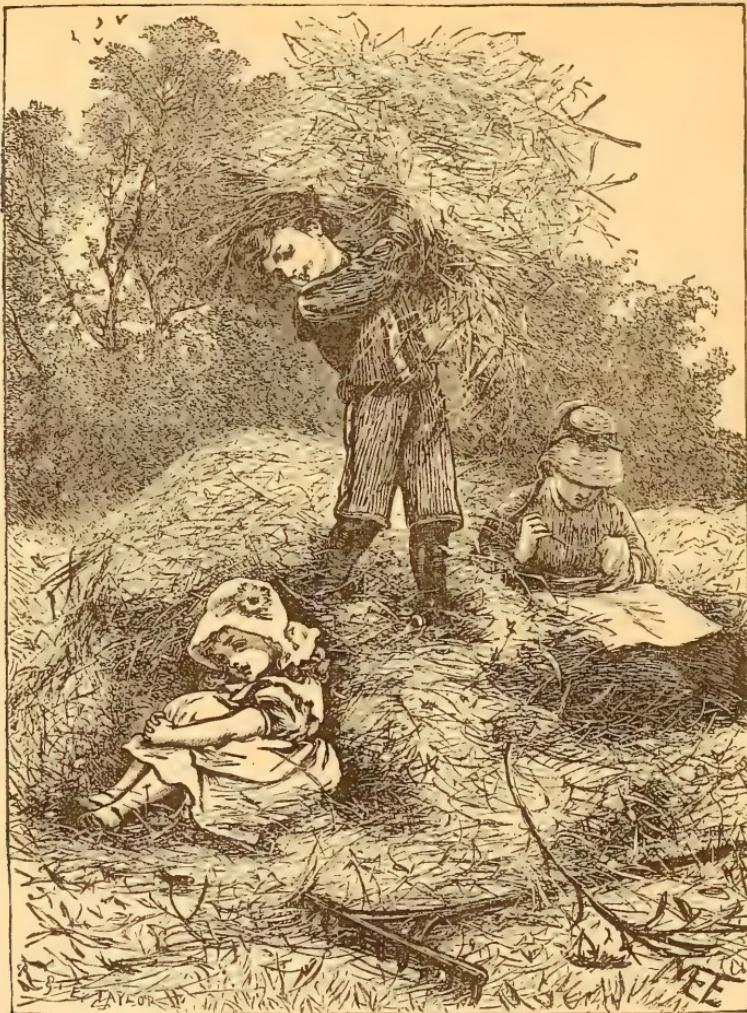
He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thou but of a low degree ;
 It's pride that putteth this countrye downe,
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
 And they say that I am old ;
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death.



"I HIDE WITH YOU IN THE FRAGRANT HAY."

And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true ; it is very true ;
I'm old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like
this
And I half renew my prime.

Play on ! play on ! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,

And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

PARSON KELLY.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife, Irene
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead,

Though now for sixty years the grass has
grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm summer air,
The old man sits for hours.
The idle wind, that stirs his silver hair,
Is sweet with June's first flowers ;
But dull his mind, and clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days ;

And dim
The past and present look alike to him.
The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since
heard—
Glad childhood's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts ; while indis-
tinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is
linked —
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms bowed,
The rose-tree branch hangs low,

And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.

"Oh, is it you?" the old man asks ; "Irene!"
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's
seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath !

Down from the gambrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings —
A golden gleam from some long vanished day,
"Dear love," he calls ; then, "Why will you
not stay?"

He sighs,
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies !
Oh, constant heart ! whose failing thoughts
cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust,
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's
breath,
Dream on ! Love pure as thine shall outlive
death,
And when
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine
again !

ANNIE DOUGLASS GREEN.

COME HOME!

Come home with me, beloved,—
Home to the heart of God !
In lonely, separate by-ways
We long enough have trod.
Away from rest and shelter
Why should we further press ?
The end of our self-seeking
Is only homelessness.

Come home with me, beloved !
God's children have but one ;
Its windows glow and glisten,
Lit from beyond the sun ;
Its golden hearth fires beckon
To all, and aye to each

In deserts deep entangled,
Where but His eye can reach.

Come home with me, beloved !
These earthly homes of ours
Lift up their dull clay turrets
To hide heaven's pearly towers ;
We stay shut in distrustful,
Behind our threshold line ;
But He, with boundless welcome,
Flings wide His gates divine.

Come home with me, beloved !
The dearest of the dear
Is never comprehended
Or rightly measured here ;
But we shall know each other
At last, grown pure and wise,
Reading Truth's radiant secret —
With love's enlightened eyes.

Come home with me, beloved !
Each in that house shall have
His own peculiar chamber,
Filled with the gifts he gave, —
The mansion's Lord, our Father ;
While, sons and princes there,
Each royally with others
His blessedness shall share.

Come home with me, beloved,
Home to God's waiting heart !
In gladness met together
From paths too long apart,
Strangers no more, but brethren,
One life with him to live ;
Eternally receiving,
Eternally to give !

LUCY LARCOM.

THE AULD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

Come closer to my side, good wife —
The wedding revels all are done,
And we have given our household pet
Unto her choice, and they are gone ;

We sit and listen here in vain
For her sweet voice, her soft footfall :
We two old people must again
Be to each other all in all.

What is there in this firelight glow
That brings the dreams of other years
Into our hearts, that makes us now
Smile for those smiles — weep for those
tears ?

For here, in this dim firelight,
I've dreamed our early love to-night,

When first, dear one — 'twas long ago,
If we should count the time by years, —
Thy locks are sprinkled thick with snow,
My head a crown of silver wears —
When first I dreamt that thou might be
Dearer than all the world to me.

We stood — I see the very spot,
In memory's pages, growing dim,
I've marked it with forget-me-not,
The little wicket, quaint and trim,
By which we stood in the half-light
Of twilight stars, to say good-night.

Round us the fields were black and brown.
And o'er the tree-tops, chill and drear,
The cold winds were drifting down —
"Twas in the autumn of the year —
All this we saw, yet did not see —
Our world held only you and me.

And then we said "Good-night," yet still
My hands were clasping both of thine,
And then we sought each other's eyes —
Yours fell beneath the gaze of mine —
And then my arm round thee was thrown ;
My lips pressed kisses on thine own.

Ah, well ! the years have taken wings
Since first I stole thine heart away,
And life has brought us what life brings
To mortals always — work and play,
Sorrow and laughter ; still to meet
Them all with thee has made life sweet !



E.P. Mayden

SUMMER-TIME.



"HOW SOMETIMES IN AN IDLE MOOD WE LOITERED BY THE WAY."

And when beyond the sunset hills
We go together, you and I,
And with its sorrows and its ills
The life of earth hath passed us by,
'Twill make the joy of heaven to me,
To live the life of heaven with thee !

MAUD MOORE.

COMING HOME.

O brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling
trees,
Where once our household met ?

Do you know how we used to come from
school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat ;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet ?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way ;

And stopped in the woods to gather flowers
And in the fields to play ;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight !

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door ?

Alas, for the changing things of time ;
That home in the dust is low ;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago !

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eye
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So brothers and sisters as we go,
Still let us move as one,

Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of paradise
For her children's coming feet !

PHEBE CARY.

OUR OWN.

If I had known, in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But — we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease !
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



"THAT MOTHER WHO WATCHED FOR US THERE."



MY AIN COUNTREE.

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary afterwhiles,
For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles ;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven, an' my ain coun-tree.

'The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae ;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring :
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair ;
His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast ;
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless lambs like me,
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;

But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shining gate ;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

SWEET AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorne grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my b'ok-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

With the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win,
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with an humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

JONES VERY.

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As a tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
“Don’t smoke!” said the child; “how it makes you cry!”

The house-dog lay stretch’d out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantletree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were press’d;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'tis kind of thee
To wait until the friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness,— but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett Graveyard, where at monthly meeting first we met.
The Father’s mercy shows in this: ‘t is better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but
one long day,
One quiet sabbath of the heart, till he was
called away;
And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet
contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the
days to come.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon
the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more
fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said,
and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could
say the same.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it
was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I
should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind
that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew
what best to say.

I used to blush when he came near, but then
I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his
hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I
was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too,
hast been a wife.

"Then she was still: they sat awhile; at last
she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and
"Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not
the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Ortho-
dox.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so
green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the mead-
ows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every
face was kind,—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back
upon my mind.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter
Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could
not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she
hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a
happy one, at least.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-
dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father
at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas
she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjam'ⁿ, — and now
they're gone, all three!

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's
as old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt
temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple
for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon
at the waist.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord dis-
poses best.
His spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them
for his rest;
And that he halved our little flock was merci-
ful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are
left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee 'll say her ways are not like mine,— young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within :
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A BABE IN ITS HEAVENLY HOME.

Sweet babe !
She glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery;
Then turned away her languid eye,
To drop a tear or two — and die.

Sweet babe !
She tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up,
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste—and died.

Sweet babe !
She listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then turned her ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial—sighed and died.

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now;
Before the throne behold her bow;
To heavenly joys her spirit flies,
Blest in the triumph of the skies;

Adores the grace that brought her there,
Without a wish, without a care,
That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
That shortened life's distressing dream.

Short pain, short grief, dear babe, were thine ;
Now joys eternal and divine;
Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing :
Thine infant spirit soars on angel-wing ;
Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay,
The voice of God has called his child away.
Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
Oh ! more than Samuel blest, to thee is given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty, side by side;
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight :
Where are those dreamers now ?



One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.



"HE WAS THE LOVED OF ALL."

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are
dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
On the blood-red field of Spain.

And one,—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;

She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the
hearth,—
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

FELICIA HEMANS.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

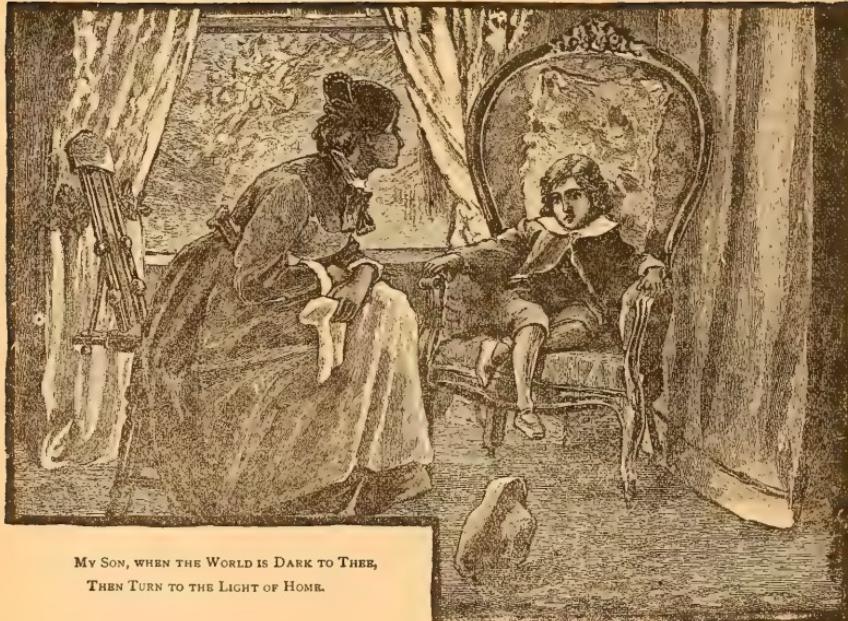
And has the earth lost its so spacious
round,
The sky its blue circumference
above,
That in this little chamber there is
found
Both earth and heaven—my uni-
verse of love!
All that my God can give me, or
remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mi-
mic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I
behoove
To life their living and to breathe
their breath!

Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and
strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband
wife,
Together pant in everlasting life.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,



And thou *must* go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasures may smile with a ray more
bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the
night
When treading thy lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire—
Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam—

When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home!

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
Thou'l see the beacon bright;
For never till shining on thy shroud
Can be quenched its holy light.

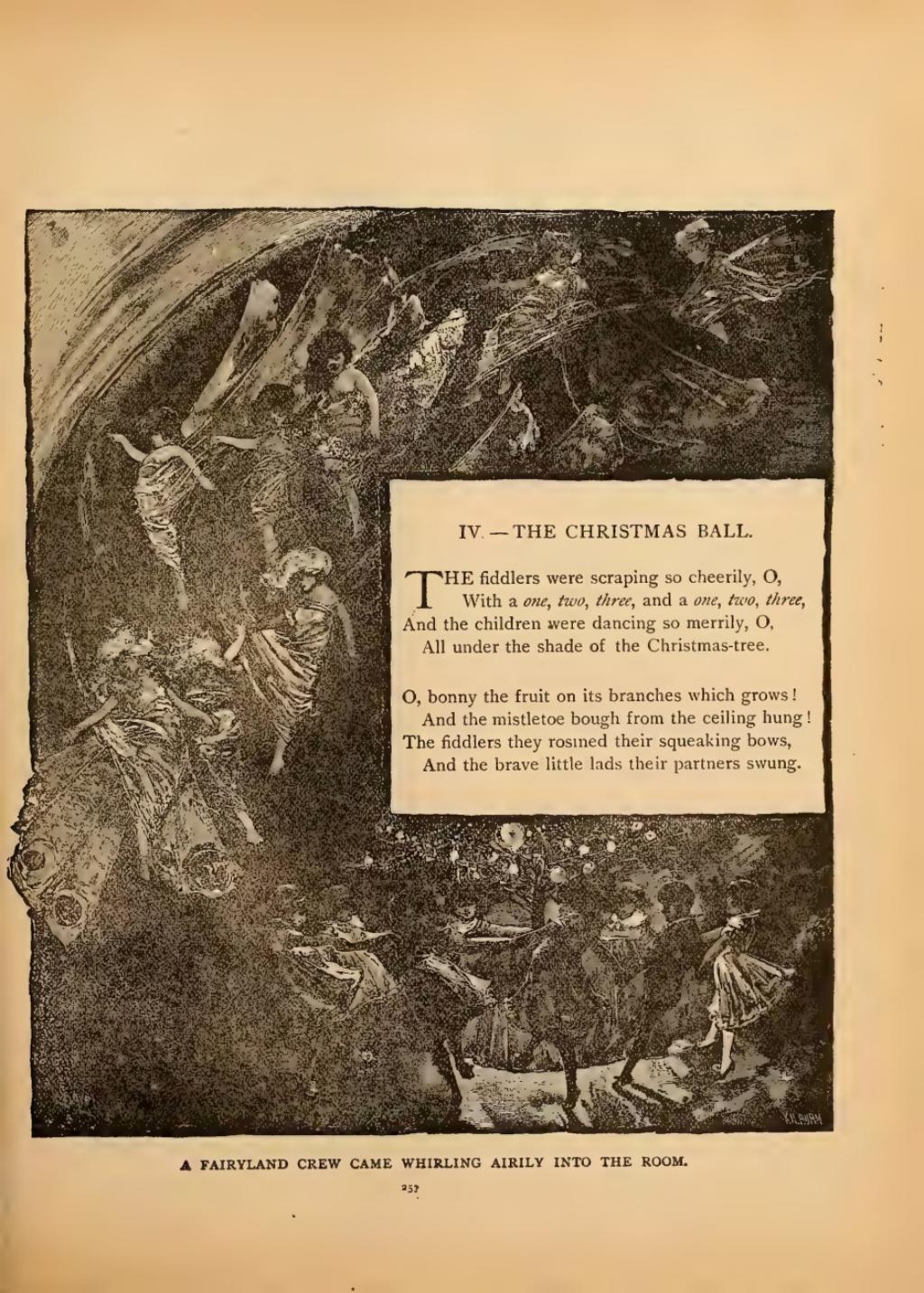
The sun of fame may gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day :

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come!—
My son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.



THE SEASON THAT IS COMING.



IV.—THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

THE fiddlers were scraping so cheerily, O,
With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*,
And the children were dancing so merrily, O,
All under the shade of the Christmas-tree.

O, bonny the fruit on its branches which grows !
And the mistletoe bough from the ceiling hung !
The fiddlers they rosined their squeaking bows,
And the brave little lads their partners swung.

A FAIRYLAND CREW CAME WHIRLING AIRILY INTO THE ROOM.

Oh, the fiddlers they played such a merry tune,
With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*,
And the children they blossomed like roses in June,
All under the boughs of the Christmas-tree.

And the fiddlers were scraping so merrily, O,
With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*;
And the children were dancing so cheerily, O,
All under the shade of the Christmas-tree —

When, all of a sudden, a fairy-land crew
Came whirling airily into the room,
As light as the fluffy balls, they flew,
Which fly from the purple thistle-bloom.

There were little girl-fairies in cobweb frocks
All spun by spiders from golden threads,
With butterfly-wings and glistening locks,
And strings of dewdrops encircling their heads !

There were little boy-fairies in jewelled coats
Of pansy-velvet, of cost untold,
With chains of daisies around their throats,
And their heads all powdered with lily-gold !

The fiddlers they laughed till they scarce could see,
And then they fiddled so cheerily, O,
And the fairies and children around the tree,
They all went tripping so merrily, O.

The fiddlers they boxed up their fiddles all ;
The fairies they silently flew away ;
But every child at the Christmas ball
Had danced with a fairy first, they say.

So they told their mothers — and did not you
Ever have such a lovely time at your play,
My boy and my girl, that it seemed quite true
That you'd played with a fairy all the day ?

V.—THE PURITAN DOLL.

OUR Puritan fathers, stern and good,
Had never a holiday ;
Sober and earnest seemed life to them —
They only stopped working to pray.

And the little Puritan maidens learned
Their catechisms through ;
And spun their stints, and wove themselves
Their garments of homely blue.

And they never made merry on Christmas day —
It would savor of Pope and Rome ;
And never there was a Christmas-tree
Set up in a Puritan home.

And Christmas eve, in the chimney-place,
There was never a stocking hung ;
There never was woven a Christmas wreath,
There was never a carol sung.

Sweet little Ruth, with her flaxen hair
All neatly braided and tied,

Was sitting one old December day
At her pretty young mother's side.

She listened, speaking never a word,
With her serious, thoughtful look,
To the Christmas story her mother read
Out of the good old Book.

“I'll tell thee, Ruth !” her mother cried,
Herself scarce more than a girl,
As she smoothed her little daughter's hair,
Lest it straggle out into a curl,

“If thy stint be spun each day this week,
And thou toil like the busy bee,
A Christmas present on Christmas day
I promise to give to thee.”

And then she talked of those merry times
She never could quite forget ;
The Christmas cheer, the holly and yule —
She was hardly a Puritan yet.

She talked of those dear old English days,
With tears in her loving eyes,
And little Ruth heard like a Puritan child,
With a quiet though glad surprise.



RUTH TAKES HER GIFT.

But nevertheless she thought of her gift,
As much as would any of you,
And busily round, each day of the week,
Her little spinning-wheel flew.

Tired little Ruth ! but oh, she thought
She was paid for it after all,
When her mother gave her on Christmas day,
A little Puritan doll.

"Twas made of a piece of a homespun sheet,
Dressed in a homespun gown
Cut just like Ruth's, and a little cap
With a stiff white muslin crown.

A primly folded muslin cape —
I don't think one of you all
Would have been so bold as to dare to play
With that dignified Puritan doll.

Dear little Ruth showed her delight
In her queer little quiet way ;
She did not say much, but she held her doll
In her arms all Christmas day.

And when at twilight her mother read
That Christmas story o'er,
Happy Ruth took the sweetness of it in
As she never had done before.

And then (she always said "good-night")
When the shadows began to fall)
She was so happy she went to sleep
Still holding her Christmas doll.

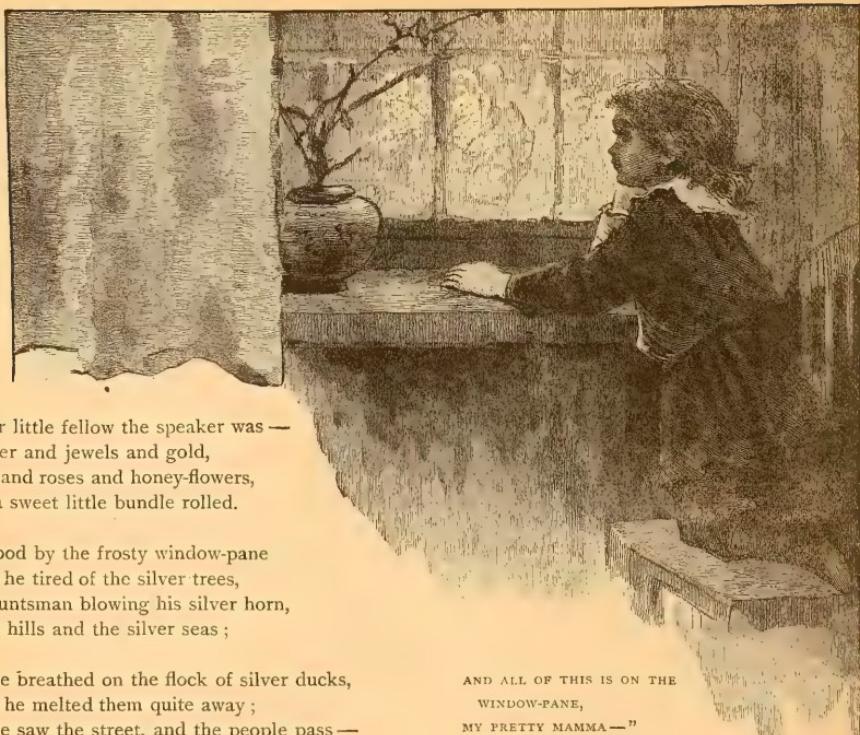
VI.—THE GIFT THAT NONE COULD SEE.

THREE are silver pines on the window-pane,
A forest of them," said he;
"And a huntsman is there with a silver horn,
Which he bloweth right merrily.

"And there are a flock of silver ducks
A-flying over his head;

And a silver sea and a silver hill
In the distance away," he said.

"And all of this is on the window-pane,
My pretty mamma, true as true!"
She lovingly smiled, but she looked not up,
And faster her needle flew.



A dear little fellow the speaker was —
Silver and jewels and gold,
Lilies and roses and honey-flowers,
In a sweet little bundle rolled.

He stood by the frosty window-pane
Till he tired of the silver trees,
The huntsman blowing his silver horn,
The hills and the silver seas ;

And he breathed on the flock of silver ducks,
Till he melted them quite away ;
And he saw the street, and the people pass —
And the morrow was Christmas day.

“The children are out, and they laugh and shout,
I know what it's for,” said he ;
“And they're dragging along, my pretty mamma,
A fir for a Christmas-tree.”

He came and stood by his mother's side :
“To-night it is Christmas eve,
And is there a gift somewhere for me,
Gold mamma, do you believe ?”

Still the needle sped in her slender hands :
“My little sweetheart,” said she,
“The Christ Child has planned this Christmas for you
His gift that you cannot see.”

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise look
On his beautiful baby-face :
“Then my stocking I'll hang for the Christ Child's gift,
To-night, in the chimney-place.”

AND ALL OF THIS IS ON THE
WINDOW-PANE,
MY PRETTY MAMMA — ”

On Christmas morning the city through,
The children were queens and kings,
With their royal treasures bursting o'er
With wonderful, lovely things.

But the merriest child in the city full,
And the fullest of all with glee,
Was the one whom the dear Christ Child had brought
The gift that he could not see.

“Quite empty it looks, oh my gold mamma,
The stocking I hung last night ! ”
“So then it is full of the Christ Child's gift.”
And she smiled till his face grew bright.

“Now sweetheart,” she said, with a patient look
On her delicate, weary face,
“I must go and carry my sewing home,
And leave thee a little space.”

"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts, heart's delight,
And I soon will be back to thee."
"I'll play, while you're gone, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see."

He watched his mother pass down the street;
Then he looked at the window-pane
Where a garden of new frost-flowers had bloomed
While he on his bed had lain.

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,
And quietly sat a while,
Holding it fast, and eyeing it
With his innocent, trusting smile.

"And where are you going, you dear little man?"
They called to him as he passed;
"That empty stocking why do you hold
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with his honest eyes,
And answered sturdily:
"My stocking is *full to the top*, kind sirs,
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he trudged along,
With his stocking fast in his hand:
"And I wonder why 'tis that the people all
Seem not to understand!"



"AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING, YOU DEAR LITTLE MAN?"

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;
"I think I will go and meet
My pretty mamma, and come with her
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,
My gift that I cannot see."
And down the street, 'mid the chattering crowd,
He trotted right merrily.

"Oh my heart's little flower!" she cried to him,
A-hurrying down the street;
"And why are you out on the street alone?
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see;
But tell me why that the people laugh
And stare at my gift and me?"

Like the Maid at her Son, in the Altar-piece,
So loving she looked and mild :
" Because, dear heart, of all that you met,
Not one was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,
The lesson is meant for thee :

That thou mayst get Christ's loveliest gifts
In ways thou canst not see ;

And how, although no earthly good
Seems into thy lot to fall,
Hast thou a trusting child-like heart,
Thou hast the best of all.

A LITTLE SISTER'S STORY.

By M. E. B.

WHEN the fairies used to live here,
Then you know
There was never any dark,
Or any snow;
But the great big sun kept shining
All the night,
And the roses just kept blooming,
Oh, so bright !
And the little children never
Teased their mothers,
And the little girls always
Loved their brothers,
And the brothers—they were just as
Mild and kind,
Every single thing you told them
They would mind;
And they played so *very* gently—
But you know
That was when the fairies lived here,
Long Ago !

Yes, the fairies used to live here !
You would meet
The dear darlings in the garden
And the street,
Dressed in rainbows, oh, so lovely !
With bright wings,
And their voices like a linnet
When he sings.

And their sweet kind eyes so loving
That you knew
They were wishing all good wishes
Just for you.
Then the flowers bent to kiss them
When they'd pass,
And the small blades reached to hold them
From the grass;
For each pretty thing about them
Loved them so,
When the darling fairies lived here,
Long Ago.

Then the dollies were not made
Of wax alone,
But were just like other babies,
Flesh and bone ;
They could sit and they could stand,
Yes, even walk ;
They could laugh and they could cry—dear,
THEY COULD TALK !
And they never got their legs
Or arms broke,
When the naughty boys just pulled them
For a joke,
For there *were* no naughty boys,
— But then you know
That was when the fairies lived here,
Long Ago !

Then the nurses, when they brushed
 The longest curls,
 Never snapped and hurt the heads
 Of little girls;
 You could wear your bestest dresses
 Every day,
 And they never spoiled with any
 Kind of play;

Whips and trumpets, whistles,
 Lovely toys,
 That could make such awful
 Lots of noise!
 You could eat ice-cream and candy
 All day long,
 And no one ever told you
 It was wrong!



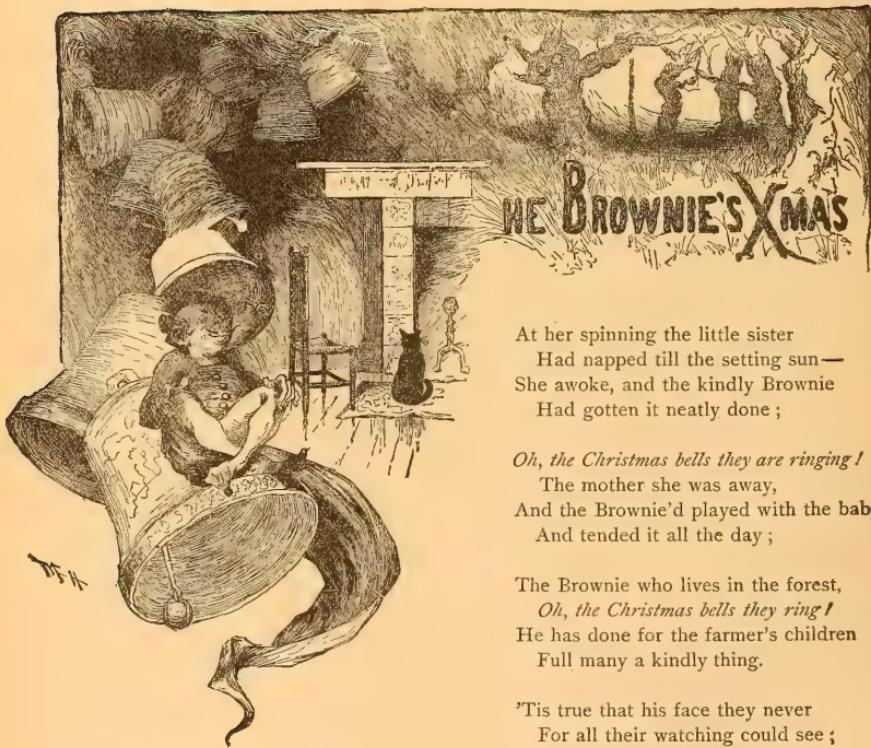
THE LITTLE SISTER AND HER BROTHERS.

You could make mud-pies and still be
 Just as clean
 As the neatest little child
 Was ever seen.
 Boys' big pockets bulged out
 Full of tops,
 Marbles, pennies, knives and
 Acid drops,

“What were all the mothers doing?”
 I don't know;
 This was when the *fairies* lived here,
 Long Ago.
 And you never heard a single
 Children cry!
 “You wish they lived here now?” Dear,
 So do I.

POEMS OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



THE POOR LITTLE FRIENDLY BROWNIE.

THE Brownie who lives in the forest,
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!
 He has done for the farmer's children
 Full many a kindly thing :

When their cows were lost in the gloaming
 He has driven them safely home ;
 He has led their bees to the flowers,
 To fill up their golden comb ;

At her spinning the little sister
 Had napped till the setting sun —
 She awoke, and the kindly Brownie
 Had gotten it neatly done ;

Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing !
 The mother she was away,
 And the Brownie'd played with the baby
 And tended it all the day ;

The Brownie who lives in the forest,
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring !
 He has done for the farmer's children
 Full many a kindly thing.

'Tis true that his face they never
 For all their watching could see ;
 Yet who else did the kindly service,
 I pray, if it were not he !

But the poor little friendly Brownie,
 His life was a weary thing ;
 For never had he been in holy church
 And heard the children sing ;

And never had he had a Christmas ;
 Nor had bent in prayer his knee :
 He had lived for a thousand years,
 And all weary-worn was he.



"I'VE COME TO SING YOU A CHRISTMAS SONG!"



Or that was the story the children
Had heard at their mother's side ;
And together they talked it over,
One merry Christmas-tide.

The pitiful little sister
With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window —
'Twas toward the close of day —
And they talked about the Brownie
While resting from their play.

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas,"
The dear little sister said,
And a-shaking as she spoke
Her glossy, yellow head ;

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas ;
While so many gifts had we,
To the floor last night they bended
The boughs of the Christmas-tree."

Then the little elder brother,
He spake up in his turn,
With both of his blue eyes beaming,
While his cheeks began to burn :

"Let us do up for the Brownie
A Christmas bundle now,
And leave it in the forest pathway
Where the great oak branches bow.

"We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'
And 'A Merry Christmas Day !'
And sure will he be to find it,
For he goeth home that way !"

Then the tender little sister
With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
And the darling five-year-old,

Tied up in a little bundle
Some toys, with a loving care,
And marked it, "For the Brownie,"
In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas!"
And then, in the dusk, the three
Went to the wood and left it
Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children
Slept sweet on that Christmas night,
Two wanderers through the forest
Came in the clear moonlight.

And neither one was the Brownie,
But sorry were both as he ;
And their hearts, with each fresh footstep,
Were aching steadily.



IN THE WESTERN WINDOW.

A slender man with an organ
Strapped on by a leathern band,
And a girl with a tambourine
A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with the tambourine,
Big sorrowful eyes she had ;
In the cold white wood she shivered
In her ragged raiment clad.

"And what is there here to do?" she said;

"I'm froze i' the light o' the moon!

Shall we play to these sad old forest trees

Some merry and jigging tune?

"And, father, you know it is Christmas-time,

And had we staid i' the town

And I gone to one o' the Christmas-trees,

A gift might have fallen down!

"You cannot certainly know it would not!

I'd ha' gone right under the tree!

Are you *sure* that none o' the Christmases

Were meant for you and me?"

"Though to-night be the Christ's own birthday night,

And all the world hath grace,

There is not a home in all the world

Which holdeth for us a place."

Slow plodding adown the forest path,

"And now, what is this?" he said;

And the children's bundle he lifted up,

And "For the Brownie," read,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas Day!"

"Now if this be done," said he,

"Somewhere in the world perhaps there is

A place for you and me!"

And the bundle he opened softly:

"This is children's tender thought;

Their own little Christmas presents

They have to the Brownie brought.

"If there liveth such tender pity

Toward a thing so dim and low,

There is kindness sure remaining

Of which I did not know.

"Oh children, there's never a Brownie —

That sorry uncanny thing;

But nearest and next are the homeless

When the Christmas joy-bells ring."

Out laughed the little daughter,

And she gathered the toys with glee:

"My Christmas present has fallen!

This oak was my Christmas-tree!"

Then away they went through the forest,

The wanderers, hand in hand;

And the snow, they were both so merry,

It glinted like golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,

In the morning clear and cold,

Came leading the little sister

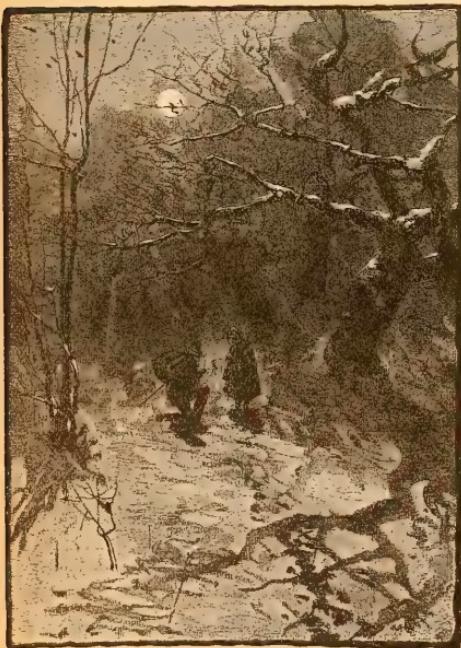
And the darling five-year-old.

"Oh," he cries, "he's taken the bundle!"

As carefully round he peers;

"And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas

After a thousand years!"



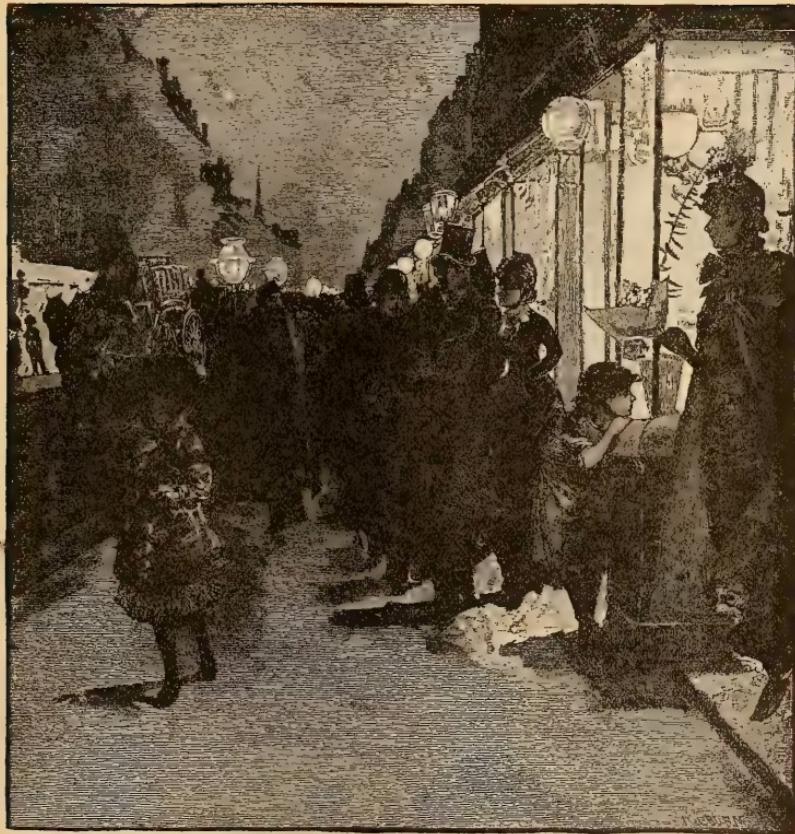
IN THE COLD WHITE WOOD.

"These dry dead leaves," he answered her, sad,

"Which the forest casteth down,

Are more than you'd get from a Christmas-tree

In the merry and thoughtless town.



IN THE SHOP-LIGHT GLARE.

THE ROSE AND THE WAIF.

—
BY MAY PALMER DALY.

THE people were hurrying homeward,
 The shops looked cheery and bright,
 As the twilight crept over the city
 With a dusky lingering light,

Casting a blurring shadow
 Over the ceaseless throng

Passing and jostling each other,
 Resistlessly sweeping along.

And the ring of horses' feet
 Broke sharp on the frosty air
 As away a carriage rattled
 Or stopped in the shop-light glare;

And perhaps a woman in trailing silk
Would step from the carriage door,
With a faint sweet trace of perfume
As she hurried into the store.

Brightly the lighted flower-shop
Shone into the dusky street,
Its glittering windows beautiful
With the flowers gay and sweet.

And close to the shining window
A little girl, poor and thin,
With her wistful eyes stood gazing
At the fairy-land within;

Her little arms huddled together,
Her fingers so cold and blue,
Motionless still as the night drew on,
Chilling her through and through.

Ulstered and furred and cosey,
A man was passing the shop;
But a glimpse of the face so wistful
Moved him to turn and stop.

And a sorrowful wave of pity
Swept over his heart at the sight
Of the little creature standing there
So wan in the golden light.

Then, swiftly going toward her,
He touched her fingers blue:
“And what do you want, my little one?
And what can I do for you?”

Almost guiltily starting,
Though cheery and warm his tone,
She looked with fierce and distrustful eyes
In the kind ones bent to her own.

And then, in a tone of defiance,
With a shake of her little head:
“What I want is one of them roses
So big and so warm and red!”

“You poor little thing!” He took her hand,
And led her into the store;

“Now choose for yourself the prettiest one,”
He said as they closed the door.

How she clasped the rose that he gave her,
With a rapture before unknown!
How the great dark hungry eyes
With a happy wonder shone!

He left her; and, heedless of all around,
Out in the cold she went,
And her life was no longer bitter,
But sweet with the rose it blent.



NOW CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF THE PRETTIEST ONE.

Wandering on in a fairy dream,
Happy and glad at heart,
Till — sharp was the shout of warning
Which turned her back with a start!

Tighter she clasped her precious rose,
Close to her heart 'twas pressed;
The fear that the flower would be taken away
Was the terror that filled her breast.

A KING'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

And back she ran in a frightened way,
Unheeding the wilder call,
Right under the feet of the startled steeds —
A cry — and that was all.

White and still in the turbulent stream,
Still clasping the rose she lay —
The rose that just the space of a dream
Had banished life's sadness away.



WHITE AND STILL.

A KING'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

THIS is the story that a dead man writ:
(Five hundred years ago, it must be quite.
Worlds-full of children listened once to it
Who do not ask for stories now at night;

Worlds-full of children, who have followed him —
The King they learned to love and to forgive,
About whose feet the North-snows once lay dim —
To the sweet land where he has gone to live.)

He was a boy whose purple cap could show
As true a peacock's plume as ever fanned
Bright royal hair; but in the gracious glow
Of his fair head strange things, it seems, were
planned.

"To be a prince is well enough," thought he,
"But then, would it not be a braver thing
To be — my father, only young! To be,"
He whispered, oh, so low, "to be the King!"

"My father, who may live for years and years;
And I, meanwhile? Prince Henry to the last!
Sin, by God's grace, may be washed out with tears,
And some day I'll have time to pray and fast."

He blew a blast that wailed from field to field;
Then, with his sword's point hurled his father down
And bared his own dark forehead, and revealed
Thereon the sudden lightning of the crown.

But soon that fire of jewels round his head
Burned to his heart. He sat forlorn with grief.
"We'll send across the mountains there," he said,
"To our great Priest in Italy for relief."

His Holiness sat thinking in his town
Of Rome, five minutes, or it may be more;
His scarlet Cardinals pulled their brave hats down,
And thought as Cardinals never thought be-
fore.

"Tell him," the reverend Father said, "to build
Strong churches, and give freely of his gold
To our poor brothers." — So his realm was filled
With monks and abbeys. But, shall truth be told?

His father's shadow would not let him be —
Till, one fine night, out of the pleasant skies
Mary looked down, remembering that he
Was once a child, with sweet half-human eyes.

A GREAT SHAME.

"He shall be glad again, for he shall make
The li'tie ones glad in memory of my Son,"
She said. Her aureole flashed the King awake;
He thought: "Let my Lord's mother's will be
done."

So from his head the cruel crown he shook,
And from his breast the ermine cloak he tore,
And, wrapped in serge, his lonesome way he took
In the weird night from dreaming door to door.

A very Saint of Christmas in the moon,
Followed by glimmering evergreens and toys,
The old King looked.—And did they wake too soon,
Those blonde-haired, blue-eyed far-back girls and
boys?

I only know that still the peasants say,
In his far country, that a strange King walks
All night before the Lord Christ's glad birthday,
And leaves no track — a King who never
talks!

And sometimes children, stealing from their bed
To look if the slow morning yet be near,
Have seen his sweeping beard and hooded head,
And gray still smile, with never any fear.

They know the dawn will light the loveliest things
Left in the silence by their silent friend;
They know the strange King is the best of Kings,
And mean to love him till the worlds shall
end.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



SHE READS HIM A "ONCE UPON A TIME" STORY.

NOW, once upon a time, there were three children,
And each of them had little daisy-crowns

Their mother freshly wove for them each morning,
And all of them wore dotted muslin gowns.

And, once upon a time, the three went rambling
Away from home, amid the wild greenwood;
And, once upon a time, they met a lambkin,
And not a wolf like poor Red Riding Hood;

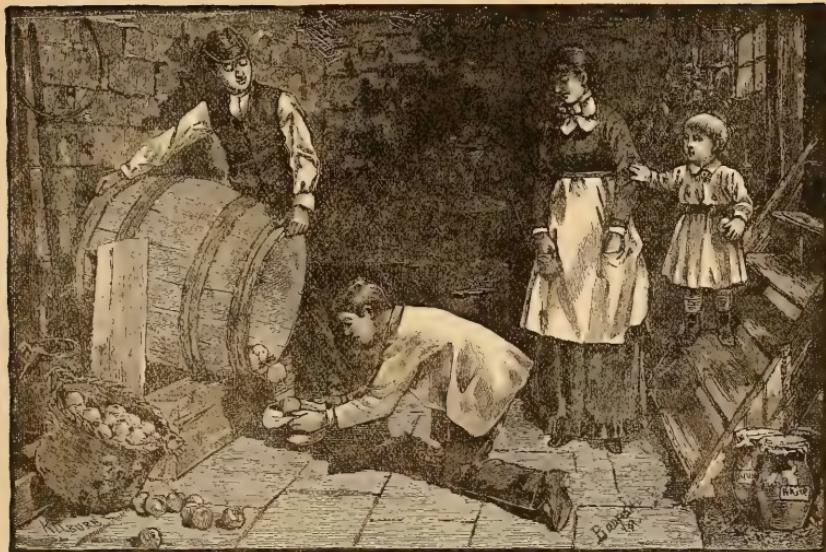
And, once upon a time, the three fell weeping:
"Oh, we are lost! where can our mother be!"
Then meekly spake the little snow-white lambkin:
"If you will come, I'll take you home with me."

And, once upon a time, the lambkin trotted
Briskly away (the west was turning gold),
And, once upon a time, the children followed,
And entered shyly in the lambkin's fold;

And, once upon a time, among the lambkins
The children slumbered, in their muslin gowns,
Till morning came; and then they found their mother,
Who wove for them anew their daisy-crowns.



THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!



THERE'S JUST ENOUGH FOR ONE MORE FEAST.

THE LAST OF THE PIPPINS.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THESE are the last of the pippins;
There's just enough, you see,
For one more feast in the light of the fire,
For all the family.

"Such a cosey lunch is an apple,
Before one goes to bed!
And we'll hear the fairy story then
Mamma has promised Ted."

Up-stairs Jack carried the apples;
The ruddy coals were stirred;
And as down in the cheery glow they sat,
This is the tale they heard:

PRINCESS APPLE-SEED AND HER SISTERS.

Long time ago there was a king,
Who, without sense or reason,
Shut all his pretty daughters up
Within a gloomy prison.

There were so many, he had felt
Them very troublesome:
There were Apple-seed and Apple-corn,
And little Apple-crumb;
There were Wire, Brier, Limber-lock —
A dozen, maybe, in the flock.

His order read: "Let every one
Put on a cloak of black,
And each be shut from the world so close
She never can come back."
The dismal hinges creaked and swung;
Outside a mournful phœbe sung.

The little daughters in the cells
Lay very snug and warm,
The heavy walls kept out the cold,
And shed the winter storm.
But the hinges rusted on the doors
The king had thought so stout;

THE LAST OF THE PIPPINS.

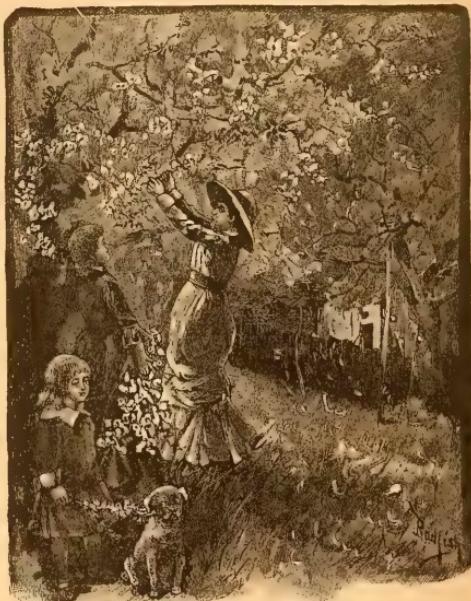
And presently the princesses
Came gayly stepping out.
They had rested well, were wide awake,
And very glad to come;
There were Apple-seed and Apple-corn,
And little Apple-crumb;
There were Wire, Brier, Limber-lock—
Fully a dozen in the flock.

Then every one in the warm sun
Dropped off her cloak of black,
And threw a shining scarf of green
Across her slender back,
Where, soft as a morning mist, it clung;
And loud the happy blackbird sung.

There, year by year, they grew apace,
And grave and simple stood;
Till suddenly, one April day—
As every princess should—
Each put a wedding garment on,
White as the drifted snows,
And blushed through all her finery
Red as a damask rose.
Ah, how the birds did chant and shout,
And how the bees did hum—
For Apple-seed and Apple-corn,
And little Apple-crumb,
For Wire, Brier, Limber-lock,
And all the lovely bridal flock!

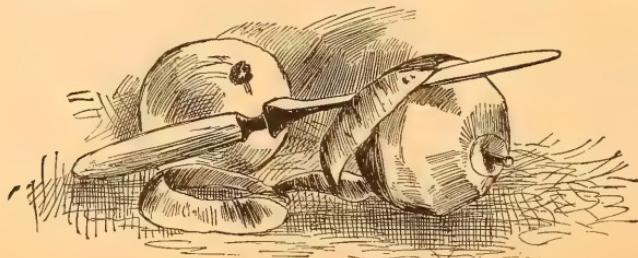
"Twas not for grief, but from relief,
As ladies often do,
That the Sky took out her handkerchief
And shed a tear or two.
Meanwhile the music chimed and rung,
As orioles, thrushes, robins, sung.
At last the brides their gay attire
Laid by, to stand serene,

As summer waned into the fall,
In matron dress of green.
And each within her tender arms
Did gently rock and hold,
For sun to see, and breeze to touch,
Some little heads of gold.



WHITE AS THE DRIFTED SNOW.

The orchard then was beautiful,
Though birds and bees were dumb,
For Apple-seed, and Apple-corn,
And little Apple-crumb,
For Wire, Brier, Limber-lock,
Each had her own fair household flock.





THE PEACOCK THAT SAILED AWAY.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

A PEACOCK one day was spreading his tail,
 I think, if to cities abroad I could sail,
 Among foreign birds I should shine ;
 So I'll take a short cruise up the Rhine."

So he took off the handle, a rudder to make,
 And said, "Perhaps by some fortunate turn,
 A wheel from the car of Old Time I can take
 And I'll have it put in at the stern ;
 And for sails I will take the sweet-fern."

He said to the stars, that were hidden all day,
 "I'll borrow the dipper, of which you're so proud,
 And I'll launch it at once, and go sailing away,
 And I'll see if the world is round,
 And if China is under the ground."

So he got out his charts as he went down the bay,
 With his feathers and sails outspread to the sun,
 And he said, "I'll come back in a year and a day
 For my voyage by them will be done —"
 But he didn't, and that is the fun !

THE ROMAN BOY'S TROPHIES.—A. D. 61.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I HAVE witnessed the great Ovation,
 I have watched as they slew the sheep ;
 As they marched from the Campus Martius
 To the Capitol's sacred steep :
 I was proud, as I saw my father
 From the fiery East come home ;
 I was proud, as I looked on the captives
 And the spoils he had brought to Rome !

Ah, Rome is a grand old city !
 And it flushes my soul with joy
 That my father has won a Triumph —
 That I am a Roman boy !
 I am glad of the lordly conquests
 He gained on that far-off shore,
 That have given the State a splendor
 It seldom hath known before.

It was noble to see the captives
 (— Poor fellows ! I think they wept !)
 Go chained, as the victor's chariot
 Behind them in triumph swept :

Have they any boys, I wonder,
 Like Marcus and me, at home ?
 — Who cares ? They are bold plebeians
 They have dared to fight with Rome !

But now that the march is over,
 Ho ! *comites*, come and see
 What spoils from that Eastern country
 My father hath brought for me !
 Here—lean from the wide *fenestra*,
 And look at this branching bough ;
 Did ever you see together
 Such birds as I show you now ?

How wise they are looking at me !
 Ha, Claudius ? — didst thou say
 That some of Minerva's nestlings
 From Athens are caught away ?
 They are angry that they are fettered ;
 See ! each of them frowns and scowls . . .
 I think thou hast hit it, Claudius —
 I think they're Minerva's owls !



IN GRANDPA'S CORNFIELD.

ROASTING CORN.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

AFAINT blue cloud of smoke
Creeps up the golden air :
It must be the wandering gypsy folk
Have lighted a fire there.

No doubt they have covered vans,
And ponies shaggy and lean,
Which they will tether with dusky hands
Along the wayside green.

And the bells on their bridles hung
Will tinkle idly sweet,
With the chatter of children, rude of tongue
And bare of feet —

While, with grimy tents spread out,
Their elders lazily
Wait for the steam of the kettle-spout
To hum the time for tea.

Though surely I can get
But whiffs of the camp-fire smoke,
And though I know they are vagrants, yet
I will visit these gypsy folk.

Well, now ! and is this Jack ?
This Gold-locks ? and this Ted ?
With clothes and fingers a smutty black
And cheeks a burning red —

So hungry and forlorn,
In grandpa's ample house,
That you must pilfer an ear of corn
And nibble it like a mouse ?

Will I have some ? The smell
Is of itself a treat.
I'll trust the boys and girls to tell
When things are good to eat !



THE ROMAN BOY'S SPOILS.



INTO the silent waiting East
There cometh a shining light —

Far, far,
Through a dull gray bar
Closing over a dying star
That watched away the night —
Rise, rise, shine and glow,
Over a wide white world of snow,
Sun of the Christmas-tide !

Out of the Northland bleak and bare,
O wind with a royal roar,
Fly, fly,
Through the broad arched sky,
Flutter the snow, and rattle and cry
At every silent door —
Loud, loud, till the children hear,
And meet the day with a ringing cheer :
“Hail to the Christmas-tide !”

Out of the four great gates of day
A tremulous music swells ;
Hear, hear,
Now sweet and clear,
Over and under and far and near,
A thousand happy bells :
Joy, joy, and jubilee !
Good-will to men from sea to sea,
This merry Christmas-tide !

Lo ! in the homes of every land
The children reign to-day ;
They alone,
With our hearts their throne,
And never a sceptre but their own
Small hands to rule and sway !
Peace, peace — the Christ-child’s love —
Flies over the world, a white, white dove,
This happy Christmas-tide !

WILLIE WEE.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

TWO lads were conversing as happy as kings,
Of the coming of Christmas and all that it
brings,
Of the Christmas-tree and its many delights,
Of the city shop-windows and other fine sights,
When out spake wee Will, sometimes called “Willie
wee,”

Though often “sweet William,” or “little Willie,”
— Four years and a half or three-quarters was he —
“Say ! What kind of a tree is a Chriſſermus-tree ? ”
And the while they discoursed, as his wonder grew,
With questions like these he followed them through :
“ Does it have big branches that spread all around ?
Do its roots stay deep down in the dark ground ? ”

Does it grow, grow, grow, way up very high?
 If you climb to the top will your head bump the sky?
 Do any plumbs grow on it, or apples, or cherries?
 Or any good nuts, or pretty red berries?
 Does it bloom out all over with flowers white as snow,
 As that tree does down there in our garden below?
 Do robins and king-birds build nests in that tree?
 And other birdies too?" asked little Willie.

"No flowers bloom there, snowy white,
 Yet with these fruits — a curious sight —
 Are oft seen flowers both red and white!
 Should you climb to the top without a fall,
 Your head might bump against the wall,
 But not against the sky, you see,
 For *indoors* stands the Christmas-tree!"
 "You tell very big stories," quoth little Willie.



"YOU TELL VERY BIG STORIES!" QUOTH LITTLE WILLEE.

Thus answered Ned, wise, school-boy Ned:
 "A Christmas-tree, young curly-head,
 Has branches, sure, but has no roots,
 And on its branches grow no fruits;
 Yet bright red apples there you'll see,
 And oranges of high degree —
 Apples and oranges on one tree!"
 "That sounds very strange," quoth little Willie.

"No birdie there doth build its nest,
 No king-bird, blue-bird, robin redbreast,
 Yet eggs thereon are often seen,
 Of beautiful colors, pink, and green,
 And purple, and lavender, fit for a queen.
 Even eggs with pictures on them are found,
 And with golden bands which circle around.
 But from all these eggs so fair to see,

Are hatched no birds in that Christmas-tree ;
Instead, are hatched candy and gumdrops ! " said he.
" Are you telling the truth ? " asked little Willee,

" I've not told half, I do declare,
Of all those wondrous branches bear.
Bear ? They bear dolls and whips and drums,
Tops, whistles, taffy, sugar-plums,
And candy sheep, and candy cats,
And candy birds, and candy rats,
And India-rubber girls and boys,
Bear trumpets and all kinds of toys,
Bear books, and jumping-jacks, and mittens,
And little cotton-flannel kittens ;
And over the whole of this Christmas-tree
Candles are burning right merrily !
What think you of this ? my sweet Willie-wee ? "
" I think you are fooling ! " said little Willee.

Next morning young Willie, with serious air,
Put earth in a flower-pot, and buried up there
A seed of an apple with very great care.
" Pray, what are you doing, you rogue Willie-wee ? "
" I am planting a seed for a *Chrissemas-tree* !
Is not that good to do ? " asked little Willee.
— There came from that seed a green little shoot
Which put out its leaves and firmly took root,
And so finely did thrive that at last it was found
Too large for the house and was set in the ground,
Where it grew up, a tree, one scarcely knew how.
Look down by the wall ; it is standing there now.
It blossoms in springtime, and many a nest
Has been built there by king-bird and robin redbreast ;
And other birdies too oft come to the tree
And sing there and swing there, oh, so merrily ;

They make it all summer our joy and delight ;
And in fall of the year 'tis a beautiful sight
When the clustering wealth of its apples is seen —
Its ruby red apples all set in their green !

— And Willie ? Yes, he grew up, too, young Willie-wee,
And went as a sailor-boy over the sea.
He sailed in a ship to some far distant shore ;
A storm came — and — and — we saw him no more !
It was long, long ago that deep sorrow we bore !
The lads who were talking, as happy as kings,
Of the coming of Christmas and all that it brings,
Are fathers now, so stately and tall.
Their children play by the garden wall,
And swing on the boughs of the apple tree,
Or climb to the top, the world to see ;
(Some have gone from the home the world to see !)
And when autumn comes, and leaves turn brown,
And the ripened fruits are shaken down,
And here and there, on the orchard ground,
The red and the golden are heaped around —
'Tis the children who gather that tree by the wall,
And the apples from off its boughs that fall,
With kindly care are stored away,
Sure to appear on Christmas Day
In platter or basket for all to admire,
Or hung on strings before the fire,
There to swing and sputter and roast,
While many an one of the merry host
Gives a tender thought to that first Willie-wee
Who went as a sailor-boy over the sea.
The youngest of all ; a new Willie-wee,
— A curly-haired rogue, and our darling is he ! —
Now claims for his own uncle Will's *Christmas-tree*,
" Because, " says the child, "*he* was named for *me* !"





SUMMER SPEAKING TO SPRING.

COURTESY.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

SUMMER said to the Spring, "What a wonderful thing

It is to bring in so much sweetness and grace —
I am sure that to you my blossoms are due,
And I feel I am taking your place.

" You beautiful Comer," said Spring to the Summer,
" I lived out my life but to brighten your way ;
I heard the buds swelling, and could not help tell-
ing,
For I knew you would see them some day.

" I never can blush, but I think of your flush ;
And the eyes of the flowers at evening are wet ;
There was something so fair in your innocent air
That your going we can but regret."

" It was only my duty to bring you the beauty,
And to help one another is lesson for all ;
And perhaps you'll be willing, your mission fulfilling,
To leave something to brighten the Fall.



COME INTO THE GARDEN, KATE.



THE SILENCE OF THE MORNING'S SPLENDOR.

IN MIDSUMMER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

INTO silence of the morning's splendor
 There is shak'n a golden robin's dream ;
 Kissed by sunshine to divine surrender,
 Bloom the snowy lilies in the stream ;
 Soft south winds the hidden wild flowers woo ;
 And between the tangled leaves in view —
 Hush ! I see the Summer,
 Summer,
 Summer floating through.

Bees in rose-leaf cradles softly shaken,
 Rocked throughout the moonlight by the breeze,
 Loitering on their perfumed pillows, waken
 To the murmured transport of the trees ;
 Night's lament is told in tears of dew ;
 Willow bloom is bathed to crystal hue —
 Hush ! I see the Summer,
 Summer,
 Summer flashing through.

Climbs the sun, with ecstasy of shining,
 From the blush of rising into gold ;
 And the river's heart, with close defining,
 Tells the same sweet story it is told ;
 Hills are veiled in tender mists anew ;
 From the liquid skies' unshadowed blue —
 Hush ! I see the Summer,
 Summer,
 Summer flooding through.

FAIRIES—OR FIREFLIES?

LE'TS see. We believe in wings,
We believe in the grass and dew,
We believe in the moon — and other things
That may be true.

But, are there any? Talk low.
(Look! What is that eery spark?)
If there *are* any — why, there they go,
Out in the dark.



TO BED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

LITTLE LOTTIE'S GRIEVANCE.

MAMMA'S in Heaven! and so, you see,
My sister Bet's mamma to me.
O! yes, I love her! . . . that's to say,
I love her well the whole bright day;

For Sis is kind as kind can be,
Until, indeed, we've finished tea —
Then (why did God make ugly night?)
She never, *never* treats me right,

But always says, "Now, Sleepy Head,
'Tis getting late ! come up to bed!"

Just when the others, Fred and Fay,
Dolly and Dick, are keen for play —
Card-houses, puzzles, painted blocks,
Cat-corner, and pert Jack-in-the-box —
I must (It's that bad gas, I think,
That makes me, somehow, *seem* to wink !),
Must leave them all to seek the gloom
Of sister Bet's close-curtained room,
Put on that long stiff gown I hate,
And go to bed — oh, dear ! at eight !

Now, is it fair that I who stand
Taller than Dolly by a hand,
(I'll not believe, howe'er 'tis told,
That Cousin Doll is ten years old !)
And just because I'm only seven,
Should be so teased, yes, almost *driven*,
Soon as I've supped my milk and bread,
To that old drowsy, frowsy bed ?

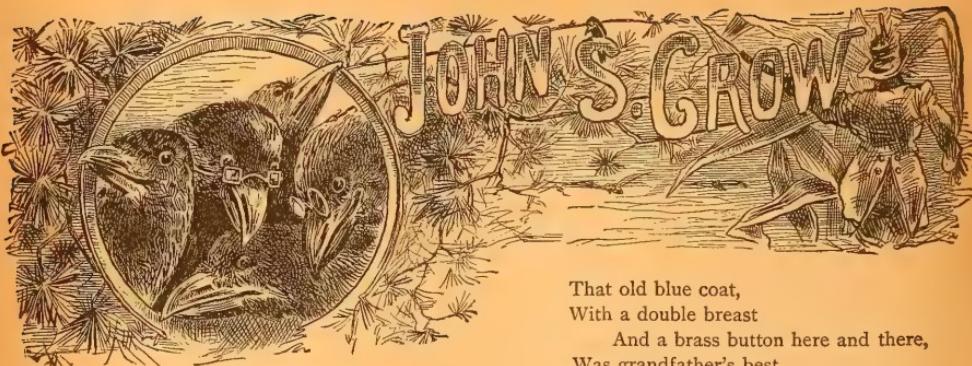
I've lain between the dusky posts,
And shivered when I thought of ghosts ;
Or else have grown so mad, you know,
To hear those laughing romps below,
While there I yawned and stretched (*poor me !*)
With one dim lamp for company.
I've longed for courage just to dare
Dress softly — then trip down the stair,
And in the parlor pop my head
With, "*No, I will not stay a-bed !*"

I'll do it yet, all quick and bold,
No matter how our Bet may scold ;
For oh ! I'm sure it can't be right
To keep me here each dismal night,
Half scared by shadows grimly tall
That dance along the cheerless wall,
Or by the wind, with fingers chill,
Shaking the worn-out window-sill —
One might as well be sick, or dead,
As sent, by eight o'clock, to bed !

CORPORAL CLOVER.



ROUND cap and red feather
Bobbing in the summer weather,
Pretty suit of mottled green —
A finer fellow was never seen !
He nods and beckons to the daisies ;
At the wild rose winks and gazes ;
Listens to the brown-bee's story
Of her' summer joy and glory ;
The birds come and sing above him ;
The little chirping crickets love him ;
The beetles in their shining armor
March gravely round the merry charmer —
What a life for Red-feather,
Smiling in the summer weather,
With the blue sky arching over —
Jolly little Corporal Clover !



"WAITING FOR JOHN TO BE GONE."

ALL alone in the field
Stands John S. Crow ;
And a curious sight is he,
With his head of tow,
And a hat pulled low
On a face that you never see.

That old blue coat,
With a double breast
And a brass button here and there,
Was grandfather's best,
And matches the vest —
The one Uncle Phil used to wear.

The trousers are short ;
They belonged to Bob
Before he had got his growth ;
But John's no snob,
And, unlike Bob,
Cuts his legs to the length of his cloth.



THE FAITHFUL WATCHMAN, JOHN S. CROW.

His clothes are ragged
And horrid and old,
The worst that ever were worn ;
They're covered with mold,
And in each fold
A terrible rent is torn.

They once were new
And spick and span,
As nice as clothes could be ;
For though John hardly can
Be called a man,
They were made for men, you see.

The boots are a mystery :
How and where
John got such a shabby lot,
Such a shocking pair,
I do declare,
Though he may know, I do not.

But the hat that he wears
Is the worst of all ;
I wonder that John keeps it on.
It once was tall,
But now it is small —
Like a closed accordéon.



IN NOVEMBER WOODS.

But a steady old chap
Is John S. Crow,
And for months has stood at his post ;
For corn you know
Takes time to grow,
And 'tis long between seed and roast.

So he has stuck to the field
And watched the corn,
And been watched by the crows from
the hill ;
Till at length they're gone,
And so is the corn —
They away, and it to the mill.



GRANDFATHER.

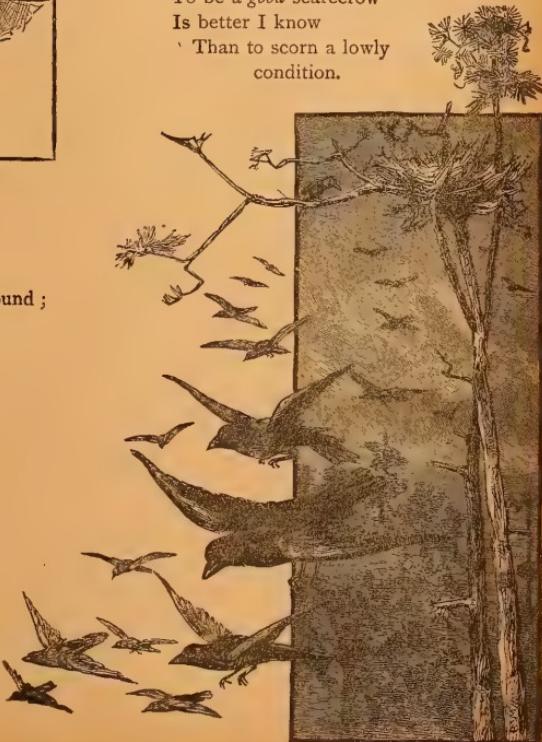
And it had to be watched
And guarded with care
From the time it was put in the ground ;
For over there,
And everywhere,
Sad thieves were waiting around.

Sad thieves in black,
A cowardly set,
Who waited for John to be gone,
That they might get
A chance to upset
The plans of the planter of corn.

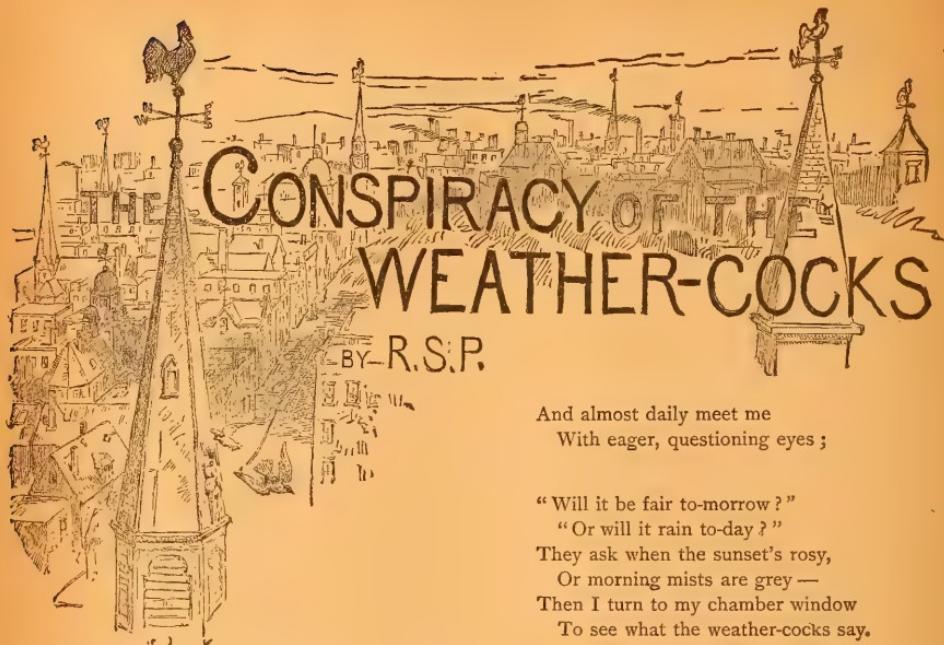
They were no kin to John,
Though they bore his name
And belonged to the family Crow ;
He'd scorn to claim
Any part of the fame
That is theirs wherever you go.

Now the work is done,
And it's time for play,
For which John is glad I know ;
For though made of hay,
If he could he would say,
" It's stupid to be a scarecrow."

But though it is stupid,
And though it is slow,
To fill such an humble position ;
To be a *good* scarecrow
Is better I know
Than to scorn a lowly
condition.



NO KIN TO JOHN.



THE HOMES AND CHURCHES.

MY house stands high on the hill-top ;
From its windows looking down
I see in the distance mountains
With slopes of green and brown,
And nearer, the homes and churches
And busy streets of the town.

And over the pleasant landscape
Wherever I cast my eye,
From many-storied buildings,
And domes and steeples high,
Twelve brightly gilded weather-cocks
Stand out against the sky !

Good friends they are, and faithful,
Whom I most dearly prize ;
For the children of the neighbors
They count me weather-wise,

And almost daily meet me
With eager, questioning eyes ;

“ Will it be fair to-morrow ? ”
“ Or will it rain to-day ? ”
They ask when the sunset’s rosy,
Or morning mists are grey —
Then I turn to my chamber window
To see what the weather-cocks say.

One on the tallest steeple
Stands proudly at his ease ;
Ever alert and watchful
He faces the lightest breeze ;
And the children and I have named him
“ Old Probabilities.”

One night — 'twas in September,
And the moon was shining bright —
I rose from my bed at midnight,
For I could not sleep aright,
To look at the sleeping city
And the beauty of the night.

Then the sight I saw was never
Witnessed before nor since !
There stood Old Probabilities
Perched on my garden fence,
And many shining weather-cocks
From all parts flying thence.

On the ground alighted before him
Each strange and glittering bird —
I was so full of wonder
I neither spoke nor stirred —
And the rousing speech he made them
I heard it every word.

“ Friends,” said the speaker, proudly,
“ We are a glorious race !
And men do well to give us
The most exalted place.
Are not their rain and sunshine
Dependent on our grace ?

“ We turn to the north — the cold winds
Bring us their ice and snow ;
To the south — and the warm spring breezes

Who prize your ancient fame !
Arise, we yet will show them
Deeds worthy of a name !

“ Fly back to your domes and towers,
And firmly plant your feet !
Set your faces straight to the southward
Till the wind comes strong and fleet !
Be firm, and the day is ours !
Farewell ! Revenge is sweet ! ”

Then I heard their brazen pinions
Clash through the silent night ;
But a cloud o'er the moon was passing
And I did not see their flight.
Returning then to my pillow,
I slept till morning light.



THE MIDNIGHT MEETING OF THE WEATHER-COCKS.

Make the waters melt and flow ;
We bow to the west — the rain clouds
Fold up their tents and go.

“ And do men therefore praise us ?
O, friends, I speak with pain !
They call us weak and worthless,
Changeable, fickle, vain ;
They make us a scorn and by-word —
You have heard it once and again.

“ Therefore my wrath is kindled
Into a mighty flame,
Arise ! ye noble weather-cocks,

In the morning the children met me
With “ *Now* what do you think ? ”
The weather-cocks stood out against
A sky as black as ink —
I almost thought I could see them
Nod to each other, and wink.

And before a word of answer
Had time to come from my mouth,
The trees were bending and swaying
With a sudden gust from the south.
Swifter it came, and swifter,
Till a strong gale blew from the south.

AN INCURSION OF THE DANES.

Then came the clattering rain-drops,
Each heavy as a stone ;
While the blue floor of the harbor
All rough and black had grown ;
And the vessels dragged their anchors
And towards the beach moved on.

The crowded streets of the city
In a moment were empty quite ;
From the fields ran the cattle for shelter
All huddled together in fright ;
And the birds flew into the forest
Where it was dark as night.



ON THE BLUE FLOOR OF THE HARBOR.

The children watched from the window
As the leaves flew by in flocks ;
“How the wind roars and whistles,”
They cried, “and the steeple rocks !”
But I only heard the shrieking
Of those angry weather-cocks.

AN INCURSION OF THE DANES.

TH E children come in with a breeze and a rush,
Leaving the windows and doors ajar ;
They scatter their treasures as trees in a gust
Strow leaves on the winds afar.

“We’re a barbarian host ! — we’ve come
Down from the tops of the mountains steep ;
We are the Vandals, the Goth and the Hun
Out of the Norse forests deep !”

Mamma looked up from her burning cake,
And instantly saw through the children’s fun ;
“Don’t come too near me, for pity’s sake —
My lard is burning, you terrible Hun !”

“We are the chiefs of the Danish hordes !”
Cried the golden-haired Vandal gruff and bold ;

“Is this the best that your hovel affords —
A fried cake, burnt and cold ?”

“He burned it — yon Sleepy-head, idling there !”
She laughed (for the fun was too good to lose),
With a comical shrug at the corner where
Poor papa sat reading the news.

“The oaf !” out-thundered the Danish chief ;
“He shall have other business than frying cakes ;
We’ve a steed in the street — he shall find to his grief
He is not at your hearth when he wakes !”

Papa laughed “Ha ! ha !” as he sprang to his feet ;
They were cunningly caught for their pains —
For up his own stairway instead of the street
King Alfred ran off with his Danes.



THE WEED'S MISSION.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ALL grew a weed outside a garden gate,
Inside a gladiole in splendor grew.
"Why do *you* with the autumn blossoms wait?"
The flower asked. "There is no need of you.
In truth, I know not why you live at all—
Only a few, pale, yellow blooms you bore
And worthless are your seeds. Pray, droop and fall.
I should not grieve at seeing you no more.
I grace the world, for evening's brightest skies
Are not more rich in gold and red than I,
And every day the ling'ring butterflies
Beg *me* to stay till *they* must say 'good-by.'"

"Yes, you *are* beautiful," the weed replied,
In patient voice, "and I am plain indeed.
But God knows why." Just then a bird, bright-eyed
And scarlet-beaked, saw the clust'ring seed,
And lighting on a slender branch he ate
With many a little chirp of thankful glee,
Then spread his wings and perched upon the gate,
And blessed his wayside friend in melody.
"Ah! said the weed, when he had flown, "proud flower,
A hungry, south-bound bird *you* could not feed
Though you rejoice in Beauty's gracious dow'r—
That boon was granted to an humble weed!"



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee Lord my soul to keep —"
So the baby learned her prayer
Kneeling by her mother's chair;
In her little bed-gown white,
Said it over every night;
Learning, in her childish way,
How a little child could pray.

*"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."*

"Now I lay me down to sleep —"
Said the child a maiden grown:
Thinking, with a backward glance,
How the happy past had flown,

Since, beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray thee Lord my soul to keep —"
Yet the words were careless said:
Lightly had the hand of Time
Laid his fingers on her head;
On Life's golden afternoon
Gay the bells and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding-day
She had half forgot to pray.

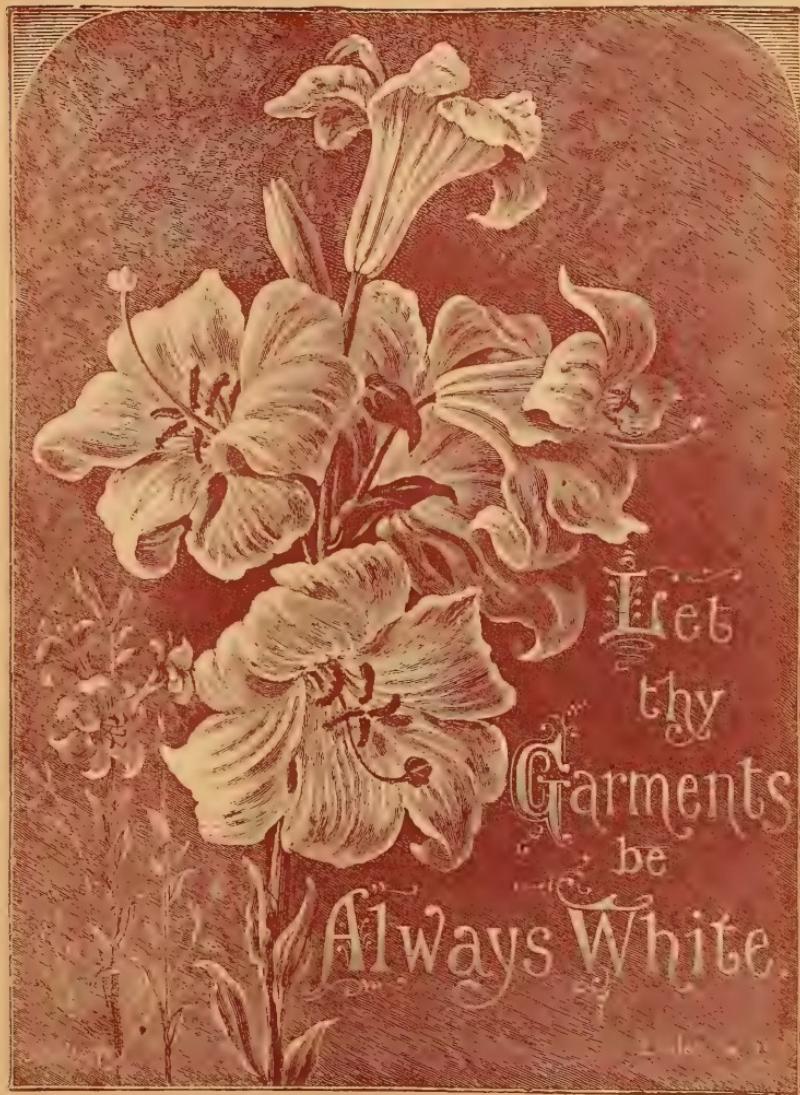
"Now I lay me down to sleep —"
How the words come back again,
With a measure that was born

Half of pleasure, half of
pain :
Kneeling by a cradle
bed,
With a hand upon each
head,
Rose the old prayer, soft
and slow,
As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone with bended
head,
She has nothing but her
dead;
Yet with heart so full of
care,
Still her lips repeat the
prayer ;
Rest at last ! oh, storm-
tossed soul !
Safe beyond the break-
ers' roll :
He, the Lord, her soul
shall keep,
Now she lays her down
to sleep !

"NOW I LAY ME."

Bed-time for the twittering birdies
Mother Wren has hushed to rest;



Bed-time for my little birdie,
Nestled closely to my breast.
Now beside me lowly kneeling,
Hear the lisping tongue repeat —
Dear old prayer of tender memory —
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”



“ROSY LIPS PETITION MAKE.”

With what trusting grace, and tender,
Rosy lips petition make :
“Pray thee Lord to take my spirit,
If I die before I wake.”
And no thought of dread comes o'er me,
As I kiss her sweet “good-night.”
We're so careless of our darlings
Till we lay them out of sight!

Once again 'tis birdie's bed-time ;
Little neighbors in the tree
Hush their baby bird to slumber,
With no thought of lonely me.
Ah ! my mother's arms are empty,
Draped in sadness all the room,
And no whispered “Now I lay me,”
Breaks upon the twilight gloom.

Down to sleep ! Ah, yearning mother,
Murmuring and sick at heart,
Full of joy shall be the waking,
Where no sorrow finds a part.
There we'll find our garnered treasures,
From all pain and earth-cares free,
Where no sad good-bye shall pain us
Through a long eternity.

Smooth and white the little pillow,
Undisturbed the pretty bed,
On the table lie her playthings,
Mute reminder of my dead,
For no more my little treasure
My sad mother's heart may keep ;
In the heavenly Father's bosom
I have laid her down to sleep.

THE DOUBLE PRAYER.

A mother bent above the couch
Where her tired children lay ;
Tired in the evening-time
Of the pleasures of the day.
Already on one's rosy cheek
The hue of sleep was cast ;
The other heard his mother's step,
And called her as she past,
To give him yet another kiss,
The dearest and the last.

“Good-night, my darling one,” she said ;
“But hast thou said thy prayer
That God and his good angels
Should keep thee in their care ?”
The child arose, and kneeling
Beside his little cot,
Prayed as only a child can pray
Whom doubt assaileth not :
Alas, that knowledge should but dim
The lustre of our lot !

His young face looked so pure and good,
So full of hope and brightness,
She sighed to think that earthly ill
Must ever mar its brightness.

But, hush ! the little prayer is said,
And registered in heaven ;
The parting blessing of the night,
With many a kiss, is given ;
And closing were his weary eyes
Where sleep so long had striven.

But the little brother turned and sighed,
As though some restless dream
Were casting its dark shadow
Where sunshine else had been ;
And the child, though weary, rose again,
And knelt upon the floor
To say that simple prayer again
That he had said before,—
A mortal could not wish it less,)
Nor angels have it more.

And when the prayer was finished
He said, as to explain,
“This, God, is for my brother :
He won’t forget again.”
And then the smile came stealing
To the little sleeper’s face ;
And both were soon unconsciously
Entwined in one embrace.
The bursting songs of angels
Re-echoed round that place.

NURSERY PRAYERS.



HIN the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest ;
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

On the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight’s silver bars :
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

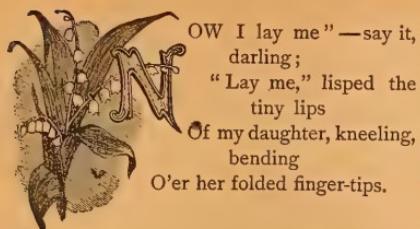
“If we die”—so pray the children,
And the mother’s head drops low ;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter’s snow ;)
“Take our souls :” and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife ;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foeman there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war :
Pray to Him, the God of Battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then far down the purple distance
All the noise of battle dies.
When the last night’s solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

AN UNFINISHED PRAYER.



"Down to sleep—to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low,
"I pray thee Lord," I gently added,—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

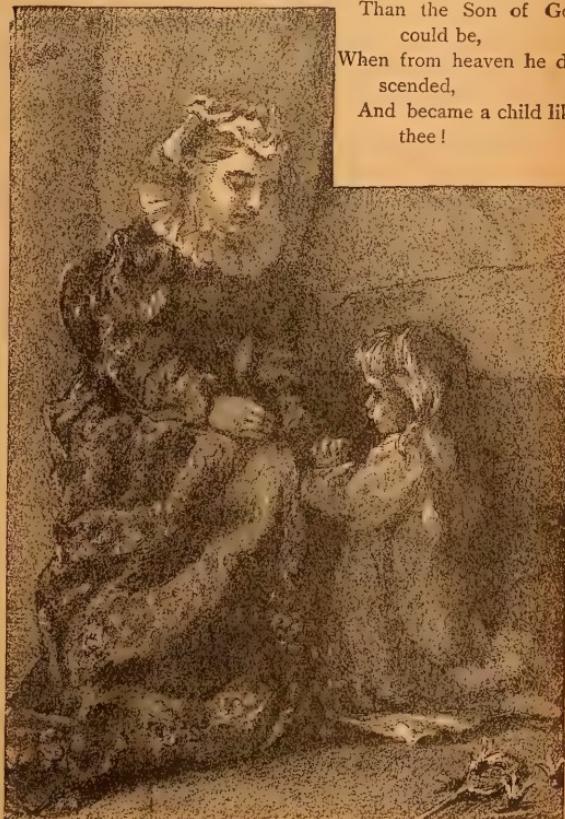
Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of that child-heart!—Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my humblest cry!

ULLABY.

Hush, dear child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care and payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou art attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!



"DOWN TO SLEEP—'TO SLEEP,' SHE MURMURED."

A ROCKING HYMN

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birthplace was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

Was there nothing but a manger
 Wretched sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly Stranger?
 Did they thus affront their Lord?

See the joyful shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky;
 Where they sought him, there they found
 him,
 With his virgin-mother by.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came;
 He by groans and bitter crying
 Savèd thee from burning flame.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell forever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

A ROCKING HYMN.

Sweet baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
 What thing to thee can mischief do?
 Thy God is now thy Father dear,
 His holy spouse, thy mother too.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
 For thee great blessings ripening be;
 Thine eldest brother is a king,
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
 For whosoever thee offends
 By thy protector threaten'd are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
 In little babes He took delight;
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,
 Are ever precious in His sight.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
 And strength in weakness then was laid
 Upon His virgin-mother's knee,
 That power to thee might be conveyed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need,
 He friends and helpers doth prepare,
 Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
 For of thy weal they tender are.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease;
 By Him such dressings were not worn,
 Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed;
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for
 thee;
 And by His torments and His pain
 Thy rest and ease secur'd be.
 My baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not ;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.
GEORGE WITHER.

THE GRIEF OF CHILDHOOD.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan child
Soon on his new protector smiled
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,
But blitheest laughed that cheek and eye,
When Rokeby's little maid was nigh ;
His native lays in Irish tongue
To soothe her infant ear he sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand in hand,
And good Sir Richard, smiling, eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

ROKEBY, CANTO VI.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found —
Halcyon daughter of the skies !
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptered state,
From the rebel's noisy hate,
In a cottaged vale she dwells

Listening to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow, smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

1794.

GERMAN CRADLE-SONG.

Sleep on, my baby, sleep and rest, while day
to dusk is turning,
And o'er the sunset's rosy calm one great
white star is burning.
Their glooms against pale deeps of sky dark
castle-walls are showing,
And through the shadowy valley-land the
lovely Rhine is flowing !

Oh, all the sweet babes in the bourg for soft
repose are weary ;
The sunshine only brings them joy, but night
is grim and eerie ;
And, oh, I know that all night long, where
reeds and sedges quiver,
The deadly Lorelei combs her hair beside the
starlit river !

'Tis well through day for babes to play where
sunbeams fling their lustre
Amid the arbor's yellowing leaves and light
the purple cluster ;
But, oh, I know where suns are low and
stealthy darkness follows,
With fiery eyes and streaming locks the mad
gnome haunts the hollows !

Oh, fair the river winds all day past towers
and moss-grown churches,
Past hamlets whence the fisher sails to draw
the net he searches :
But there like phantoms float all night, while
shrill the owl rejoices,
Enchantresses in plumes of swans that sing
with angels' voices !

Once Upon A Time

MARY E. WILKINS

Now, once upon a time, a nest of fairies
Was in a meadow 'neath a wild rose-tree;
And, once upon a time, the violets clustered
So thick around it one could scarcely see;
And, once upon a time, a troop of children
Came dancing by upon the flowery ground;
And, once upon a time, the nest of fairies,
With shouts of joy and wonderment, they found;
And, once upon a time, their purple wingslets,
The fairies spread, that shimmerned in the sun;
And, once upon a time, the nest forsaking,
They flew off thro' the violets every one;
And, once upon a time, the children followed
With loud halloos along the meadow green;
And, once upon a time, the fairies vanished
And never more could one of them be seen;
And, once upon a time, the children sought them
For many a day, but fruitless was their quest.
For, once upon a time, amid the violets,
They only found the fairies' empty nest.

A Castle in Spain.

THE draggled lilies were beaten down
 As if by a prancing hoof;
 The roses swayed and the warm rain came,
 Like the patter of pearls, on the roof.

Up in the garret the darling sat,
 In her little gown of blue,
 With her lily cheeks and her rosebud lips,
 And dreamed as she loved to do.

Bundles of herbs from the rafters hung ;
 There was many a quaint old chest,
 A cradle of oak and a spinning-wheel ;
 In the chimney a swallow's nest.

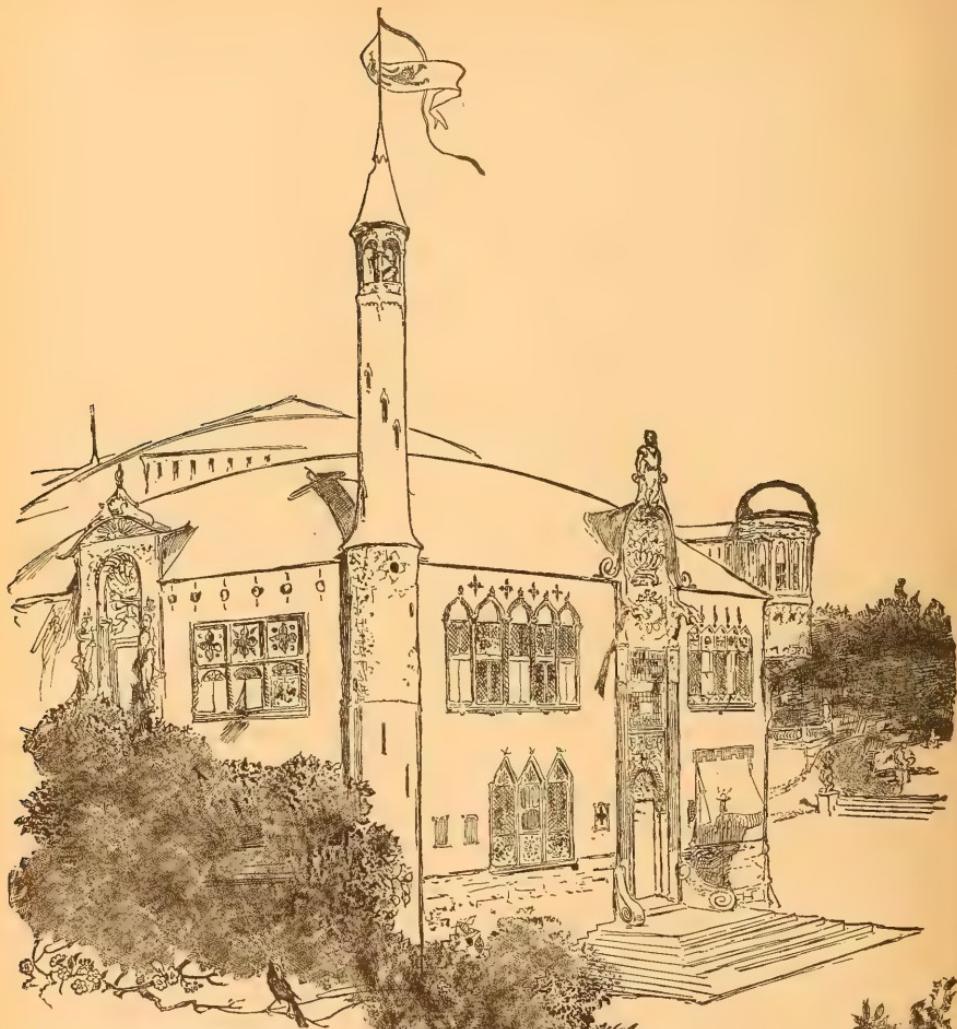
The darling, she sat in a straight-backed chair,
 With her face 'gainst the window pane,
 Her little hands folded across her lap ;
 And she builded her Castle in Spain.

By
 Mary E. Wilkins.

Decoration, etc. by
 P. Bremmer.

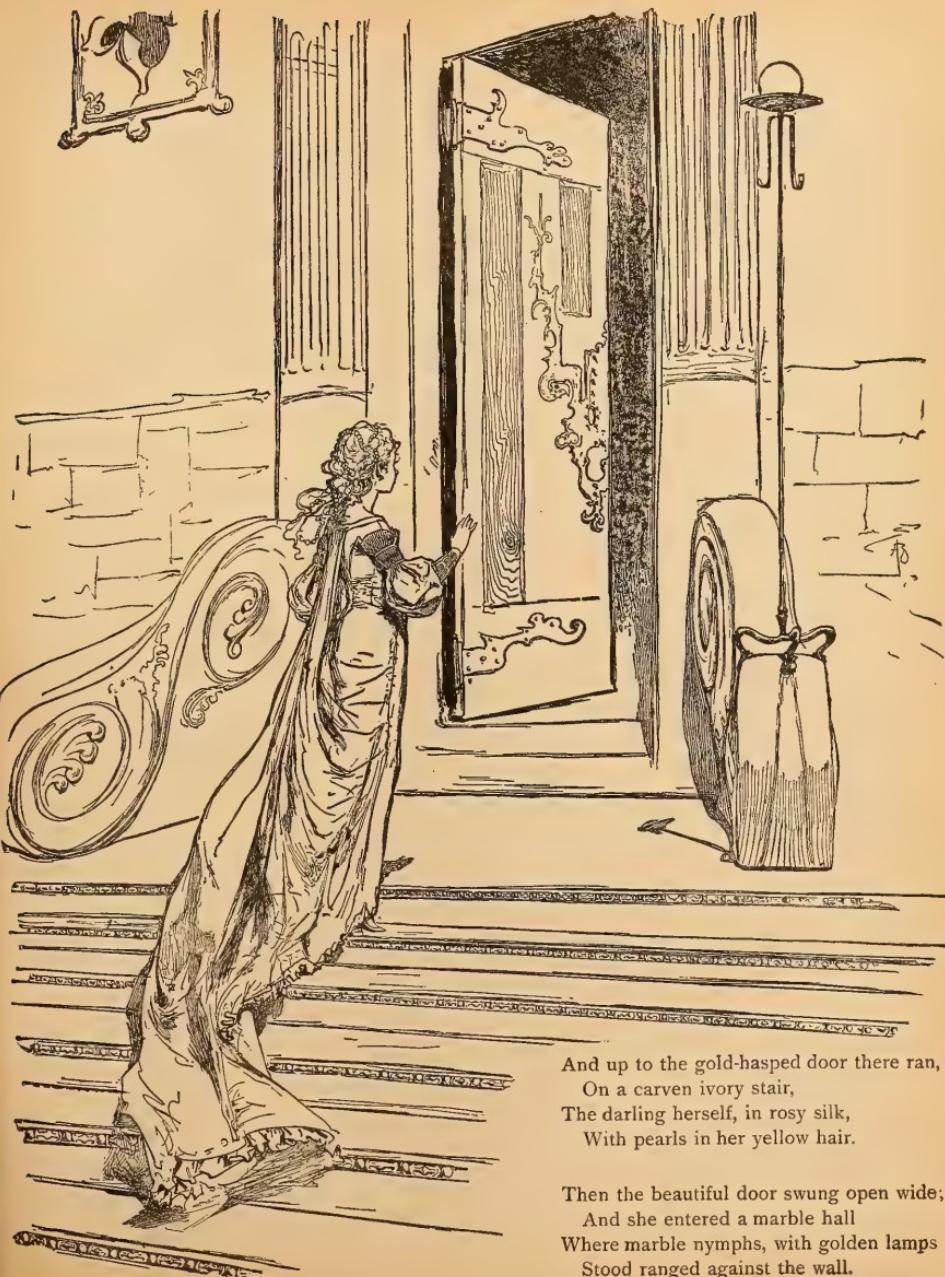


A CASTLE IN SPAIN.



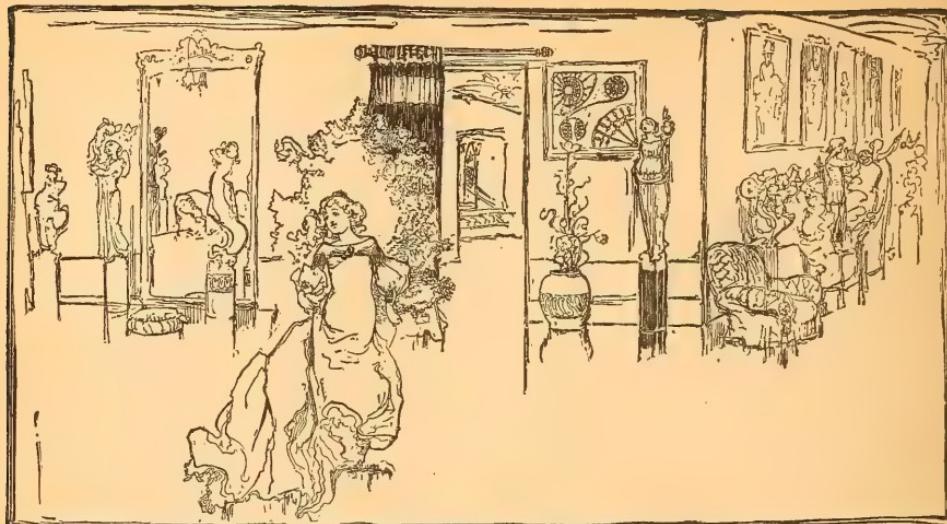
And never a magic palace rose,
In the days of the Moorish Kings,
As fair as the Castle the darling built
From her sweet imaginings.

Rosy and green were the walls, like the heart
Of a murmuring ocean-shell;
There were jewelled spires, and a slender tower
With a swinging silver bell.



And up to the gold-hasdped door there ran,
On a carven ivory stair,
The darling herself, in rosy silk,
With pearls in her yellow hair.

Then the beautiful door swung open wide;
And she entered a marble hall
Where marble nymphs, with golden lamps
Stood ranged against the wall.



The darling danced like a puff o' down
Over the marble floor,
And she gleefully sped from hall to hall,
And opened each golden door ;

And chambers she found whose lofty
walls
With jewels were all acrust,
With windows of pearl, and ivory floors,
Scattered over with diamond-dust.

And oft up a staircase rail she saw
A flowering garland twist,
With ruby lilies, and roses of gold,
And myrtle of amethyst.

(The south wind blew, on the garret-roof
Fell faster the Summer rain.)
A wonderful garden the darling found
Around the Castle in Spain :

Apple-branches all white with flowers,
A hive of stingless bees,
Robins, with nests of woven gold,
On the boughs of the cherry-trees;





Lilies as tall as the darling's self,
Of silver and gold and blue,
Banks of primrose and mignonette,
And violets wet with dew;

Poppies, with bees asleep in their cups,
Tulips of purple and red,
Honeysuckles and humming-birds,
Rose-branches over her head;

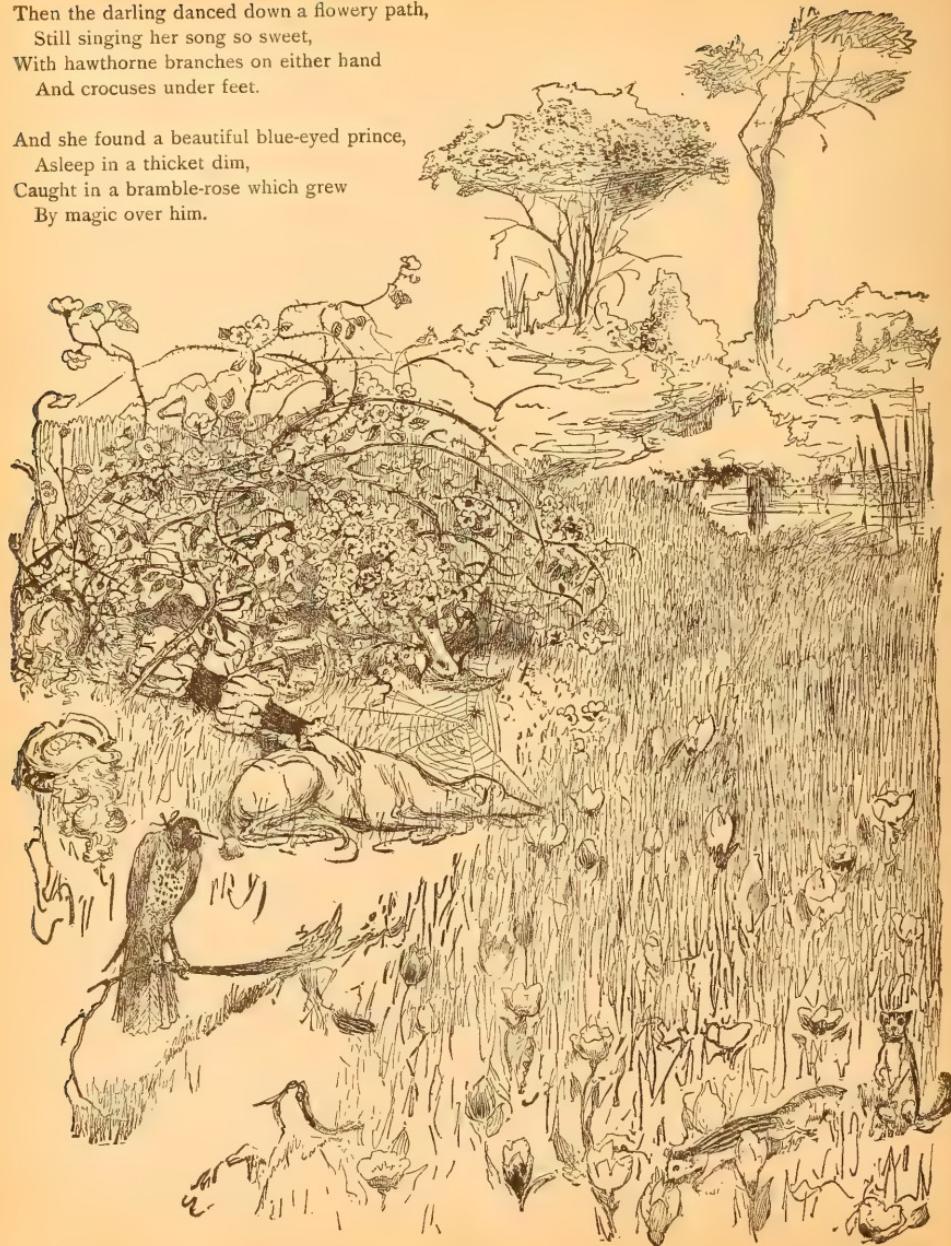
A velvet sward in an open space,
A fountain of tinkling pearls;
And the darling herself in a violet gown,
With hyacinths in her curls,

With her apron full of roses and pearls,
Singing a song so clear
That the bees and the yellow butterflies
Came flying round to hear.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

Then the darling danced down a flowery path,
Still singing her song so sweet,
With hawthorne branches on either hand
And crocuses under feet.

And she found a beautiful blue-eyed prince,
Asleep in a thicket dim,
Caught in a bramble-rose which grew
By magic over him.





Thro' the leaves and the roses she scarce could see
His head with its flaxen curls,
His rosy cheeks and his velvet coat,
With its buttons of milky pearl.

And the poor little prince, if he chanced to stir
As he dreamed in his magic sleep,
Was pierced by a thorn of the bramble-rose —
The darling began to weep.

LITTLE MAID BERTHA'S STORK.

Adeline J. Whitney



TURRET-BALCONY high in air
On a castle grim and grand;
And little maid Bertha standing there,
Feeding a stork from her hand.

"O beautiful summer-bird!" she said,
"Coming so sure to me
From the wide white sands of the desert dead,
Or the Holy Land over the sea;

"Tell me some of the wonderful things
That you must certainly know
Of the countries where you shut your wings
And stay all the winter so!



"Of the broken palaces by the banks
Of the Nile, and the temples there
That stand with columns in awful ranks
So still in the silent air.

"Have you made your nest on some monstrous
arch—

I've seen the pictures, you know—
Where Pharaoh's soldiers used to march
Out to battle, ages ago?

"Have you lit on the Sphinx's shoulder, dear?
Did you learn any strange, old word
That your grandfather Ibis used to hear,
But that men have never heard?

"I believe the reason your bright-red beak
Is dumb, is because they sealed
Your bird-voice up, lest a note should speak,
And their secrets be revealed.

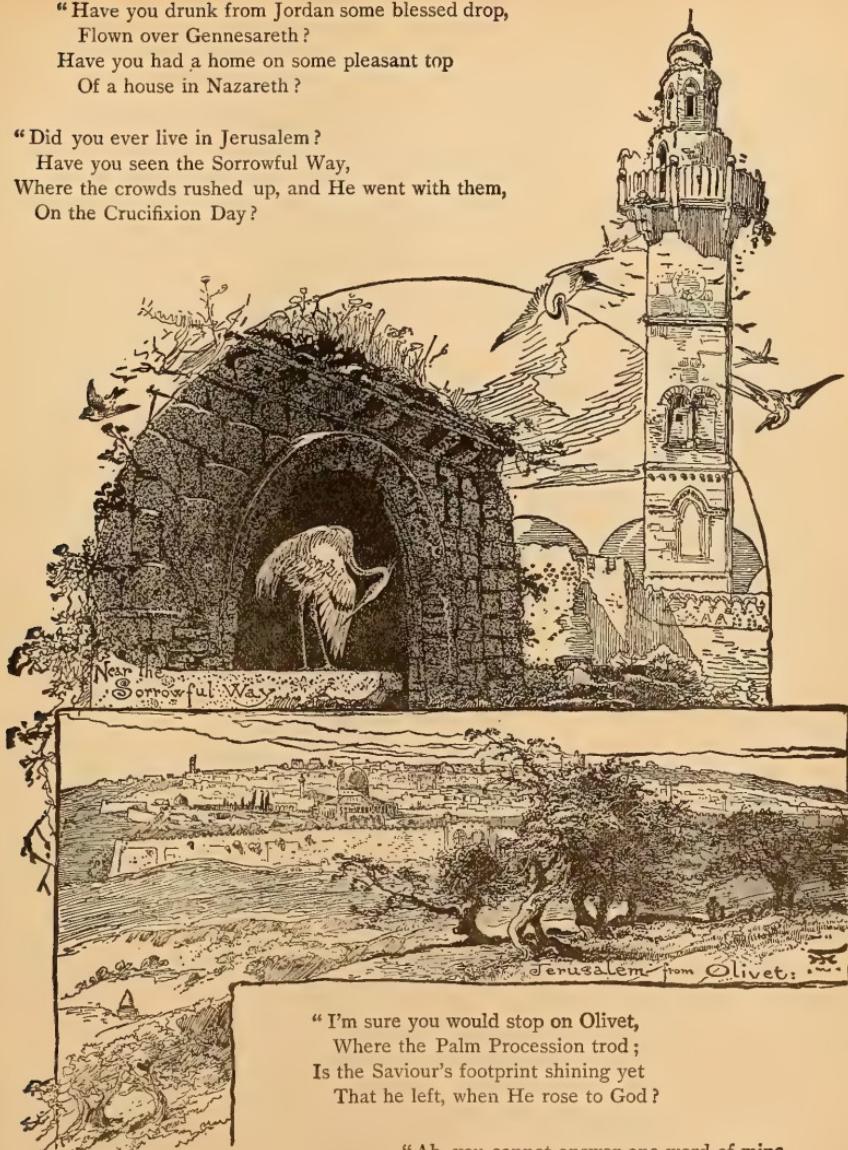
"Have you looked old Memnon in the face
(Has he got any face?), or hid
Your brood far up on some reachless place
At the peak of a pyramid?

"Or, best of all, I would learn, sweet stork,
Of the streets and the temple stairs
Where the dear Lord Jesus used to walk,
And the hills where He said his prayers.

"Did you ever light where the Christ sat down,
And the thousands below Him stood,
While He spoke to the world from the mountain-
crown
His words of beatitude?

"Have you drunk from Jordan some blessed drop,
Flown over Gennesareth?
Have you had a home on some pleasant top
Of a house in Nazareth?

"Did you ever live in Jerusalem?
Have you seen the Sorrowful Way,
Where the crowds rushed up, and He went with them,
On the Crucifixion Day?

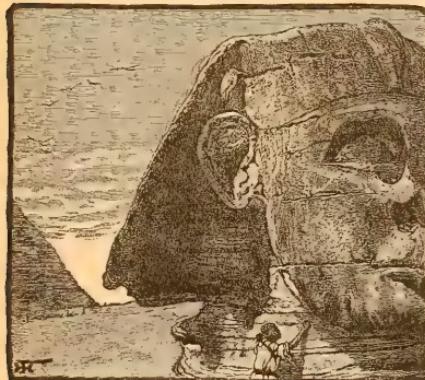


"I'm sure you would stop on Olivet,
Where the Palm Procession trod;
Is the Saviour's footprint shining yet
That he left, when He rose to God?

"Ah, you cannot answer one word of mine,
My bird with the silent bill!
I'll wait and watch for some different sign
You may bring or send me still!

"And see ! I will hang about your throat
This locket with silver chain ;
You shall carry in it the little note
I have writ, when you go again.

"I've begged the dear people where you may be,
In the lands I have never seen,
To care for you when you are far from me,
And be kind, as I have been.



"And perhaps some beautiful day next year,
When you come on your northward track,
And flap your wing at my window here,
You may bring me a message back ! "

The winds blew sweet with the springtime smells
Of grass, and blossom, and tree ;
And hunters were out for the wild gazelles
On the plains of Galilee.

A troop of the swift, shy, graceful things
Went suddenly flashing by,
Like creatures skimming the earth with wings,
Or lightnings crossing the sky.

An aimless shot from a rifle rang :
Some birds rushed overhead ;
The gunner after his quarry sprang,
For a great white stork fell dead.

Ah, the little locket—the silver chain,
That they crowded round to see !
Never may Bertha's bird again
Go northward from Galilee !

I think there were tears in the sportsman's eyes,
And his tone had a tremble, when
He drew from the trinket that strange surprise,
And read it to those rough men.

"'Twas a pitiful chance !" spoke a comrade.
"Yes!"
The answer came ruefully :
"I think I would almost, sooner than this,
It had been my hand !" said he.

They buried the bird in the hyacinths there,
Under Mount Tabor's foot :
Letter and locket they carried with care
To the Consul in old Beirût.

"Fraulein Von Wildberg." A packet came
One day to the castle gate.
Bertha, the child, scarce knows her name
Writ out in its titled state.

An inner parcel. A letter. A stem
Of dried blue hyacinth bells ;
And somehow tender with breath of them
The story the letter tells :—

"Died at Mount Tabor.—Don't cry for me"—
So runneth the gentle word ;
"For the Man who once walked in Galilee
Still cares for the child and bird."

There was bitter grief and sobbing awhile ;
Then she paused, and lovingly
Hung the locket about her neck, with a smile :
"I will wear it always," said she.

"And so it was best—if it were at all ;
For I truly can understand
If ever He watches the sparrow's fall,
He would watch in the Holy Land !"

So sign and message came back to her—
A burden of love and tears—
Like a rose bound up with juniper,
To sweeten and heal the years.

Till for pain or gladness she had but this :
"All cometh from One Good Hand ;
I know that the earth and our hearts are His,
And both are his Holy Land !"



A WONDER STORY.

OUR TRAMP.



FULTON THE TRAMP.

ALL of you people who like to be told
Of beings heroic, or daring, or bold,
Here is a tale of a dear little scamp,
Known in our household as *Fulton the Tramp!*

Why? Well, he's tramping from morning to night,
Up-stairs and down-stairs, to left and to right,
You'd think him a soldier patrolling a camp,
And always on duty, this dear little tramp!

Tired? No, never! He'll climb and he'll fall,
Raid through the dining-room, march through the
hall,
Mount up the stair with his stampety-stamp,
Like a patent machine with a valvular tramp.

At six in the morning he's out of his crib
And tramping by contract, now this is no fib;
At six in the night by the light of the lamp
He's still on the go, so we call him the tramp.

He's brave as he's bonny! His merry black eyes
Just twinkle a moment with tears when he cries;
I really think neither colic nor cramp
Could ruffle his temper, this jolly wee tramp.

But then he's a thief; for he enters our hearts,
Steals love and steals kisses, then slyly departs!
So we'll lock him up close where he cannot decamp,
And keep him forever! our darling, the tramp!

TURKEY-TAIL BROOMS.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

IN Rome, the grand old city,
Close by the palace walls,
The famous fountain of Trevi
Tumbles and grumbles and brawls;
Its water-nymphs up on tiptoe,
To peep in the palace walls,

Seeming to smile at the clatter,
And longing to add to the patter
Of musical waterfalls,
An echo for Domenico,
Who sings and whistles and calls:
“Turkey-tail brooms! turkey-tail brooms!

Please will you buy my turkey-tail brooms?
 For brushing your rooms,
 Your cobwebs and glooms,
 There's nothing so fine as my turkey-tail brooms!"

He is tall and straight and slender,
 Gifted with nameless grace;
 The dream of an old Greek sculptor
 Is pressed on his classic face;
 His smile would beguile an angel,
 To hovering near the place.

What poor weak mortal, meeting
 Those dark eyes' soft entreating,
 Could go her way in peace,
 Nor feel a wild temptation
 To buy and buy apace:

"Turkey-tail brooms! turkey-tail brooms!
 Please will you buy my turkey-tail brooms?

For brushing your rooms,
 Your cobwebs and glooms,
 There's nothing so fine as my turkey-tail brooms!"

Out from the sunless alleys
 With little bare brown feet,
 The children of Father Trevi,
 Troop to the open street;
 They are far from clean and wholesome,
 As Rome is far from neat;
 But their laugh is clear and ringing,
 And their fresh bird-voices singing,
 Make music strangely sweet,
 When they join with Domenico
 To whistle and entreat:

"Turkey-tail brooms! turkey-tail brooms!
 Please will you buy my turkey-tail brooms?

For brushing your rooms,
 Your cobwebs and glooms,
 There's nothing so fine as my turkey-tail brooms!"

They all have heard his story,
 And simple though it be,
 It touches the hearts of children,
 And they love him tenderly.
 Far out on the wild Campagna
 He dwells with sisters three;
 He dwells with his blind old mother,
 And his brave young crippled brother,
 And none can sell but he;

But their hands are always busy,
 And they ask no charity,
 While their loving Domenico
 Can troll out merrily:



DOMENICO.

"Turkey-tail brooms! turkey-tail brooms!
 Please will you buy my turkey-tail brooms?
 For brushing your rooms,
 Your cobwebs and glooms,
 There's nothing so fine as my turkey-tail brooms!"



The Cockhorse Regiment.

BY
Frances A. Humphrey

Proudly placed among her meadows,
With the Pegnitz winding near,
Proudest of all German cities —
Nuremberg, without her peer.

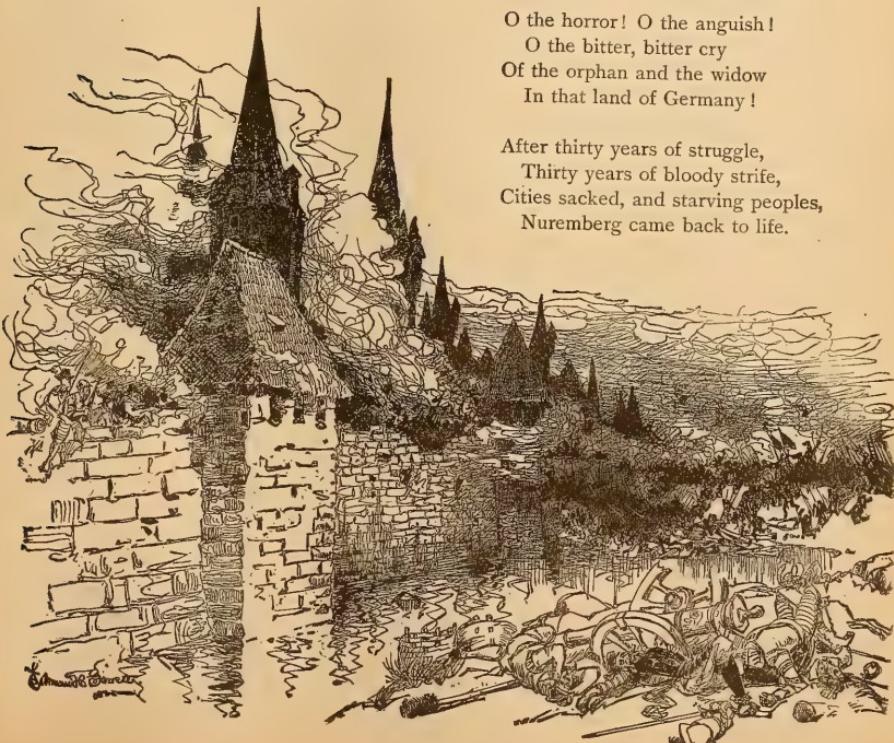
Nuremberg the free and mighty ;
Nuremberg, whose busy hand
“Goeth,” saith her ancient rhymster,
“Far and wide through every land.”

Vainly Waldstein’s cannon thundered
‘Gainst the city, tower-walled,
Vainly hurled he his battalions;
Vainly for surrender called.

But her people died by thousands
In the close beleaguered town,
And her women prayed while swiftly
Ran the tears their cheeks adown.

O the horror! O the anguish!
O the bitter, bitter cry
Of the orphan and the widow
In that land of Germany!

After thirty years of struggle,
Thirty years of bloody strife,
Cities sacked, and starving peoples,
Nuremberg came back to life.





Once more in her narrow highways
Fearless children laughed and played,
Once more from her oriel windows
Looked the happy-hearted maid.

Then the Prince, th' imperial envoy,
Piccolomini, outspoke:
"We will have a day of feasting,
O my fasting burgher-folk !

"Very fit that here, it seemeth,
Here in Nuremberg the old,
First of all our loyal cities
Wherein news of peace is told,

"Very fit that blazing bonfire,
Booming cannon, chiming bell,
With their tongues of fire and iron
Blessed years of peace foretell."

As the Prince, so said the people.
Glad they gathered on that day —
July day — in sixteen hundred
Fifty — mark the year, I pray.



For from ashes of war's fires
Smoldering then upon the earth,
Phoenix-like, the German Nation
Dates her happy birth.



Gladly forth from every quarter,
 Soldier, burgher, all outpour,
 Marching in strait ranks and serried,
 Marching on from door to door;

Bearing silken standards, crimson,
 Gold, of Nurembergan blue
 Famous as the Tyrian purple,
 — As 'tis told I tell it you —

Bearing banks of spears uplifted,
 Treading sturdily alway,
 Guild on guild, the cobbler, blacksmith —
 None were wanting on that day.

None? No — think you little children
 Failed to lend their piquant grace
 To their country's pageant? Doubter!
 They too had their time and place.

In among the moving column,
 Heads erect and eyes intent,
 Gallantly, most gallantly,
 Marched the Cock-Horse Regiment!

Clad in royal Genoa velvets,
 Ostrich plumes, and Flanders lace,
 Gems that sparkled as they rode by
 — Children of patrician race



Side by side with peasants sturdy,
Each boy waving with a toss
High in air his cutlass tiny,
Each upon his hobby-horse.

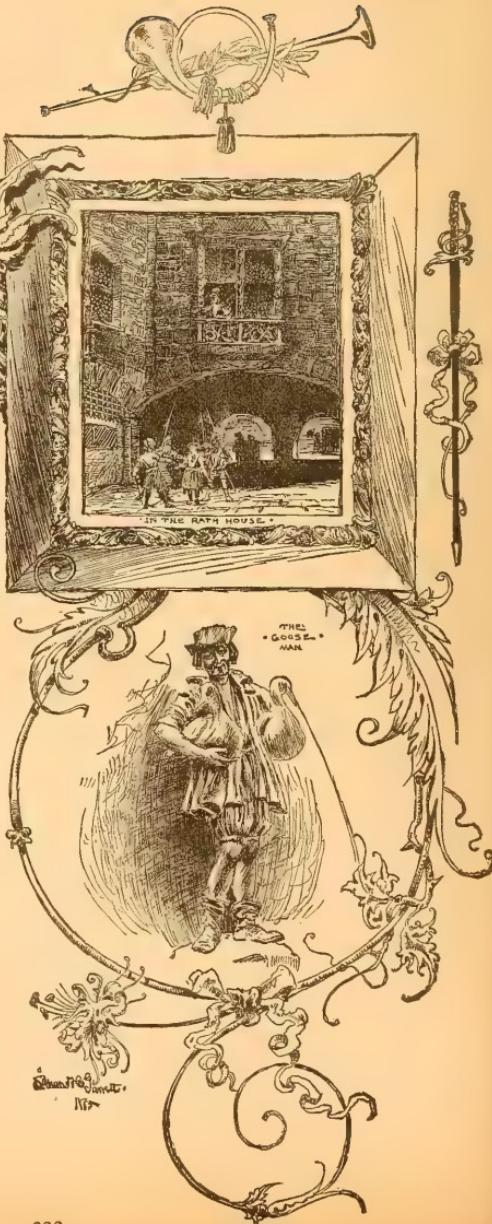
So on swept the grand procession
Past the castle where now stands
As then stood the lofty linden
Set by Kunigunde's hands ;

Past the house where Dürer painted,
Where with patient skill he wrought,
Drew his wondrous "Burgomaster,"
Truth and reverence in his thought;

(There still stands his ancient tombstone,
Emigravit carved thereon;
"Gone, not dead," the legend runneth—
Nuremberg's own dearest son.)

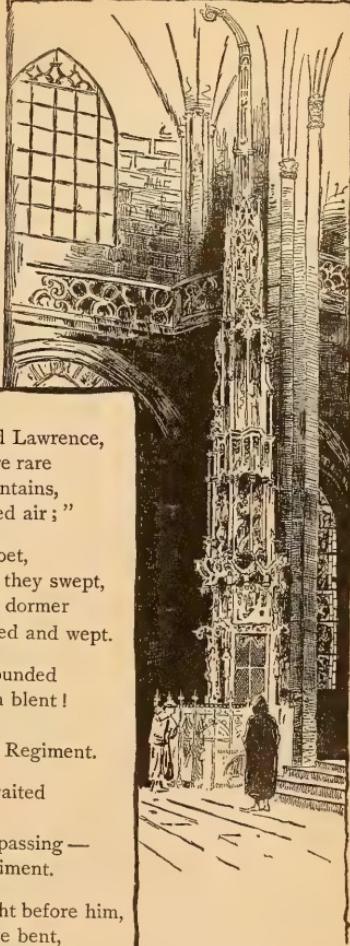
Past the high and stately Rath-Haus,
With its dungeons dark and deep,
With its dreadful torture-chamber,
Torture that did murder sleep;

Past the peasants' well-belovéd —
"Little Goose-man" is his name —
Flowing fountain, geese and goose-man,
Still beloved, and known to fame.





HANS-SACHS' HOUSE.



Past the church of martyred Lawrence,
With its pyx of "sculpture rare
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains,
Rising through the painted air ; "

Past the house of cobbler-poet,
Hans-Sachs — on and on they swept,
While from gable, door and dormer
Women looked and laughed and wept.

O right loud the trumpets sounded
With the booming cannon blent !
Gallantly, most gallantly,
Marched the Cock-Horse Regiment.

At the Red Horse Hostel waited
Piccolomini, content ;
Saw the marching columns passing —
Saw the Cock-Horse Regiment.

Cried out "Halt!" And right before him,
With each head in homage bent,
Cutlass lowered, war-horse rearing,
Stood the Cock-Horse Regiment.

Then in gracious accents speaking :
"My wish is, and my intent,
That once more shall march before me
This brave Cock-Horse Regiment."

THE PYX



So again in later summer,
Proudly, as before, they went;
Banners flying, steeds a-prancing,
Marched the Cock-Horse Regiment.

At the Red Horse Hostel halting,
Piccolomini the Prince
Gave to each a silver medal,
For them cast and graven since

Last they stood there; and on one side,
In the silver bedded fine,
Austria's eagle, double-headed —
Empire's signet — they saw shine.

On the obverse — ah! how proudly
Went up each head with a toss
As the eyes of each boy fell on
Himself on his hobby-horse!

Vivat Ferdinando III! — 'twas
Thus thereon the legend read;
Long may live the Roman Empire!
— Empire long, now long since dead.

So with cheers and loud huzza-ings,
Heads erect and eyes intent;
On their prancing steeds away then
Marched the Cock-Horse Regiment.



AN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION.

(For Ralph.)

BY MRS. WHITON-STONE.

WHAT'S the transit of Venus?" questioned a child,
 With a queer little smile in his wondering eyes;
 "It is not *very* cloudy, or windy, or wild,
 But every one seems to be watching the skies."

"What's the transit of Venus?—Sweet," I replied,
 "When you're grown up, and asked what you've known to be done,
 You can answer, one winter when *you* were a child,
 That Venus spent part of a day with the sun."

THE BABY IN THE LIBRARY.

EDWARD D. ANDERSON.

WITHIN these solemn, book-lined walls,
 Did mortal ever see
 A critic so unprejudiced,
 So full of mirthful glee?

Just watch her at that lower shelf;
 See, there she's thumped her nose
 Against the place where Webster stands
 In dignified repose.

Such heavy books she scorns; and she
 Considères Vapereau,
 And Beeton, too, though full of life,
 Quite stupid, dull and slow.

She wants to take a higher flight,
 Aspiring little elf!
 And on her mother's arm at length
 She gains a higher shelf.

But, oh! what liberties she takes
 With those grave, learned men;
 Historians, and scientists,
 And even "Rare old Ben!"

At times she takes a spiteful turn,
 And pommels, with her fists,
 De Quincey, Jeffrey, and Carlyle,
 And other essayists.

And, when her wrath is fully roused
 And she's disposed for strife,
 It almost looks as if she'd like
 To take Macaulay's *Life*.

Again, in sympathetic mood,
 She gayly smiles at Gay,
 And punches Punch, and frowns at Sterne
 In quite a dreadful way.

In vain the Sermons shake their heads;
 She does not care for these,
 But catches, with intense delight,
 At all the Tales she sees.

Where authors chance to meet her views,
 Just praise they never lack;
 To comfort and encourage them,
 She pats them on the back.



THE Sisseton-Wahpeton Santa Sioux Indians, and a tribe of the Chippewas, had cherished an unpleasant feeling toward one another during many years. The Sioux always spoke of the Chippewas as being black-hearted — that is deceitful; while the latter called the Sioux "old Squaws," meaning to cast a reflection upon their reputation for bravery. In fact the two tribes were at sword's-points — or rather at tomahawk's-points.

If one or two Chippewas wandered forth, and by some ill-luck met a party of Sioux, the Chippewas never returned, and on the other hand, when a large party of Chippewas came across a few Sioux, the latter did not live to tell the tale.

It was really inconvenient for both tribes to have affairs in this state, for two reasons: The Chippewas had formerly been accustomed to obtain their ponies from the Sioux, who brought them from beyond the Missouri, and now their stock of ponies had run very low — so low, in fact, that some of the most ancient and aristocratic chieftains were obliged to travel on foot; and the Sioux had formerly obtained their finest beadwork from the skillful Chippewas who, in this line, are unexcelled — even the ornaments of the artistic Yanktonée are thrown in the shade by the Chippewa broidery. Therefore the tribe often talked of peace and by many it was heartily desired.

Finally, after various attempts, it was decided that the desired result should be brought about in the following manner: a Sioux messenger should be sent to the camp of the enemy with a few gifts and many promises, and he was to invite the Chiefs, Braves, Headmen and Warriors to a "Grand Peace Meet" at the Sioux Camp. This "Peace Meet," at which I was present, by the way, took place in Dakota.

As little Joe De Marras, a mixed-blood — one eighth French — had among his wives a Chippewa squaw, and as he had occasionally, in company with this wife, visited her relations, always returning in safety, and as he was almost the only Sioux who understood the Chippewa language, he was now chosen for this important mission. As a diplomat "Little Joe" proved a grand success.

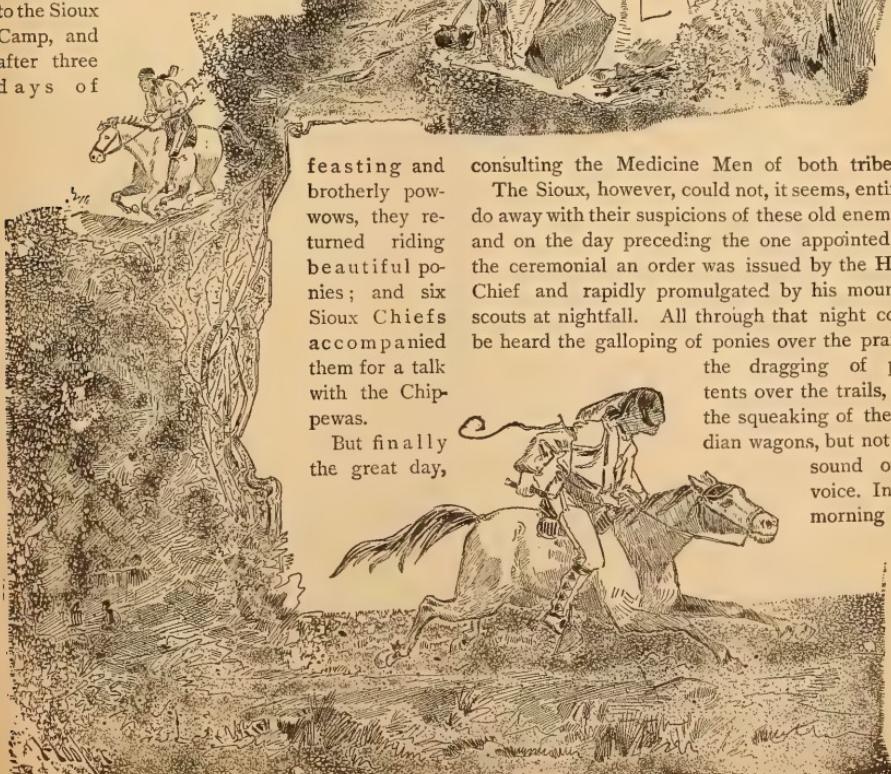
His Chippewa father-in-law gave a big dance in honor of his visit and other dances followed; in fact a series of very elegant entertainments were given in the most approved Chippewa style, and at all these different soirees the Sioux ambassador carried a bundle of small sticks about as large as lead pencils. Each stick, as was well understood, represented a promise of a pony. These he presented to different chiefs. Of course the recipients were only too anxious to immediately form a party, accept the Sioux invitation, and go right

over and claim the promised ponies ; in short the strongest feelings of amity and companionship pervaded the entire Chippewa Camp. One of the Chiefs even adopted " Little Joe." This is done by making a handsome present and requiring the recipient to join the family circle and call the donor " father," and if there is a spare daughter she is often married to the new son.

The Diplomat returned in great triumph to the Sioux. He was laden with most elegant Chippewa beadwork, carved pipes, otter skins, and an additional wife.

Of course many preliminary councils and meetings had to take place. Six Chippewas came over to the Sioux Camp, and after three days of

the inaugural day of "The Grand Peace Meet," was really agreed upon, after



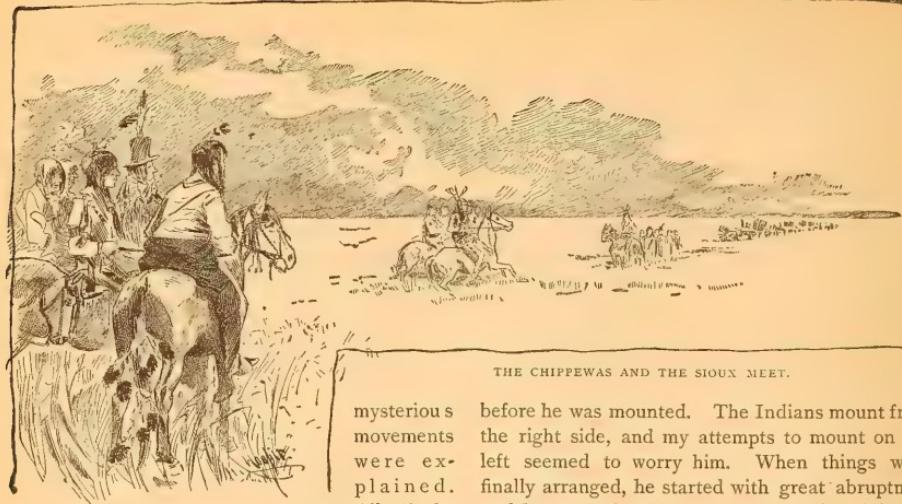
feasting and brotherly pow-wows, they returned riding beautiful ponies ; and six Sioux Chiefs accompanied them for a talk with the Chippewas.

But finally the great day,

consulting the Medicine Men of both tribes.

The Sioux, however, could not, it seems, entirely do away with their suspicions of these old enemies ; and on the day preceding the one appointed for the ceremonial an order was issued by the Head Chief and rapidly promulgated by his mounted scouts at nightfall. All through that night could be heard the galloping of ponies over the prairie, the dragging of pole tents over the trails, and the squeaking of the Indian wagons, but not the sound of a voice. In the morning the

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DIPLOMAT.



THE CHIPPEWAS AND THE SIOUX MEET.

mysterious movements were explained.

All of the

Sioux tepees which had been scattered among the ravines and on the slopes had been gathered together, during the night, in a double row and were now systematically arranged in the form of an ellipse, the wagons standing as a sort of breast-work around the outside.

At an early hour every one was astir in the Sioux encampment and in a state of great excitement; for the Chipewas, according to the reports of the scouts, who had been on the lookout all night, were within a few miles, in large numbers, and heavily armed.

The Sioux Chiefs and Braves were already on the road, while I was still wrestling with my pony, who seemed to have thoroughly caught the prevailing nervousness and would persist in striking out vigorously with his hind legs while the girts were being tightened, and then he insisted on starting

before he was mounted. The Indians mount from the right side, and my attempts to mount on the left seemed to worry him. When things were finally arranged, he started with great abruptness and began racing at breakneck speed to join the band who were now a good distance ahead. It seemed a long time before I was able to slide down from his neck and find the saddle.

It was noticeable that the Sioux were thoroughly armed, though their blankets were so arranged as to conceal their weapons as much as possible. We rode in no regular order, except the Headmen were gathered around the Chief. Not a voice was

heard. We followed no track or trail that was discernible to the ordinary observer, simply keeping the scouts in sight who were always some half-mile in advance.

After about an hour's ride, the scouts suddenly made a signal. We halted and one of them rode swiftly back and held a whispered consultation with the Headmen. Meantime the remainder of the scouts had dismounted and placed themselves behind their ponies. Signals were again made,



I WAS STILL WRESTLING WITH MY PONY.

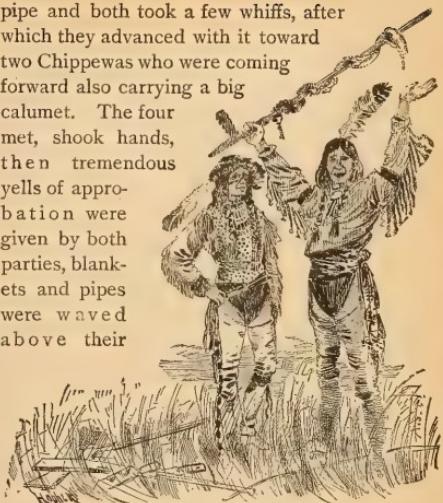
and we advanced slowly. Now, for the first time during the ride everyone began talking; but only for a moment—evidently the Chippewas were in sight, but to eyes unaccustomed to gazing across the prairie they were not visible.

Suddenly a mass of moving objects could be seen above the prairie grass. Again there was a halt, while a dozen Headmen advanced and joined our scouts. Then we again slowly and cautiously advanced.

Soon the Chippewas were distinctly visible; they, too, had sent a small party in advance. The reports which our scouts had brought in the morning were undoubtedly much exaggerated. The Chippewas, who were all on foot excepting a few Chiefs, were not over one hundred in number, and their weapons if they carried any were not to be seen. No doubt, however, they were packed in the wagons around which most of them were gathered.

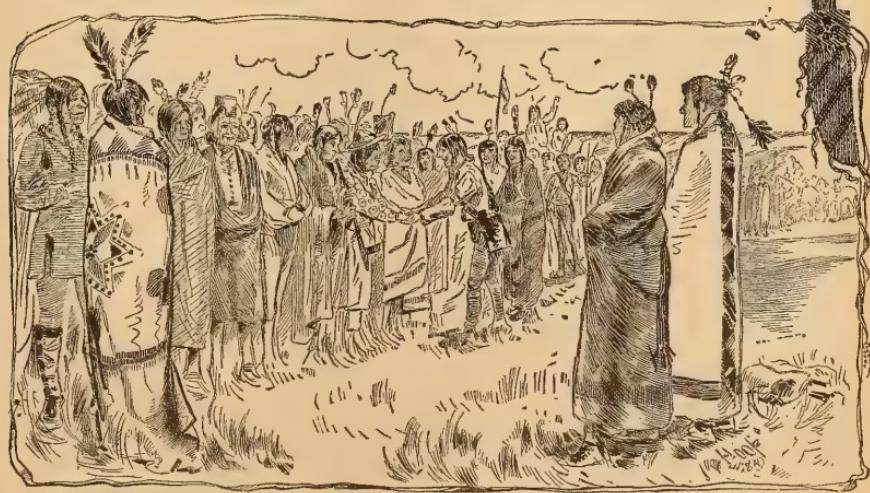
Peace-signs were made by both parties. Then we all halted. Our scouts dismounted, and the advance-guard from both sides then made a great show of laying down their knife-sheaths, and everything else which they carried that looked at all war-like, and then advanced to within a few rods of each other.

pipe and both took a few whiffs, after which they advanced with it toward two Chippewas who were coming forward also carrying a big calumet. The four met, shook hands, then tremendous yells of approbation were given by both parties, blankets and pipes were waved above their



THE BIG CALUMET.

heads, the ponies pranced and neighed, and the greatest excitement prevailed. After this exchange of pipes, the remainder of the advance guard from each side met, and there



THE TWO CHIPPEWAS ARE ESCORTED ALONG THE SIOUX RANKS.

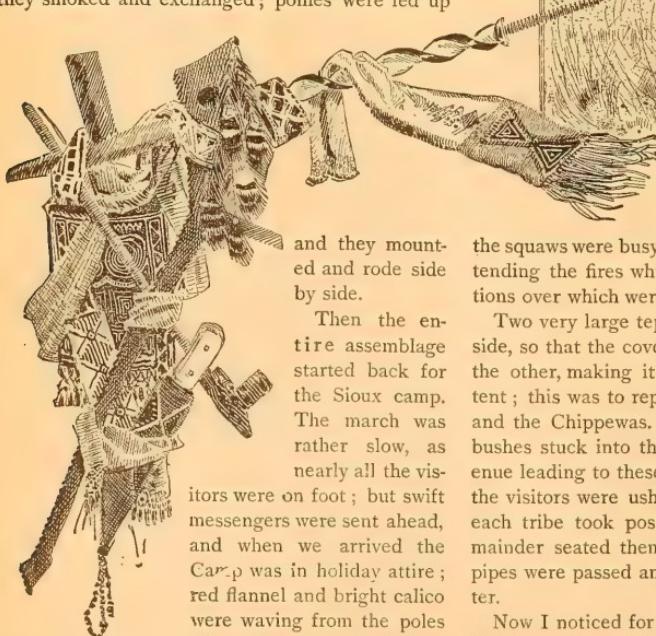
Now they began to talk. A short speech was made on each side. Then two of the Sioux lighted a big

was great shaking of hands, passing of pipes and renewed yells. The Sioux then came back with

the two Chippewas — the bearers of the pipe of peace — while the Sioux pipe-bearers were conducted to the Chippewas.

An order was then swiftly passed, and the whole band of Sioux were arranged in two long lines, and the two Chippewas were escorted along the ranks, shaking hands with everyone, while the big Chippewa calumet was passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, each Indian taking one long whiff ; nearly the same ceremony was taking place among the Chippewas.

A small party of Sioux next went with presents for the Chippewa Chiefs, while some Chippewas also came over with gifts of beautiful beadwork for the Sioux. Then both the Sioux and Chippewa Head-Chiefs, with their Headmen, slowly advanced to within a few yards of each other, and long speeches followed, interrupted by yells of applause, and cries of "wa'ste! wa'ste! (good! good!) After this, the two Head Chiefs walked up to each other, and shook hands. At this the shouts became deafening, pipes were brought, and they smoked and exchanged ; ponies were led up



and they mounted and rode side by side.

Then the entire assemblage started back for the Sioux camp. The march was rather slow, as nearly all the visitors were on foot ; but swift messengers were sent ahead, and when we arrived the Camp was in holiday attire ; red flannel and bright calico were waving from the poles of the tepees, the children were running about shouting and laughing, while



"PRESENTS."

the squaws were busy bringing water and wood, and tending the fires which were burning in all directions over which were cooking big pots of meat.

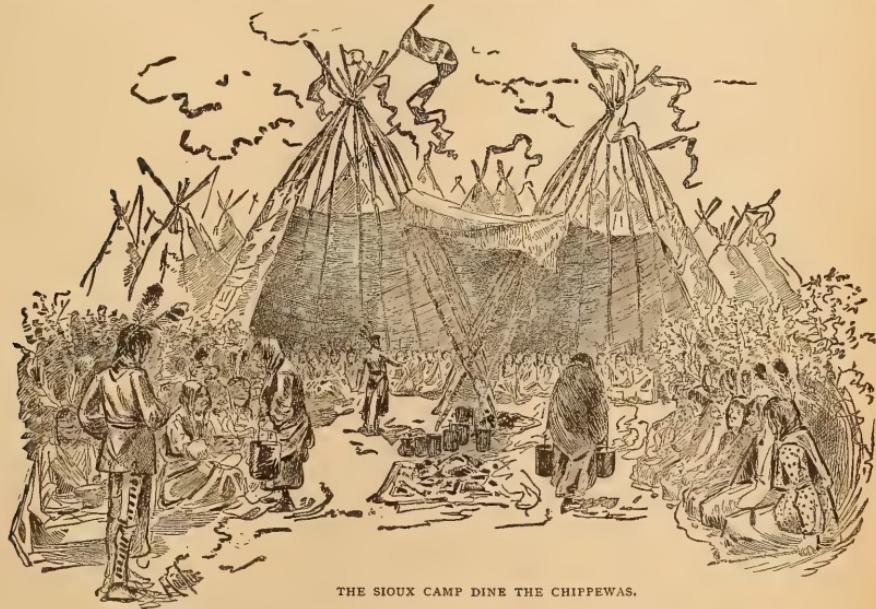
Two very large tepees had been placed side by side, so that the covering of one lapped over upon the other, making it to look almost like one big tent ; this was to represent the union of the Sioux and the Chippewas. A large space, enclosed by bushes stuck into the ground, made a kind of avenue leading to these tents, and into this enclosure the visitors were ushered, and while the chiefs of each tribe took possession of the tents, the remainder seated themselves around the sides and pipes were passed amidst much talking and laughter.

Now I noticed for the first time that there was a little boy with the Chippewas. He was dressed like a warrior ; his clothes were covered with bead-

work, two little embroidered pouches hung from his shoulders, a brilliant bead sash was around his waist, bands of beadwork with long fringed ends were tied below his knees, and beautiful moccasins were on his feet. While the others were seating themselves, the boy rushed out toward a lot of ponies, and he seemed to be perfectly happy in simply watching or walking round among them. He evidently was as anxious for a "Suktanka" (pony) as any of the Chippewas. Little Sioux children gathered around him, admiring his costume, but they seemed rather shy, and their languages being entirely different their acquaintance progressed slowly until one of them brought up an old pony, and then four, yes, four "little Injuns" climbed on—and the happy little Chippewa was one of them. They at once began shouting and kicking

front legs, and raised his hind feet as if he were trying to kick the sun out of the sky, and he continued this motion, throwing his head down and his hind legs up, until the "four little Injuns" were scattered far and wide in the prairie grass.

It was evidently with feelings of great pleasure, judging from their smiling countenances, that the Indians saw the squaws approach with the big kettles of steaming soup. Though the *menu* was short and the courses few, the dinner seemed wholly satisfactory; the most important point with an Indian is not variety, but quantity. The soup was poured into tin plates and dippers; a few had spoons; but most of them drank from their dish. After the soup to which all were helped many times, came potatoes, boiled meat, and a kind of hot bread or pan-cake cooked in a spider. During the dinner



THE SIOUX CAMP DINE THE CHIPPEWAS.

their heels into the old pony's ribs, the children at the pony's heels joining with sticks and yells, and it was all immensely jolly for everyone excepting poor old pony himself who was being driven round at a lively pace. Suddenly, however, he performed a favorite trick with Indian ponies; that is, he "bucked"—he lowered his head between his

very little conversation was carried on, but when the meal had been finished, the Chiefs of the two tribes, who had been carefully waited upon under the big tents, came forth into the enclosure, and long speeches followed. The Chippewas expressed their love and admiration for the Sioux in the most flattering terms, and referred to their well-known

bravery with intense admiration. The Sioux replied in speeches more flattering if possible.

Then began an old Indian game. The squaws

their work, the children were gathered into the tents, the ponies had wandered into the ravine, and even the dogs seemed subdued. But as soon

as the edge of the moon appeared above the prairie, a few dark forms passed noiselessly towards the dancing grounds. Then the Indian drum broke the silence; and from that moment all through that night, and through the next day, and the following night, that drum was not laid down for a moment.

For this was to be a famous dance, a dance long to be remembered. The Sioux had determined that the Chippewas should be duly impressed by the magnificence of their reception, and the dance was the principal feature. At the sound of the drum it seemed as if the Indians

brought in dippers filled with hot fat from the frying pans, and the Indians would dare each other to see who would drink the most, and presents would be made by the one who failed. The same idea was carried out in regard to eating hot baked potatoes. When this was over, some of the Chippewas pulled their blankets over their heads and laid down in the sun to sleep, while the others, for the first time, moved about the Camp, wandering finally towards the ponies. Then discussions arose in regard to speed, and races followed. At sunset not a Chippewa was visible; they all had disappeared in or around their wagons, where their tents were pitched. They were industriously painting themselves for the big dance which was to begin at moonrise. The Sioux were engaged in the same artistic employment. For the first time in twenty-four hours there was a period of quietness.

It was now rapidly becoming dark, the squaws had finished

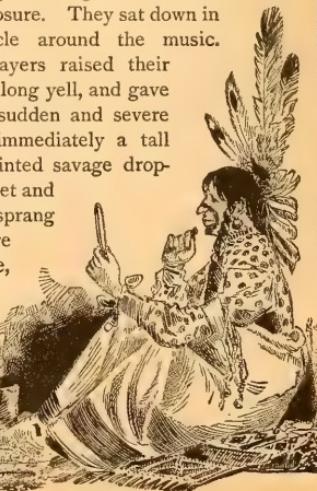
came by magic; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the ground. None seemed to be hurrying, but suddenly you could see them on all sides, silently moving towards the dancing enclosure. They sat down in a large circle around the music. Then the players raised their voices in one long yell, and gave the drum a sudden and severe pounding — immediately a tall frightfully-painted savage dropped his blanket and with a yell sprang into the centre of the circle, brandishing a tomahawk



WHAT BEFELL "FOUR LITTLE INJUNS."



PAINTING FOR THE BIG DANCE.



ornamented with a long string of feathers. Others in fantastic costumes—and some in no costume except paint and red flannel—gathered around this leader. The squaws on the outside of the enclosure struck into a wild chant, the dancers began their antics, and the moon, and the fires, which had been started near the circle, threw a weird light on the scene which seemed anything but peaceful.

After the first dance a regular beating was still kept up on the drum, while many of the Sioux withdrew to return presently with little sticks. At this the Chippewa guests smiled with renewed vigor—they well knew each stick represented a promise of a pony.

The head Sioux chief then arose, made a brief speech, and threw two sticks into the lap of the Chippewa chief. Great shouts and a regular tornado on the drum followed. Then I-te-wa-kan-hdi-o-ta (Thunder Face), a Sioux Brave, danced around the circle, hesitating in front of different Indians, finally throwing a stick to a happy Chippewa. Shouts of applause again went up and the dance was renewed.

Thus it went all night; giving ponies, receiving beadwork, dancing, speeches, and eating—no cessation. Occasionally some of the dancers would quietly steal away and take a nap, but the circle always looked full; while some rested others danced.

And so it went on for two nights and one day. On the morning of the second day, I awoke with

an idea that I had saddled a little stick and had been riding wildly through an Indian village pursued by painted savages, also mounted on sticks.



THE LEADER OF THE DANCE.

In the camp all was quiet. Over the rolling prairie a party of horsemen were rapidly disappearing. It was the Chippewas on their return home. All was now peace between the tribes.



I-TE-WA-KAN-HDI-O-TA.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS.

Frank K. Merrill

I WONDER if most of us are not naturally fond of the water, semi-amphibious; whether, ever since we were big enough to sail shingles in a watering trough, or to tumble into the brook where we had set up our water-wheels, we have not had times of longing to be either in or on the water.

I incline to think that this natural love of a stream to play and fish and swim and ride in, has had much to do in determining some great things — the site of the world's big cities, say; for when men had only tents or huts to shelter them, they were quite sure to erect these by the bank of a stream which should give them water to drink and use, to serve as a highway, and to yield a supply of fish-food. In the course of centuries, the dwellings became better and more numerous as people increased and developed their faculties, and presently there was a town; and, after more time and growth, a great city. Then the banks of the river, once green and beautiful, where the willows had spread their branches over the water, gave place to heavy walls and stone embankments; and instead of the hollow log in which the half-naked natives had paddled about, came puffing and splashing steamboats and barges fetching goods brought up the river from ships from over seas.

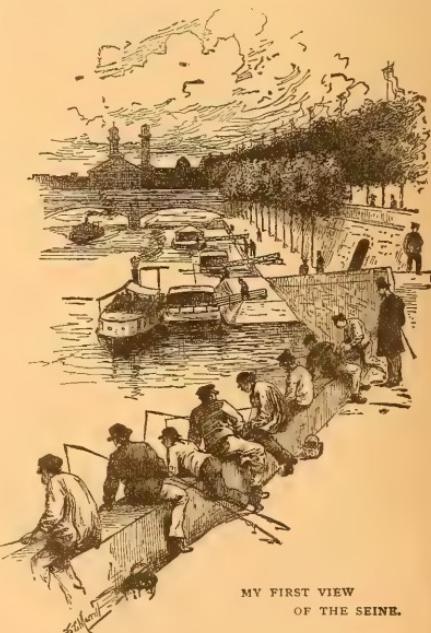
All this has happened to the river Seine, and to the hamlet of Lutetia which the Parisii built upon the island of La Cité.

My earliest view of the Seine at Paris had for its foreground a fine array of hopeful fishermen of all ages waiting with seriousness and patience for the first tremulous indication of a "bite." To judge by their numbers and their determined air one would suppose that this was a great industry, that the citizens of Paris were still largely dependent for food upon the fish caught in the river. Upon the wall skirting the quai, upon the steamboat landings, in punts, upon the lavois, or floating laundries, or standing ankle-deep in water by the piers of bridges, in or on every available place, were the fishermen. Do they ever catch anything?

"Well," said a man who generally tells the truth, "a fellow in the reign of Clovis caught a carp, and ever since they have been hoping to take another."

It was told me, too, how there had once been a man who after waiting for a long time felt a nibble and pulling up his rod with a great jerk, threw a shining fish high into the air, saw him fall off the hook with a splash into the water again, and was so excited that in his despair he plunged in after it and would have drowned if his friends had not pulled him out.

One might do worse, however, than to jump into the Seine, provided the day be sultry and you



MY FIRST VIEW
OF THE SEINE.

make your leap into one of the better class of swimming baths. Not far from the Pont de la Concorde is one of the best of the bathing establishments for men. You descend from the quai;

a stone way leads to the door. You pay a franc to enter, and a sou procures you a towel, bathing drawers, and a long cloak of white cotton in which you wrap when you come out of the water. You find yourself upon a platform six or eight feet in width extending around a tank perhaps three



FREQUENTERS OF THE SWIMMING BATHS.

hundred feet long, and a hundred wide. Over your head runs a gallery as wide as the platform, and from both platform and gallery open doors to scores of bathing boxes, to one of which you are assigned. Your valuables you leave at the office receiving a brass check in return and presently you join the other bathers to take your plunge. You notice the company about you. There are some very good looking heads and intellectual ones, some are military officers, others look like students and clerical men. Flights of steps lead from the platform into the water for the convenience of those who do not wish to dive, and numerous signs along the edge of the tank inform the bathers as to the depth of the water, that those unable to swim may not venture beyond places of safety. At one end of the tank where the water is deepest is an elevated stand approached by a flight of steps, and from this some gay, athletic young fellows are diving. Near the diving-stand is the café; and here bathers wrapped in their white cloaks lounge and smoke, or take their coffee or absinthe. A cooler and more refreshing place cannot be found in Paris on a hot summer afternoon than this bath-house and it is a popular resort.

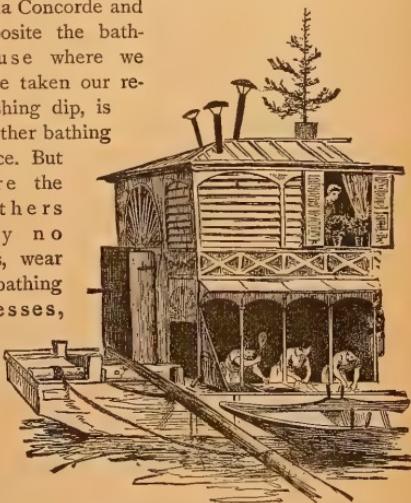
But if you do not care to spend a franc or twenty cents, there are many places where you can get a bath for less. Fifty centimes (half a franc), or even four sous, will buy one, and you

may find your company quite as interesting as in a more expensive place.

Like the bath-houses, the *lavoirs*, or floating laundries, occupy the river largely. Built upon heavy bateaux these laundries rise two stories in height, and each is a humming hive of laundresses. In the lower story you can always see them washing the clothes and beating them with flat wooden paddles. Wo to your buttons when your clothing is drawn out of the water (which is always clean, always momentally renewed) to come under the club of a muscular laundress! But somehow they do manage to bring your linen back whole, although you think to see them at work that no garment could stand the treatment.

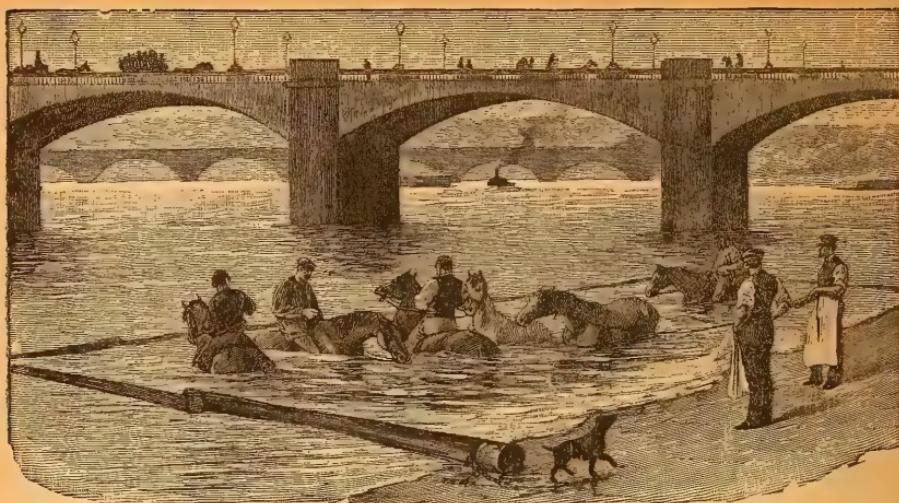
In the story above, there appear to be rooms for drying and ironing; and I think there must be sleeping-rooms also in some of them for those that have the care of the floating washtubs. There are snowy muslin curtains held back by bright ribbons, and a plant in blossom stands upon the window-ledge.

On the right bank of the river, near the Pont de la Concorde and opposite the bath-house where we have taken our refreshing dip, is another bathing place. But here the bathers pay no fees, wear no bathing dresses,



A LAUNDRY ON THE SEINE.

have no absinthe or cigarettes. They are dragged from the bath, sometimes driven away with blows, the French horses are as fond of the bath as their masters, and the space enclosed by a boom of logs chained together which is allotted to them, is al-



ways alive with splashing, shiny animals. At that point the river does not reach the embankment, and from the base of the wall the bed is paved with square stone blocks so that the horses have a good and sure foothold as far out as they are able to wade. It is a lively scene, very picturesque. Some of the horses are ridden into the water by men whose red caps show them to be soldiers, others have been taken from between the shafts of wagons and carts in the street above, and their drivers in blouses, or shirts, or naked to the waist, ride them splashing and floundering about, men and horses equally wet.

The famous Pont de la Concorde which forms the background to this animated scene is one of

the many great highways across the river, perhaps the most densely thronged of all. It was built in part of stone from the ruins of the old

stream of peaceful travel flows over them night and day. Densely crowded omnibuses, fiacres, or cabs, with drivers in red vests and shiny hats; now a clattering dragoon, or a cuirassier, his breastplate and helmet sparkling in the sun, the long horsehair crest sweeping down his back.

Then a pastoral sound greets the ear, and the pan-pipes of a vender of goat's milk give notice of the approach of the picturesque goatherd driving his lop-eared goats in front of him. They dodge the swiftly-moving cabs and drays without seeming to notice them, and form a striking rural bit in a bustling city picture. Sometimes however these pan-pipes announce, not the coming of the goatherd, but the drove of she-asses which are driven through the streets and stopped at door after door to deliver the milk fresh to those who have a fancy for this beverage.

Here comes the coco-man with a pagoda-shaped tank strapped like a chemical fire-extinguisher upon his shoulders. He tinkles his metal cups to attract customers and like Simple Simon you can



THE VENDER OF ASSES' MILK.

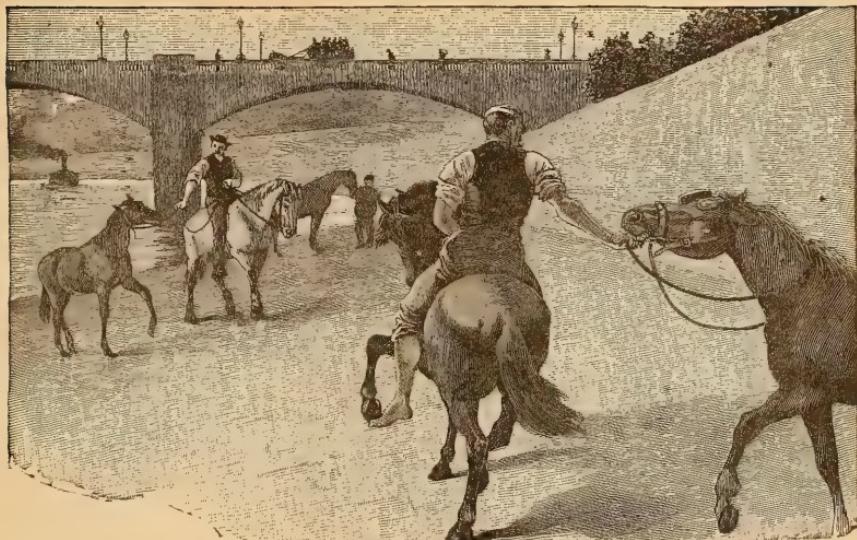
Bastile prison, and it is some satisfaction to a reflective person to know that the stones which once confined the victims of despotism now serve the public good in a much happier manner. A great



THE COCO-MAN.



THE FLOWER MARKET, NEAR NOTRE DAME.



taste his "ware" for a penny. The drink is a sort of liquorice water, not very cold, yet quite refreshing. I have watched the coco-man approach a group of perspiring workmen on a hot day and one after another they would leave their work and take their penny-drink which must have been much better for them than their sour wine, beer or ice water.

Extending along the river-side eastward from the Place de la Concorde are the Gardens of the Tuilleries. The famous old palace is gone but the Gardens remain, the popular gathering-place

of white-capped nurses with the children, and red-legged soldiers to keep them company. On pleasant afternoons you may come here and listen to a

concert by the band of the Garde Republicaine. You may hire the privilege of sitting in an iron armchair for four cents, or a chair without arms for two cents, and

buy a programme to a very good concert for two cents more; so that four or six cents really gives you an excellent musical entertainment for an hour, enjoyed in comfort.

The walk along the quai, passing the side of the Louvre and bringing us to the old Pont Neuf is full of suggestions to any

student of history; but we are merely walking along the river to-day. See that crowd upon the quai close by the end of the old Pont Neuf. "What is the trouble here, monsieur?" We stretch up to gaze over some head and shoulders. Ah, a man is clipping a poodle. His assistant sits upon the ground and holds the dog across his knees, grasping the two fore paws in one hand and the hind paws in the other while the sculptor in hair clips the astonished but unresisting animal leaving a moustache upon his face, rings about his ankles, a funny collar about his neck, a round tuft upon the tip of his tail, and perhaps some other odd patches upon various parts of his body. Another dog is waiting for his turn, and sits shivering pitifully as he regards the operation upon the dog already in the barber's hands.



THE DOGS' BARBER.

band of the Garde Republicaine. You may hire the privilege of sitting in an iron armchair for four cents, or a chair without arms for two cents, and



HOT WEATHER TRIM.

This old bridge, the Pont Neuf, we have heard of since we first heard of Paris; no story of Parisian life is complete without some mention of it. It is more than a thousand feet long, the centre of it touching the end of the island of La Cité. It is three hundred years old and upon that part which rests upon the island is an equestrian statue of Henry IV., its builder.

There is another gathering of people here, leaning over the parapet, looking at something going on in the open space upon the end of the island below them. There is a beating

school-boy drum-and-bugle corps in progress. Half a dozen lads, ten or twelve years old, with drums, and as many more with bugles, are drilling under



the supervision of an officer in a cocked hat. Back and forth they march, their little leader, who plays a trumpet, beating time with his instrument, very full of importance, very desirous of having his command do their best before the Pont Neuf audience.

The Parisian schoolboy is often a very quaint-looking little fellow as you see him on his way to the schoolhouse, over the door of which you read the legend: "Industrie, Emulation, Progrès." He wears a sombre black garment like a long-sleeved apron which covers him to the knees; he has stockings — you can see them all down about his ankles — and shoes too. Of the rest of his outfit you cannot know, for the black garment covers him completely. His hair is closely cropped and he is often bareheaded. Then you will see others with their book-knapsacks strapped upon their backs, and perhaps wearing a white linen cap. The boys have their military uniform; then, with their flat-topped, visorless blue caps they look like a lot of small sailors on parade.

For half a mile or more along the quais Conti, Malaquis, and Voltaire, are the book-stalls. Upon the parapet along the river-side in boxes, or in piles upon the stone, are books, books, books. Books old and new, in every language; school-books, story-books, religious and devotional books and irreligious and bad books, portfolios of prints and music, old coins and miscellaneous rubbish. People saunter along looking here and there between the covers of the volumes and often arrested by some book of special interest. An old priest in a long black gown becomes absorbed in what he has discovered and, standing, reads on as unconscious of the jostling passers-by as



BOOK-STALLS ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS.

of drums, a blowing of trumpets. Getting a chance to look over, we see a little rehearsal of some

though he were in his own study, while an old woman by his side, evidently a domestic, buries her face between the leaves of her volume fully as absorbed as he.

The island of La Cité is the site of the earliest settlement of Paris. There was an old Roman Palace, and the royal residence was for many years upon its banks. High above the surrounding buildings rise the great square towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame. As we approach it we pass along the quai under the walls of the old palace and prison, the Conciergerie, whose round towers with pointed roofs look like great candles with extinguishers upon them. Those gray walls

could almost match the Bastile in the stories they might tell. In the open space just beyond, and extending for some distance along the quai, is held the flower market. Here, on market days, plants of every

description in

pots and boxes or bundles of earth, and flowers in bunches or bouquets, are offered for sale. It is a pretty sight. The white-capped women and blue-bloused men, the customers often fair and finely dressed, the bright masses of many-hued flowers combine into a brilliant picture of Parisian street-life.

A few steps from the flower market bring us to the open space in front of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Shall we go within, into the atmosphere of historic reverie, or shall we climb its towers, among its great belfries, and galleries where are wild, fantastic gargoyles — grotesque figures carved in stone of creatures which

Are neither man or woman,
They are neither brute or human,

but look decidedly fiendish as they lean over and peer leering and scowling at the passers in the



SOME GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME.

street below; or shall we go on to the Pont Royale — the starting-place from which the little steamer leaves for down-the-river trips to St. Cloud or Suresnes, where we can dine and end the day's saunter through the Heart of Paris? Securing a seat upon the shady side of the boat we enjoy the "voyage." We are "voyageurs" if we go no more than a hundred yards; and most certainly are we deserving of the term if we go six or eight miles. That is about as far as many Parisians ever care to get from their beloved city. We pass again the bathing-houses and lavoirs and the horses still wallowing in the water.

The golden dome of the Invalides sparkles in the sunlight and the old soldiers are strolling about in the grounds. You can only see the shining dome from the river, but you catch sight of one of the veterans as you pass the Pont des In-



SOME FRENCH SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

valides, and you know he is but one of many poor old fellows passing their last days under the shelter of this great "Soldiers' Home." I remember one

unfortunate, stumping about upon two wooden legs looking as I saw him in a vine-covered alley, like some queer wading bird, a heron or a stork.

We are drawing away from the city itself, and presently strains of music from an orchestrion or hand-organ apprise us that we are just arriving at the Pont du Jour, where a sort of perpetual fête is in progress.

You can see the swinging horses and fandangoes in motion, and the booths where gymnasts and acrobats exhibit their strength and skill and any one in the crowd is invited to try a fall with the champion wrestler. There is a menagerie and a lion-tamer who makes the poor king of beasts jump over a broomstick; and there are shooting galleries where for a sou one may have the privilege of throwing a ball at a dozen comical grinning heads upon diminutive bodies.

The crowd at a French fête is a most good-humored company. Old and young are there to be amused and people who have come in carriages go round on the little horses or in the pitching boats side by side with workingmen, soldiers and children and all are equally jolly and smiling. The martial spirit of the country asserts itself even in their sport, for when one mounts a swing-

lunge at the ring, their faces expressing the greatest interest and determination. Some of the whirling machines are two stories in height and are gorgeous in paint and gilding while the motive power is a small steam engine which also



AT THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

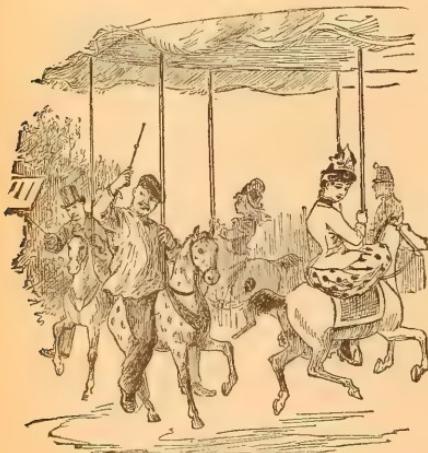
furnishes breath for a calliope or orchestrion sending out a popular tune loud enough to be heard a mile away.

We get but a glimpse of all this for the boat bears quickly away, the river soon becomes free from stone embankments and flows between grassy and wooded banks again. We dine at St. Cloud, in the park which is open to all, and hundreds are there to-day.

Sitting here at a table under the trees we see a number of carriages drive up to the entrance of the park to which they are not allowed admittance, and their occupants alight and come in on foot. It is a newly-married pair with their friends out for the brief wedding journey. After the ceremony has taken place the wedding party take carriages and drive out to the Bois de Boulogne or St. Cloud where they walk in the park and dine under the trees in some open-air café. The groom in evening dress and the bride in white, leaning upon his arm, head the procession. An officer of chasseurs and a heavy father oppressed by the heat lend dignity to the affair and the children bring up the rear.

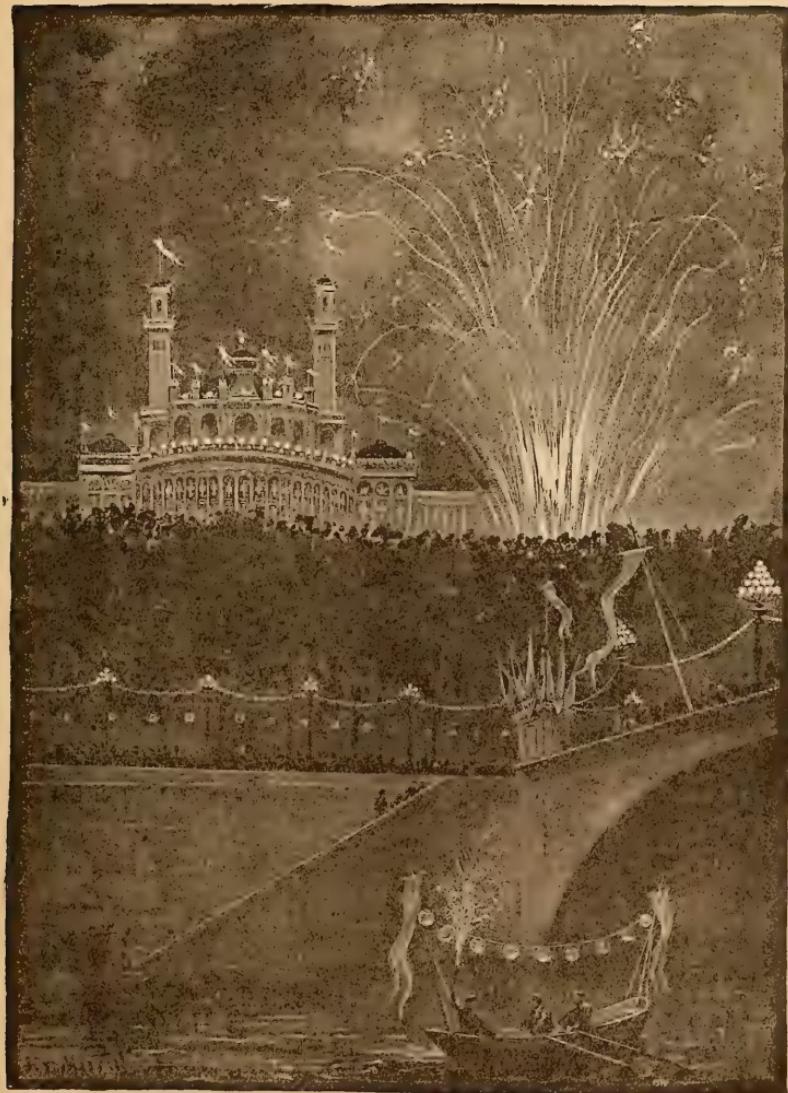
There is some bustling about and arranging the couples in proper order and then as the carriages are driven away the company moves in a very stately way down the walk under the trees, and disappears from sight.

If it had chanced to be a fête day, so that the cafés of St. Cloud were filled, we would have gone



THE FLYING HORSES.

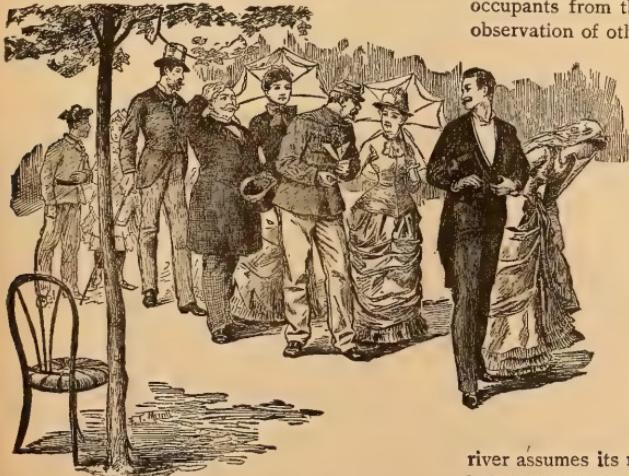
ing hobby horse, a little rapier is given him and he endeavors to carry away upon its point a little brass ring suspended just within reach. Round go the horses, and one after another their riders



down the river to the next landing-place and at Suresnes sat under our vine and fig tree in a café overlooking the moving life on the river; the pleasure boats and passenger steamers, and heavy freight barges with families living on board; there are the children and domestic pets, and the flowering plants in pots giving a homelike look to the heavy dingy craft.

The out-of-door life in cafés is one of the most noticeable things in France to Englishmen or Americans who never, except at picnics, eat a dinner in the open air. With the Frenchman in order to be quite happy, it seems to be necessary that he should take his dinner under a shelter no heavier than the foliage of a tree or some gayly striped awning. The tree may be a poor thing in a tub, standing in a courtyard or high up upon a balcony in some narrow street, but it stands for all the country to the man who takes his soup and salad under the shadow of its poor leaves. So national is this feeling that in the warm weather you always can have your dinner served to you in the open air, in an arbor or under a tree; and you will soon come to share the Frenchman's liking for the custom.

A house-boat moored by the shore shows how some families take their outing, having a pleasant



A WEDDING PARTY AT ST. CLOUD.

time during the hot weather, living luxuriously in a large flat-bottomed boat and making a slow cruise

down the river with plenty of rest and comfort and pleasant scenery. Some of the boats we pass are



OPEN-AIR CAFE.

brilliant with colored awnings which screen the occupants from the rays of the sun or from the observation of other crews.

We notice as we look up and down that the river itself is not like American streams and the gray, hazy color and the unfamiliar forms of some of the trees tell us that we are figures in a French landscape, a landscape that we have often seen upon canvas but never encountered out of doors in America.

But it is upon the great national fête day, the day of the Fête de la République, which commemorates the fall of the Bastile, that the river assumes its most brilliant aspect. For days before, men are at work putting in place the decorations along the quais and making ready for the grand illumination. Thousands upon thousands of little glass cups are arranged upon the bridges

that the outline of every arch and pier may be traced in lines of blazing tapers. Tall masts along the quais are brave with bunting, and the monogram R. F. (*République Française*) is displayed in every available place. The lines of trees which border the river are hung with colored lanterns and the Champs Elysées and Place de la Concorde are festooned with myriads of glass globes which will shine like gigantic strings of golden beads as soon as the gas shall be lighted. At night the sky is ablaze with varied and brilliant lights. Not one rocket but scores together rise into the blackness above and showers of fiery rain descend from half the heavens at once. Our boat like the others, is

crowded with a very orderly though jovial and enthusiastic company of French people who give expression to their delight at each ascending burst of fire. The culmination comes, as we arrive in sight of the Palace of the Trocadéro all defined in lines of fire, the glare of electric and Bengala lights relieving it against the darkness behind like some theatrical fairy palace.

The quais and bridges are thronged with spectators and the river is made still more brilliant by innumerable gayly decorated boats in which men are burning colored lights — until we seem to be floating upon a fiery river sparkling with red and silver and golden spray.



OUR BOY.

JUST SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Abigail Adams Foster

SEVEN summer suns have brightly shone
Since first you saw the light of day;
Seven winter snows have come and gone
Since first in loving arms you lay,
A father's pride, a mother's joy,
A darling little baby boy.

The little dainty robes of white
Have long ago been laid away;
The little kilts of plaid so bright
Are worn no more by you to-day:
In trousers, every true boy's pride,
You now affect a manly stride.

Our baby boy with dimpled hands,
With stalwart limbs and sturdy lungs,
Who talked and told us all his plans
With ablest of all baby-tongues—
Has he been stolen, lost or sold?
Why, bless me! he is seven years old.

We well recall his baby bow,
The kiss he threw we bring to mind;
He doffs his hat to ladies now,
For he is both polite and kind.
The baby boy we erstwhile had,
Is now a gentlemanly lad.

With other lads he goes to school,
He reads his book, he joins in games;
Knows the result of many a rule,
Knows many scientific names:
This laddie, still a pride and joy,
No longer is a baby boy.

'Tis said that every seven years
Brings change complete to every one;
A change that manifest appears
In all who dwell beneath the sun.
That you are changed who will not say?
You who are seven years old to-day.

When seven more years shall pass away
Another change will then appear;
You'll be our boy, though, as to-day,
And to our hearts be just as dear.
— Perhaps you'll wear long trousers then,
And short coats like your cousin Ben.

Your longer legs will want to stride
A big bicycle by that time;
A live horse then you'll want to ride,
And up steep mountain-sides you'll climb.
Perhaps you'll join the Knockabout,
And taste the joys of camping-out.

You'll want a rod to fish for trout,
For cousin Ben says 'tis "such fun;"
And—mercy on us! — I've no doubt
But by that time you'll want a gun;
And I shall be beset by fear,
Lest you should shoot yourself, my dear.

You'll play base-ball, and tennis too,
With other big boys on the lawn,
And many other things you'll do,
When seven other years are gone.
This seven gone and seven more,
Our boy will stand at manhood's door.

Ah, little lad, we all can guess
What boys will do, both great and small;
But boyhood passed, I must confess
I cannot prophecy at all;
Although I sometimes half-way plan
What you will do when you're a man.

What cause will claim your hand and voice?
The world affords so wide a range!
'Twere idle to foretell your choice,
For hopes and aspirations change:
— The last fond hope you have expressed,
Is for a ranch somewhere Out West!

Whatever work may come to claim
Your hand, your head, and loving heart,
Whatever be your name or fame,
I pray you may act well your part.
Be faithful, honest, earnest too,
And grace whatever work you do.

May Heaven grant all these years to you,
To crown a boyhood pure and sweet;
May all your life be good and true,
A blessing unto all you meet:
And blessings rest upon your head,
When ten times seven years have fled.





• AN EASTER ROSE •



Sarah Prentiss O'Reilly.

EASTER lilies, creamy white,
Blossomed in the morning light.

Lilies fair and pure and sweet;
In their loveliness complete.

But the maiden looked and sighed,
Still with heart unsatisfied :

“All the lilies are so cold;
Ah, could but a rose unfold,

Warm from out the heart of June,
Fragrant in the April noon ! ”

Then the old man, pitying, smiled,
Half in mockery, on the child :

“ Every season has its own;
No June rose was ever known

Rest and slumber to forego,
On an April morn to blow.”

“ Give me then an Easter rose
Wakeful through the frost and snows,”

Spake the maid, imperious still;
And the florist wrought her will.

On the next year’s Easter morn,
Lo ! the miracle was born,

And among the lilies came,
One fair rose without a name.

Outer petals white as snow;
Inner, with the tender glow

Of the blended hues of dawn,
Ere the morning’s flush is gone —

Faintest tint of seashell rare,
Palest gold of mermaid’s hair.

“ Wake ! O maiden, wake and see ! ”
Bent the fair head reverently.

“ O, my queenly Easter rose,
Never summer flower that blows

“ Sweet as thou, or can compare
With thy matchless beauty rare.





THE PERFECT WORD.



MY dear little Willy—my boy of four—
 Played with his blocks on the nursery floor.
 In gaudy tints on the blocks was set,
 In printed letters, the alphabet;
 This way and that way, side by side,
 Block after block he turned and tried.
 Watching my Willy, his voice I heard,
 "Come and see, mamma, I've made a word!"
 Though busy at work, I never forgot
 To look when he asked, what mother would not?
 "Is that a word, mamma?" he always said;
 I laughed, and said "no," and shook my head.
 At last worn out, too tired to creep,
 On the nursery floor he fell asleep;
 To lay him down in his crib I went,
 And I saw he had made by accident
 A word with the blocks set side by side—

A word when he hadn't even tried.
 He had made a litter, as oft before,
 With the blocks all over the nursery floor;
 But, like a mother, I could not bear
 To spoil the word, so I left it there.
 A thought came into my heart: Just so
 We grown-up ones to our duties go,
 We ponder them over, we toil and fret
 Over our life like an alphabet;
 Till, after awhile, too tired to weep,
 Over many failures we fall asleep.
 Only a letter through life we've made
 And, dreaming of doing, have only played;
 Yet the wondrous power of love may change,
 And unknown to us, may the deeds arrange.
 O, when we wake may the voice be heard
 Telling at last of the perfect word!

ROBIN HOOD.



WHEN out of doors the rain-drops drive
 Each bee to seek its sheltered hive,
 When every ant and spry field-mouse
 Withdraws into its mimic house,
 And Prince, my greyhound, wistful looks,
 I often leave my story-books,
 And up the attic stairway wind
 While joyfully Prince leaps behind.

And there, a yard-stick for my bow,
 Through Sherwood's forest-aisles I go;
 The cobwebs are my waving boughs,
 I slay the red deer as they browse;
 In dusky ambush long I lie
 To wait for pilgrims passing by;
 I do not harm the poor or good,
 For I am noble Robin Hood.

Whene'er I lead the battle on
 Prince is my valiant Little John;
 And in a chair stiff-backed and old
 I faithful Friar Tuck behold.
 Boxes and chests begrimed with dust—
 These are the followers I trust.
 And if I bid them have no fear
 The rafters seem to answer clear.

So as the rainy hours slip by
 We play together, Prince and I,
 Till in the gathering twilight gloom
 I see armed men with helm and plume;
 And downward then on flying feet
 With Prince I beat a swift retreat,
 Find refuge safe at mother's knee
 And loving smiles to welcome me.

FATHER'S COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis weary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm.
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil and hardship light :
Would all men were the same !
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain ;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes :
His wishes are so few,
Would they were more ! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew !
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs and crows and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child !
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! Hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
He's through the garden gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.

Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.

HOLY MATRIMONY.



HERE is an awe in mortals' joy,
A deep mysterious fear
Half of the heart will still employ,
As if we drew too near
To Eden's portal, and those fires
That bicker round in wavy spires,
Forbidding, to our frail desires,
What cost us once so dear.

We cower before the heart-searching eye
In rapture as in pain ;
Even wedded Love, till thou be nigh,
Dares not believe her gain :
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her wood-note wild, and sings
A tuned and measured strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew
And free as air it fall,
That, with thine altar full in view,
Thy votaries would enthrall
To a foul dream of heathen night,
Lifting her torch in Love's despite,
And scaring with base wildfire light
The sacred nuptial hall.

Far other strains, for other fires,
Our marriage offering grace ;
Welcome, all chaste and kind desires,
With even matron pace
Approaching down the hallowed aisle !
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,
But where your prayers were learned erewhile,
In her own native place ?

Where, but on His be...gnest brow,
Who waits to bless you here ?
Living, he owned no nuptial vow,
No bower to fancy dear :
Love's very self, for him no need
To nurse, on earth, the heavenly seed :
Yet comfort in his eye we read
For bridal joy and fear.

"T is he who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of his stores to bring
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

All blessings of the breast and womb,
Of heaven and earth beneath,
Of converse high, and sacred home
Are yours, in life and death.
Only kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day
Will store each flower ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

JOHN KEBLE.

MARRIAGE.

Lord, living here are we
As fast united yet,
As when our hands and hearts by thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song,
Now sing we will thy praise,
For that thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things
Which may distract the mind,
Permit not thou, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake,
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE LITTLE "WHITE-HAIRED MOTHER."

It is reported that on the occasion of the inauguration of President Garfield, March 4th, 1881, his first act, after taking the official oath, was to honor his mother, who sat by him, by giving her a filial kiss. He then received the congratulations of the high officials who surrounded him.

With sudden praise a mighty voice
Sweeps all the Continent :
Helpless before the people's choice,
The statesmen's wills have bent :
It honors first, before all other,
A patient little "white-haired mother."

The day has come : the hour draws near ;
Looks on the listening land ;
Whom brings this Ruler, peer with peer,
Who stays him hand in hand ?
Honored by him, above all other,
He brings his little "white-haired mother."

The glittering embassies of kings
Are standing in their state ;
Their tributes rank as lesser things ;
They and their kingdoms wait,
While, reverently, before all other,
The Ruler greets his "white-haired mother."

Ah, States may grow, and men may gain,
And power and riches swift increase ;
The brunt of every country's strain,
Its fight for purity and peace,
Comes through its husbands, daughters,
brothers,
At last on patient, "white-haired mothers."
New York, March 5, 1881.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN.

Far back in my musings, my thoughts have
been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood
were passed.
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than
all.
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could
be,

For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the
door;
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen
floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high
and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,

Came down every Christmas, our stockings to
fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in
store,
Is the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always
light;



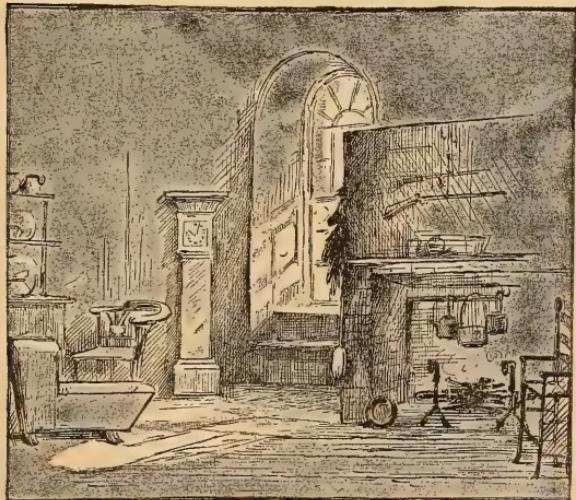
"I LOVED EVERY CRACK IN THAT OLD KITCHEN FLOOR."

Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still,

For it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes

When she told us the stories that children so
prize;
They were new every night, though we'd heard
them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen
floor.

The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mould'ring
in clay :
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas
then,
And the voices of children ring out there
again ;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on
the old kitchen floor.



"THE FIRE-PLACE WITH MOUTH HIGH AND WIDE."

I remember the window where mornings I'd
run,
As soon as the daybreak, to watch for the
sun ;
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached
to the sill,
That it slept through the night, in the trees
on the hill,
And the small tract of ground that my eyes
there could view
Was all of the world that my fancy knew ;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world in itself was that old kitchen-
floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their
will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still ;

Of the mother that trod the old kitchen floor.

THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage
homes !
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought
upon me comes ;
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is
stirred,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a
bird !

The mountains old and hoar,
The chainless winds, the streams so pure
and free,
The God-enamelled flowers,
The waving forest, the eternal sea,

The eagle floating o'er the mountain's
brow,—
Are teachers all; but, oh, they are not such
as thou!

Oh, I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live:—
The slave who reads shall never crouch
again;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble
chain!

God! unto thee I kneel,
And thank thee! Thou unto my native
land—
Yea to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love thy everlasting
hand,
And thou hast given earth, and sea, and
air,—
Yea, all that heart can ask of good and pure
and fair!

And, Father, thou has spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That all thy book might read,
And justice, love, and truth, and liberty.
The gift was unto men, —the giver, God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man,—go spurn
thy weary load!

Thou doubly precious book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland
owe:
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth in truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a comforter art thou,—
A sunbeam sent from God,—an everlasting
bow!

O'er thy broad, ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have
pored!
How many hearts o'er thee

In silence deep and holy have adored:
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words
have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been
joined;
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond, an altar of the mind!
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye — THE BIBLE OF
THE HA'!

ROBERT NICOL.

A WINTER'S EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

O thou of home the guardian Lar,
And, when on earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening star!
'Twas with thy rays the English Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;
'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By these she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'd,
When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Grobes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings:
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets; at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words! how swift recede
Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent
verse,

As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's
thought!
Thou murmurlest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathé and delicate,

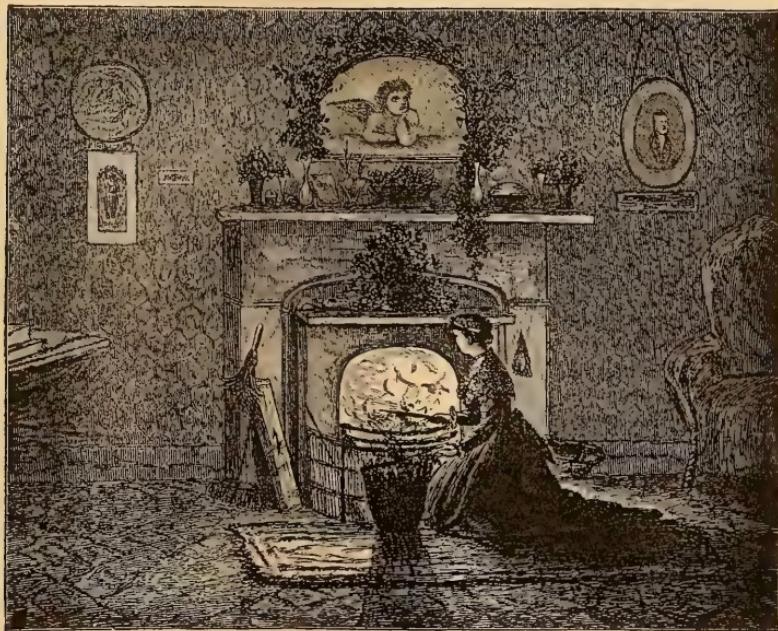


PAPA'S COME HOME.

They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the sombre weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !

A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought,
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unoobtrusive third :
For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each ;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;

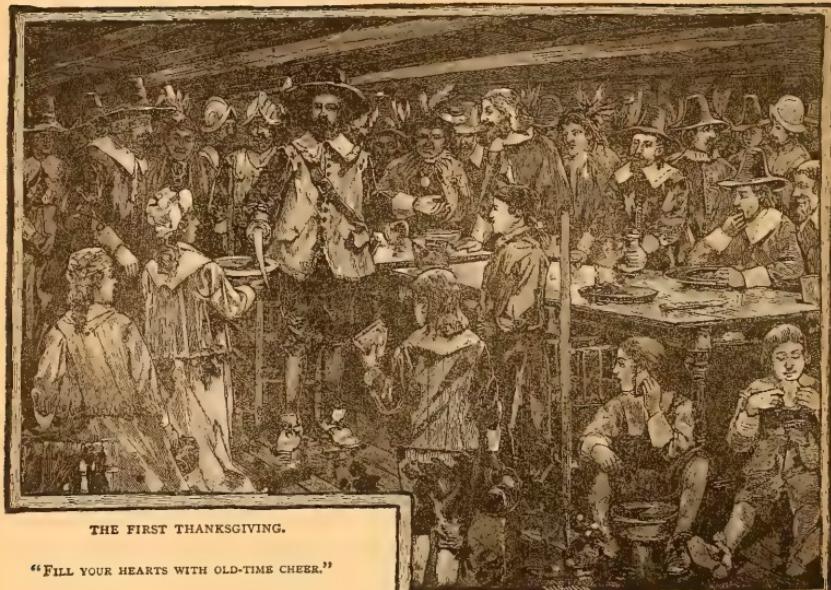


"O THOU OF HOME THE GUARDIAN LAR!"

Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee ;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk

Thou fillest the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;
Sun of all inmost confidences !
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Valleys lay in sunny vapor,
And a radiance mild was shed
From each tree that like a taper
At a feast stood. Then we said,
"Our feast, too, shall soon be spread,
Of good Thanksgiving turkey."

And already still November
Drapes her snowy table here.
Fetch a log, then ; coax the ember ;
Fill your hearts with old-time cheer ;
Heaven be thanked for one more year,
And our Thanksgiving turkey !

Welcome, brothers — all our party
Gathered in the homestead old !
Shake the snow off, and with hearty
Hand-shakes 'drive away the cold ;

Else your plate you'll hardly hold
Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

When the skies are sad and murky,
'Tis a cheeful thing to meet
Round this homely roast of turkey —
Pilgrims pausing just to greet,
Then with earnest grace, to eat
A new Thanksgiving turkey.

And the merry feast is freighted
With its meanings true and deep.
Those we've loved and those we've hated,
All, to-day, the rite will keep,
All, to-day, their dishes heap
With plum Thanksgiving turkey.

But how many hearts must tingle
Now with mournful memories !
In the festal wine shall mingle



"OUR GOOD THANKSGIVING TURKEY."

Unseen tears, perhaps from eyes
That look beyond the board where lies
Our plain Thanksgiving turkey.

See around us drawing nearer
Those faint yearning shapes of air —
Friends than whom earth holds none dearer !
No — alas ! they are not there ;
Have they then forgot to share
Our good Thanksgiving turkey ?

Some have gone away and tarried
Strangely long by some strange
wave ;
Some have turned to foes ; we carried
Some unto the pine-girt grave ;
They'll come no more so joyous-
brave
To take Thanksgiving turkey.

Nay, repine not. Let our laughter
Leap like fire-light up again.
Soon we touch the wide Hereafter,
Snow-field yet untrod of men ;
Shall we meet once more — and
when ?
To eat Thanksgiving turkey ?

And though not, 'twere still ungrate-
ful
'Mid such warm companionhood
To forecast the future fateful.
Finding there no balanced good,
'Tis but a type of finer food,
This plain Thanksgiving turkey ;

Of higher gifts a quaint reminder,
Then let the bounty do its best
To make us gladder, stronger, kinder,
Bid no ghost to be our guest.
But eat as those now gone to rest
Once ate Thanksgiving turkey.



"AND THE MERRY FEAST IS FREIGHTED WITH ITS MEANINGS."



"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID, AND LET WHO WILL BE CLEVER."

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you:
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MUD PIES.

Sweetened with sugar, and sprinkled with spice,
Apple turn-overs are really nice;
But make-believe pies are a great deal more fun,
When little cooks bake them out here in the sun.

With soft coaxing touches they mix up the dough—
Brown flour is said to be wholesome, you know;
And if little fingers shall gather a stain,
Why, water and soap will soon wash them again.

And after the wonderful baking is done—
The droll jolly baking out here in the sun—
The sweet little cooks will be happy to take,
If somebody give it, a good slice of cake.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MUD PIES.

Tell me, little housewives,
Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
Till the cooking's done?
Johnny builds the oven,
Jenny rolls the crust,
Katy buys the flour
All of golden dust.

Pat it here, and pat it there;
 What a dainty size!
 Bake it on a shingle—
 Nice mud pies!

Don't you hear the bluebird
 High up in the air?
 "Good morning, little ones,
 Are you busy there?"

Pretty Mister Squirrel
 Bounces down the rail,
 Takes a seat and watches,
 Curls his bushy tail.

Twirl it so, and mark it so
 (Looking wondrous wise);
 All the plums are pèbbles—
 Rich mud pies!

Arms that never weary,
 Toiling dimple-deep;
 Shut the oven door, now,
 And soon we'll take a peep.
 Wish we had a shower—
 Think we need it so—
 That would make the roadside
 Such a heap of dough!

Turn them in, and turn them out;
 How the morning flies;
 Ring the bell for dinner—
 Hot mud pies!

GEORGE COOPER.

TO A LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Could thy life, a pleasure boat,
 Ever by the green banks float,
 Gliding gently on the stream,
 I would ne'er of danger dream.

But, my child, the silent tide
 Bears thee to the ocean wide;
 And when there, oh, who can
 tell
 How the waves may rage and
 swell?

With no anxious parent near,
 Who the tossing bark will steer?
 Driving fast before the gale,
 Who will watch and furl the sail?

Here's the pilot, here's the friend
 God has given the voyage to tend;
 Trust it, child, with all thy heart;
 Never, never, from it part.



"COULD THY LIFE, A PLEASURE BOAT."



"IN THE GLOW OF CRIMSON LIGHT."

This, an angel, at the helm,
Thee the waves will not o'erwhelm;
This, an angel, at thy side,
Thou the foaming surge may ride.

Then I will not ask to know
How the tide of years shall flow;
Smooth, I'll pray, and yet if rough,
So God be with thee, 'tis enough.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have had to go.

And Heaven pity the children,
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning,
An empty stocking to see,
Left, in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!

Alas! for the lonely mother,
Whose cradle is empty still,
With never a shoe nor a stocking
With dainty toys to fill!
Who sits in the swarthy twilight
There, sobbing against the pane,
And thinks of the little baby
Whose grave lies out in the rain!

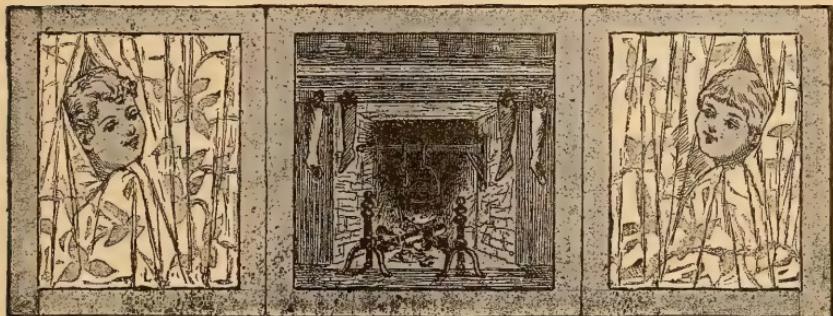
Oh, the empty shoes and stockings
Forever laid aside!
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe-strings,
Never more to be tied!

Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain !
Oh, the feet in the snow-white sandals,
That never can trip again !

But happier they who slumber,
With marble at foot and head,

Than the child who had no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor a bed !
Then heaven help the LIVING !
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no fold nor pasture,
Out, to-night, in the rain !

MAY RILEY SMITH.

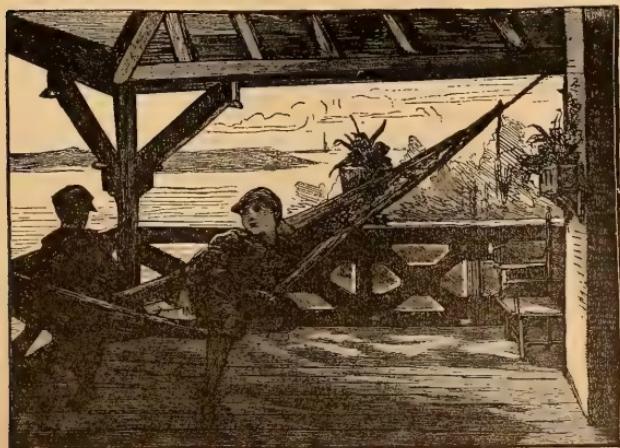


"THE LITTLE STOCKINGS ALL OVER THE LAND."

VACATION DAYS.

Each year, early in the summer,
While yet 'tis blue, blue June,
Suddenly the wild birds waken,
And with a longing tune

Go song-singing of the children
That are shut from the sun ;
"They are coming," the singers carol,
"For the school-days are done!"



"THEY SING THE SONG OF HAMMOCKS."

And they sing the song
of cherries
Along the garden
wall ;
And they sing the song
of berries
That grow in thick-
ets tall ;
And they sing the song
of rambles,
Long rambles in the
sun :
"They are coming," the
singers carol,
"For the school-days
are done!"

And they sing the song of hammocks
 Hung in the deep pine trees,
 Where the children brown and brighten
 With swaying in the breeze—

AFTER VACATION.

Again they muster from the far-off hillside,
 From dusky valley and from sea-girt shore;



"A MERRY BAND, SO FULL OF YOUTH'S ELIXIR!"

Happy, happy little children,
 Just let out in the sun !
 "They are coming," the singers carol,
 "For the school-days are done !"

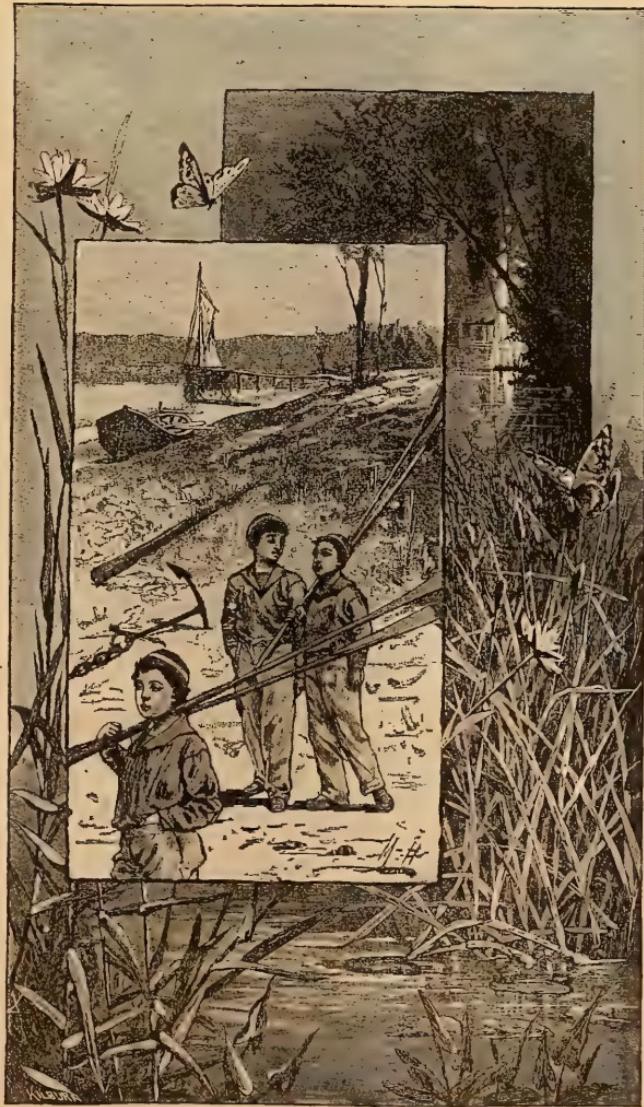
Give the world up to the children,
 Yes, near and far and wide !
 Let the willing welcomes waken
 Up all the country side.
 Meet them, bird and bee and blossom,
 And meet them, breeze and sun,
 Carol! carol! Oh, carol! carol!
 That the school-days are done !

ELLA FARMAN.

Their tramping feet resound along the highways,
 Their gleeful shouts ring on the air once more.

A merry band ! So full of youth's elixir,
 How can their restless spirits e'er essay
 The tasks that wait their patient, steady labor
 After the long, bright, summer holiday ?

Not now, O children, in the sunny meadows
 Ye pull the flowers, or by the brooklet
 stray,
 But in the fields of knowledge, thick with
 blossoms,
 To gather sweets for a far future day.



"FROM DUSKY VALLEY AND FROM SEA-GIRT SHORE."



"IT'S HOUSE-CLEANING DAY."

Here, too, you roam a land of fairest promise,
Watered by many a stream of limpid hue
Where weary travellers find sweet refreshment
And garner richest stores of old and new.

We bid thee welcome to the homes
that missed thee,
To the deserted schoolroom's open door.
The Nation's hope is in thee; keep
thy birthright;
Thine heritage is more than golden store.

A SPRING SONG.

"Into each life must fall—
A little of everything;"

So sang pretty Cicely,
A morning in spring.
Birds to her music were whirring outside,
The earth was decked like a blooming bride;
Cicely sang, "It's House-cleaning Day!"

"House-cleaning, mother! You promised—
Ah! what jolly fun—
That I should be in it as much as I like,
Till everything's done!
The baby and Bridget may go out to tea,
I don't care for the school-girls, not one will I see,"
Cicely sang, "it is House-cleaning Day!"



"WHAT JOLLY FUN!"

A gay little figure in a work-a-day gown,
Merry and sweet,
Started at earliest peep o' the day,
Busily fleet;
With broom and with dust-pan, with
mop and with brush,
With a mauling and toiling, with a bus-
tle and rush,
Cicely sang, "It is House-clean-
ing Day!"

"Cheep! cheep!" overhead in the
branches,
The birds call "Good-night!"
What cometh heavily up the back stairs
Oh dear! what a sight!
Tattered and torn like the man in the fable,
Blistered and grimed till she needed a label,
Cicely groaned, "It's been House-clean-
ing Day!" — MARGARET SIDNEY.



"IT'S BEEN HOUSE-CLEANING DAY."



"THESE SMALL ONES OF GOD."

CHILD-SONGS.

Still linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mother sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only meekness can;
God hath his small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

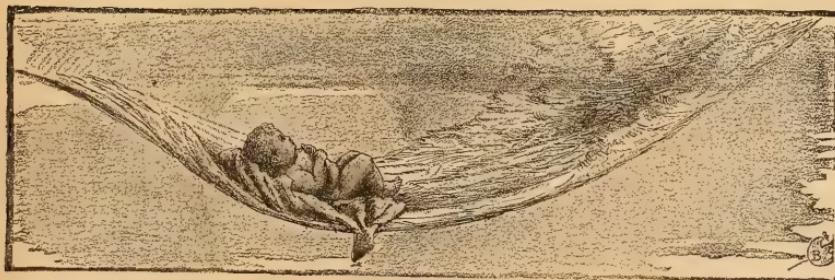
And haply, pleading long with him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



TELLING A STORY.

Little Blue-eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep.
What shall I tell you, darling?
The story of Little Bo Peep?
Or the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story-teller
What shall I tell you, pray?

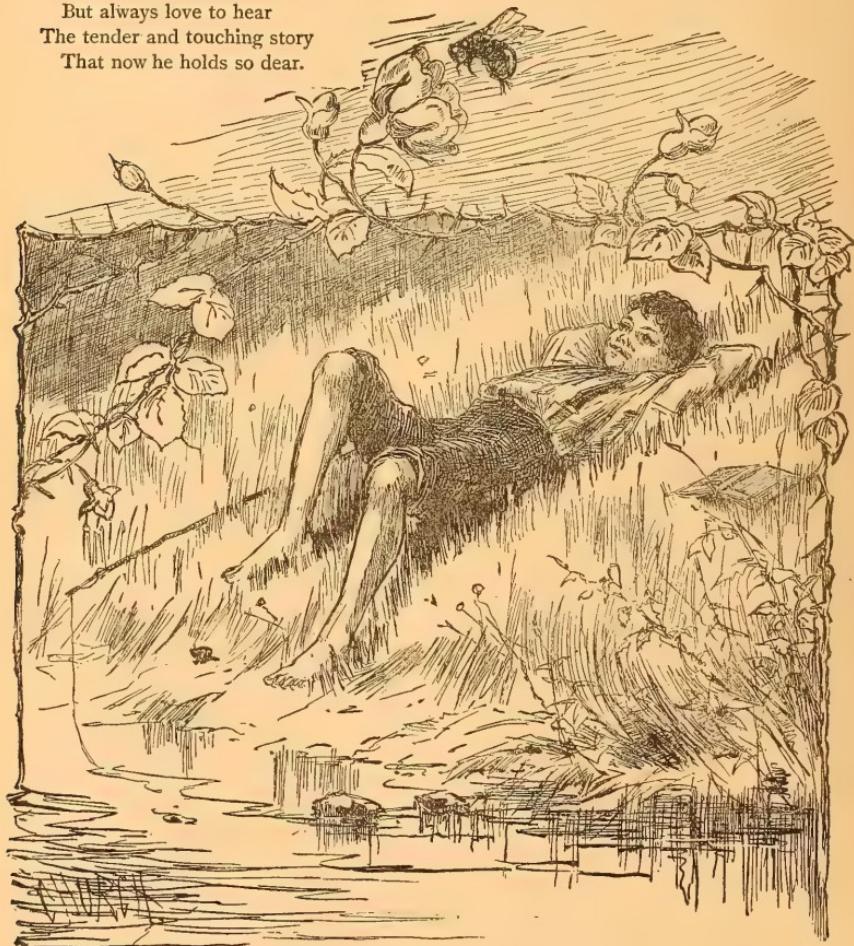
“Tell me”—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,—
“Of the baby in the manger,
The little child-Christ, you know.

I like to hear that ‘tory
The best of all you tell.”
And my four-year-old nestles closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom He blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
 That my child, with eyes so sweet,
 Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
 And sit at the Master's feet.
 Pray God he may never forget it,
 But always love to hear
 The tender and touching story
 That now he holds so dear.

My school is out for a season of rest,
 And now for the school-room I love the
 best!

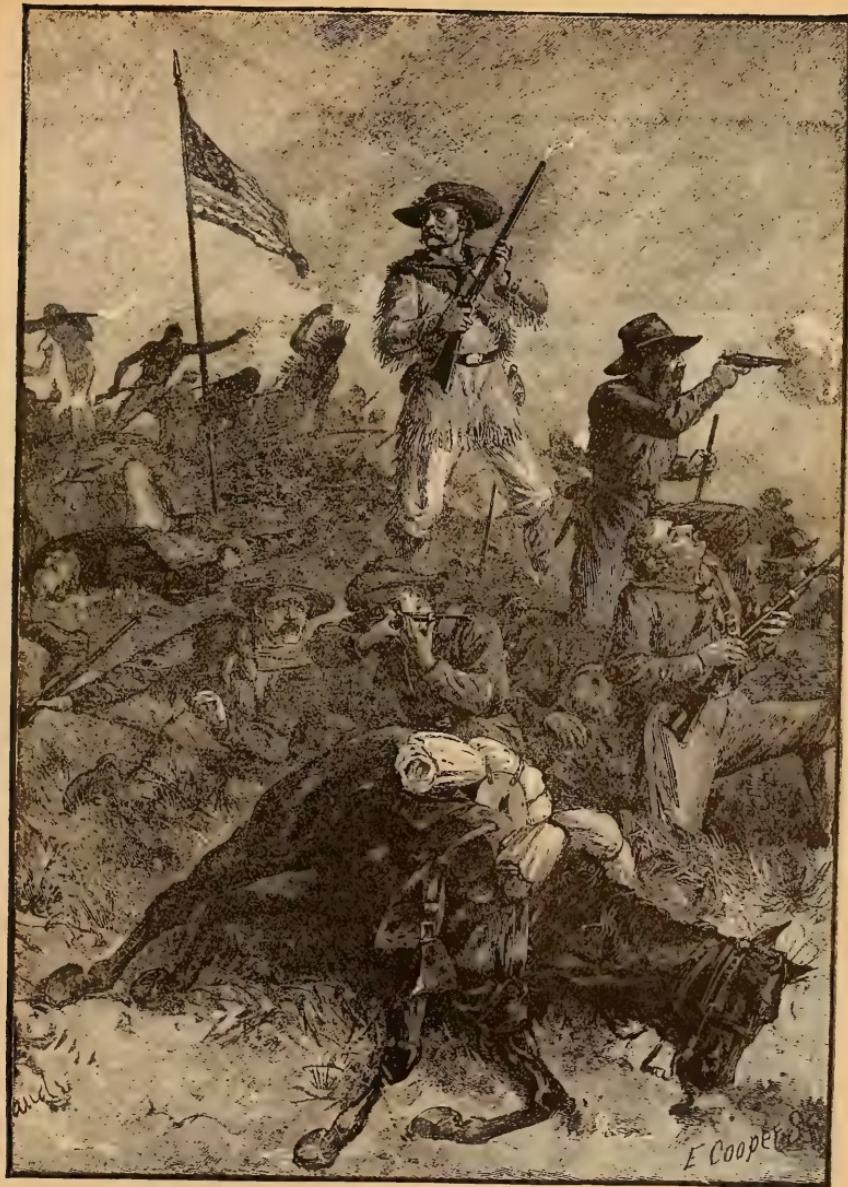


"I HAVE CLOSED MY BOOKS AND HIDDEN MY SLATE."

VACATION SONG.

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
 And thrown my satchel across the gate,

My school-room lies on the meadow wide,
 Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
 Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
 And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars :



CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

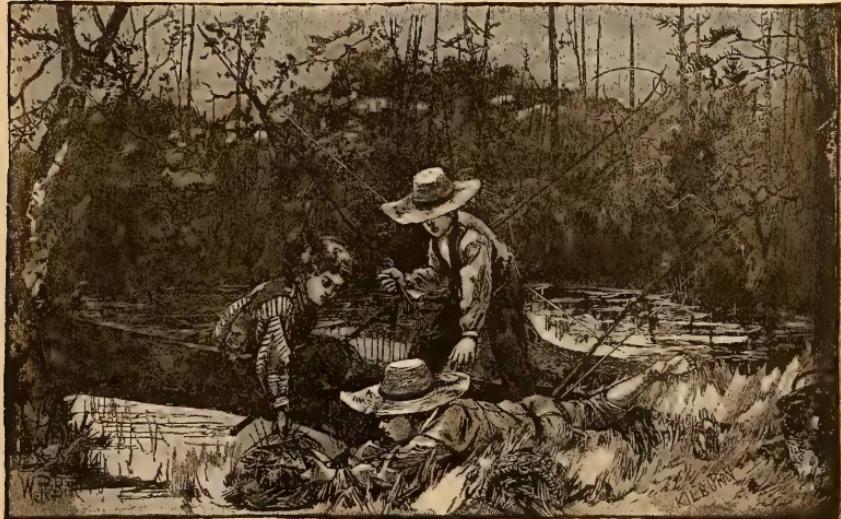
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Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the
green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced, as
they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the
grass.

For wonderful love do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come ! oh, come ! or we shall be late,
And Autumn will fasten the golden gate,
Of all the school-rooms, in east or west,
The school of nature I love the best.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.



"MY LESSONS ARE WRITTEN IN CLOUDS AND TREES."

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a school-boy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My school-mates there are the birds and bees
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,

THE BOY WHO WOULD SIT UP.

He would sit up, he would sit up,
No matter what any one said ;
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.
Crows might wing their latest flight,
Sparrows cheep the world "Good-night,"
And the sun in western skies,
Hide 'neath quilts of gorgeous dyes,
Yet the son of whom we tell,
At hint of bed-time, would rebel,
For he would sit up, he would sit up,
No matter what any one said ;
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.

Tick ! tock ! the kitchen clock
Is busy counting *nine*.
The sand-man says : " Were all like *you*,
My job I would resign."
The crickets chirp, and seem to say :
" This sitting up is jolly — hey ?"
The fire is fading by degrees,
The moon peeps in, and hints : " You'll freeze,
You silly boy. What pranks are these ?
It's cold enough to make *me* sneeze."
Mice are scampering up and down
The pantry shelves, no puss to frown.



Tick ? tock ! *Twelve*, one, then two !
That boy's awake. His nose is blue,
His hands are red, his eyes the same :
The lamp burns with a feeble flame,
And e'en the crickets go to sleep,
When hist ! a voice that makes him creep,
So ghostly, 'tis, so loud and deep.

" Tu whit ! Tu whoo !
Now who are you,
Queer little chap, with nose so blue ?
Say, can't you see
That night's for me ?"
The frightened urchin screams " Boo-hoo ! "

And, looking round, he spies an owl
Perched at his elbow.
Such a fowl
Proceeding drives his wits away.
He doesn't have a word to say ;
But his companion, wise, says he :
" I'm glad I've such good company.
Inquisitiveness, though, I hate,
Pray what has kept you up so late ?"
" What, never shall again ? Good night !"
The trembling boy yells with affright,
And, scampering to his cosy bed,
In muffled tones — quilts round his
head —
" No more late hours for me !" he said.

Now, he won't sit up, he won't sit up ;
" Though owls are fine," say he,
" Yet to have one to talk to, all by your-
self,
Is stupid company."

BEST.

Mother, I see you wi' the nursery light
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest ;
Christ, the good shepherd, bears mine
to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them
twine

Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls
shine,
On your warm breast ;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak ; your heart is wrung with alarms
And sore opprest ;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow

Naught can arrest :
 Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
 And that is best.

 You know that of yours, your feeblest one
 And dearest may live long years alone,
 Unloved, unblest :
 Mine are cherished of saints around God's
 throne,
 And that is best.



"THEIR BRIGHT CURLS SHINE."

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
 Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
 And unconfessed :
 Mine entered betimes on eternal years,
 Oh, how much the best !

But grief is selfish ; I cannot see
 Always why I should so stricken be
 More than the rest ;
 But I know that, as well as for them, for me
 God did the best !

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM.

A mother sat at her sewing,
 And her brow was full of thought ;
 The little one playing beside her
 Her own sweet mischief wrought.

A book on a chair lay near her ;
 'Twas open, I strove to see,
 At the old Greek artist's story,
 "I paint for eternity."

 So I fancied all her dreaming ;
 I watched her serious eye
 As the 'broidery dropped from her fin-
 gers,
 And she heaved a heartfelt sigh.
 She drew the little one nearer,
 And looked on the sunny face,
 Swept the bright curls from the open
 brow,
 And kissed it with loving grace.

And she thought, "I, too, am an
 artist ;
 My life-work here I see,
 This sweet, dear face, my hand must
 trace,
 I must paint for eternity.
 Hence, each dark passion shadow !
 Pain's deeply-graven lines !
 Hers must be the reflected beauty
 That from the pure heart shines.

"But how shall I blend the colors,
 How mingle the light and shade,
 Or arrange the weird surroundings
 The future has arrayed ?
 Oh, life ! thou has weary nightfalls,
 And days all drear that be,
 But from thy darkness, marvelous grace
 Wilt thou evoke for me ?

"Alas, that I am but a learner !
 So where shall I make me wise,
 Or obtain the rare old colors,
 The Master's precious dyes ?
 I must haste to the fount of beauty,
 Must pleasingly kneel at His feet,
 And crave, 'mid his wiser scholars,
 The humblest pupil's seat.

"Then, hand and heart together,
 Some grace shall add each day ;

Thus, thus, shall her face grow lustrous
 With beauty that can not decay.
 My darling! God guide my pencil,
 And grant me the vision to see
 In the light of his love, without blemish
 or stain,
 In the coming eternity."

Then the mother awoke from her day-dream,
 Her face grew bright again,
 And I knew her faith was strengthened
 By more than angel's ken.
 Her fingers flew the faster
 As she sang a soft, low song;
 It seemed like a prayer, for the child so
 fair,
 As it thrilled the air along.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD.

O God of boundless purity,
 How strange that thou should'st give to
 me
 This young and tender heart,
 To train to walk in Thine own ways,
 That he may end his mortal days
 In glory where Thou art!

Alas! how slow, how hopeless, too,
 Am I, this sacred work to do!
 My utmost strength must fail.
 Yet, Holy Spirit, if Thy power
 Be given to me from hour to hour
 I surely shall prevail.

O Gracious influence, to his heart
 Give will to choose the "better part,"
 Which none can take away.
 By him, O helping God, be found;
 To him in gifts of love abound;
 Be with him every day.

And, God of grace, his mother bless
 With prayer, and faith, and watchfulness,

Now that she has a child.
 Let not her weak indulgence spoil,
 Nor yet her stern, harsh manner foil,
 This heart so soft and mild.

Help her in every act and word
 To follow close her lowly Lord;
 Be this her only pride—
 That she may holy influence shed
 Around this dear immortal's head,
 And keep him on Thy side.



"THIS YOUNG AND TENDER HEART."

Then, when the last great trump shall
 sound,
 And all before their Judge be found
 To hear their sentence pass'd,
 May he in glory then appear,
 Receive Thy prize, Thy "Well done"
 hear—
 A conqueror at last.

Yes, may this soul of rarer worth
 To me than all the souls of earth,
 But wear Thy diadem;
 Then, through eternity I'll raise
 A mother's song of unmixed praise,
 To Thee, redeeming Lamb.



M.F.D.

A FATHER'S LOVE.



"HOW HE SLEEPETH! HAVING DRUNKEN WEARY CHILDHOOD'S MADRAGORE."

A CHILD ASLEEP.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's madragore;
From his pretty eyes have sunken

Pleasures, to make room for more;
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he
pulled the day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking!
Throw them earthward, where they
grew;

Dim are such beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto;—
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the
open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
From the palms they sprang beneath;
Now perhaps divinely holden,
Swing against him in a wreath—

We may think so, from the quivering of his
bosom, and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on;
Fair, O dreamer, thee befallenth,
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou, in the garden, yesternoon
by summer's sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away:
'Tis thy child's heart draws them, singing,
In the silent-seeming clay.
Singing!—stars that seem the mutest go in
music all the way.

As the moths around the taper,
As the bees around the rose,

As the gnats around the vapor,
So the spirits group, and close,
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking
its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee
With their diadems of youth,
On the ringlets which half screen thee,
While thou smilest—not in sooth
Thy smile—but the over-fair one dropt from
some ethereal mouth.

Haply it is angel's duty
During slumber, shade by shade
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the
tomb shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth dead and dumb,—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room.—

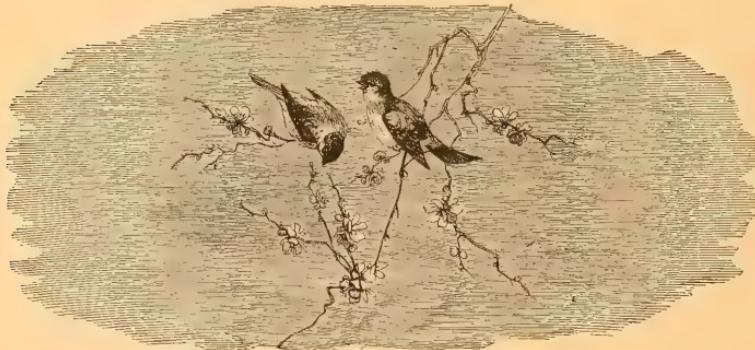
Now he muses deep the meaning of the
Heaven-words as they come.

Speak not, he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes;
Lifted up and separated,
On the hand of God he lies,
... a sweetness beyond touching, held in
cloistral sanctities!

Could ye bless him—father, mother?
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping, and con-
fess yourselves too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful,
Ye are troubled—he, at ease;
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth outwards with increase.
Dare not bless him—but be blessed by his
peace—and go in peace.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

An angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

“Dear child! who me resemblest so,”
It whispered, “come, oh, come with me!”

Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

“Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies:
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock ;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

What then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow ?

"Ah no ! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me ;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower
In sombre vestments draped and veiled ;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow ;
There let the grave no shadow cast ;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel at these words had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light !—
Poor mother ! see, thy son is dead !

JEAN REBOUL. Translated
by H. W. LONGFELLOW.



"CHILDHOOD'S OPENING BLOOM."

MY NURSERY.

I thought that prattling
boys and girls
Would fill this empty
room,
That my rich heart would
gather flowers
From childhood's open-
ing bloom.

One child and two green graves are mine,
This is God's gift to me ;
A bleeding, fainting, broken heart,—
This is my gift to Thee !

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

CHILDREN EVERYWHERE.

Sporting through the forest wide ;
Playing by the water side ;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells ;
Down within the woodland dells ;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleteth many a little child !

In the baron's hall of pride ;
By the poor man's fireside :
Mid the mighty, mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,

Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the far isle of the main ;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings, and its snares ;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod —
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified —
Little children, ye abide !

MARY HOWITT.



"WANDERING O'ER THE HEATHY FELLS."

Little children may be found !
Blessings on them ! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears ;
With their laughter and their tears ;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience !

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble
fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air

At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have
never
Been dead indeed — as we shall know forever.

Alas ! we think not of what we daily see
About our hearths — angels, that are to be,

I will not choose, but leave it for thee
To give me the one least dear."

The mother started, with movement wild,
And drew them all close to her heart :
The Angel reached forth and touched the
child
Whose placid features, whene'er she smiled,



Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

WHICH SHALL GO?

A mother sat with her children three ;
The Angel of Death drew near :
“ I come for one of thy babes,” quoth he --
“ Of the little band, say, which shall it be ?

Reflected the mother’s beauty mild ;
“ With this one,” said he, “ canst thou part ? ”

“ With this one ? O God ! She is our first-born, —

As well take my life away !
I never lived till that blessed morn
When she, as a bud, on my breast was worn :
Without her the world would be all forlorn, —
Spare this one, kind Death, I pray ! ”

The angel drew backwards, then touched again ;
This time ‘twas a noble boy :

"Will it give thee to part with him less pain?"

"Hold, touch him not!" she cried, "refrain!
He's an only son—if we had but twain—
Oh, spare us our pride and our joy!"

Once more the Angel stood waiting there;
Then he gently laid his hand
On the shining head of a babe, so fair
That even Death pitied and touched with care;
While the mother prayed, "Merciful Heaven,
forbear!

"T is the pet of our little band!"



"A MOTHER SAT WITH HER CHILDREN THREE."

"Then *which?*" said the Angel; "for God calls one."

The mother bowed down her head;
Love's troubled fount was in tears o'errun—
A murmur—a struggle—and Grace had won.

"Not my will," she said, "but thine be done!"

The pet-lamb of the fold lay dead.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

JAMES EDMESTON.

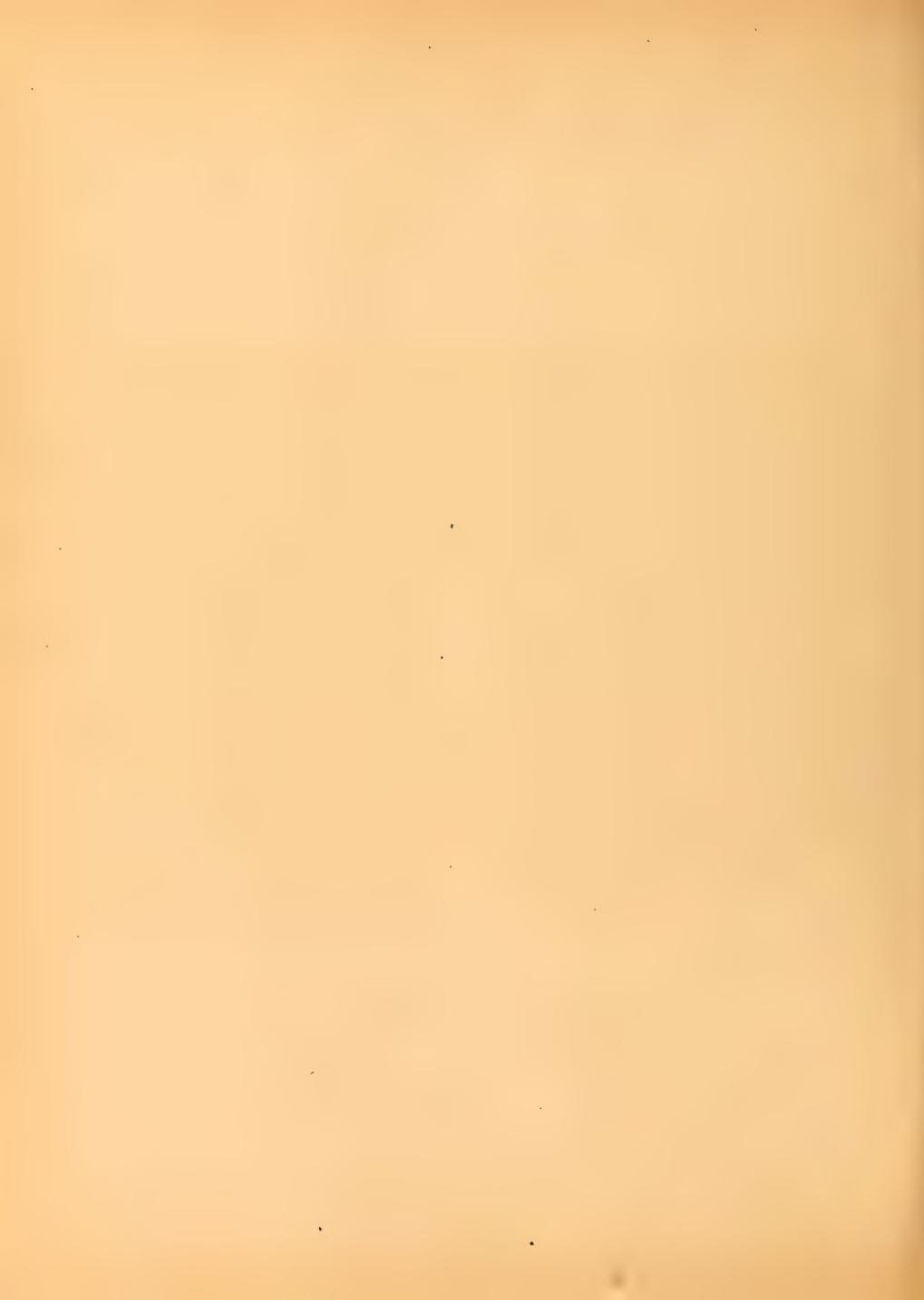
EARTH WITHOUT CHILDREN.

A dreary place would be
this earth
Were there no little people in it;

The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.





No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.



"A DREARY PLACE WOULD BE THIS EARTH WERE THERE NO LITTLE PEOPLE IN IT."

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchels to the school-house hastening;
No merry shouts as home they rush,
No precious morsel for their tasting;

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table:
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able;

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it!

REJOICING THE HOMELESS

When grass grows green in spring-time
 And trees are budding gay,
 When the breath of bursting lilacs
 Makes sweet the air of May,
 When cowslips fringe the brooksides,
 And violets gem the dells,
 And tremble mid the mosses
 The wind-flower's slender bells,

A basket, flower-laden,
 Swings lightly on her arm,
 And right and left she scatters,
 Alike to bad and good,
 The beauties of the garden,
 The treasures of the wood.



When the fragrant lily rises
 From its sheltering sheath of green,
 In the city's narrow alleys
 Saint Emily is seen.
 A modest little maiden,
 She walks secure from harm;

"SAINT EMILY IS SEEN."

When summer days drag slowly,
In languor, heat, and pain,
To those who lie in hospital,
Never to rise again,
Dreaming, with fevered longing,
Of shady country homes,
Where roses hang in clusters,
And honeysuckle blooms,
From cot to cot so softly,
Moves dear Saint Emily;
And here a rose she proffers,
And there a bud lays she.
The close abode of sickness
She fills with fragrant bloom;
Her gentle presence passes
Like music through the room,
And many a moaning sufferer
Hushes his sad complaint,
And follows with his weary eyes
The movements of this saint.

When autumn paints the woodlands
With scarlet and with gold,
When the blue-gentian's lids unclose
In frosty meadows cold,
From the little troop of children
That crowd some Orphan Home,
The joyous shout arises,
"Saint Emily has come!"
And round her close they gather,
An eager little band,
While from the well-stored basket
She fills each outstretched hand
With purple hillside asters,
And wondrous golden-rod,
And all the lingering flowers that love
To dress the autumn sod,
And pallid cheeks flush rosy,
And heavy eyes grow bright,
And little hearts forlorn and lone,
Stir with a deep delight.

And when the woods are naked,
And flowers no longer blow,
When the green nooks they love so well
Are buried in the snow,

Not quite unknown that presence
To children sick in bed,
Bearing bright wreaths of autumn leaves,
And strings of berries red.
A heaven sent mission, surely,
To cheer the sick and poor
With bounties that the bounteous God
Has strewn beside our door—
To gladden little children,
To comfort dying hours,
To bear to wretched hearts and homes
The gospel of the flowers.
What marvel if glad blessings
Surround Saint Emily!
What marvel if some loving eyes
In her angel see! —
Yet many a thoughtful boy or girl
As sweet a saint might be.

E. F. FRYE.

THE WEE BIT SHOON.

The wee bit shoon she used to wear
They gav me often greet;
At gloamin' time could I aince mair
But haud those pink-white feet.

But haud those feet within my han's,
An hear her ripplin' glee,
A warl' o' houses an' o' lan's,
Hoo empty wad they be.

Those tiny palms, could I but taste,
Sae oft to me stretched out,
The earth wad be nae mair a waste,
My heid nae whirl about.

The curls, hauf-grown, that graced her
broo,
The glintin' o' her een,
The tremblin' o' her matchless mou',
Still haunt me though unseen.

Wad death gie back, for ane short hour,
The lapfu' that was mine;
But, ah! but, ah! I'd hae nae power
The treasure to resign.

J. C. RANKIN, D. D.



"THE BABY WEPT."

THE SLEEPING BABE.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its
vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the moth-
er's arms
From present pain, and future un-
known harm,
And baby sleeps.

SAMUEL HINDS, D. D.

GRACE FOR A CHILD.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

My babe! my tiny babe! my only
babe!
My single rosebud in a crown of thorns!

My lamp that in the narrow hut of life,
Whence I looked forth upon a night of storms,
Burned with the lustre of the moon and
stars!

My babe! my tiny babe! my only babe!
Behold the bud is gone, the thorns remain!
My lamp hath fallen from its niche,— ah me!
Earth drinks the fragrant flame, and I am
left
Forever and forever in the dark!

My babe! my babe! my own and only babe!
Where art thou now? If somewhere in the
sky

An angel holds thee in his radiant arms,
I challenge him to clasp thy tender form
With half the fervor of a mother's love.

Forgive me, Lord! forgive my reckless grief!
Forgive me that this rebel, selfish heart



"HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND."



A SONG OF MAY-TIME.

HEAVEN.

SINCE o'er thy footstool, here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O! what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars enwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell.

The dazzling sun at noon tide-hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord! one beam of thine—
What, then, the day where thou dost shine?

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

GOING TO BED.

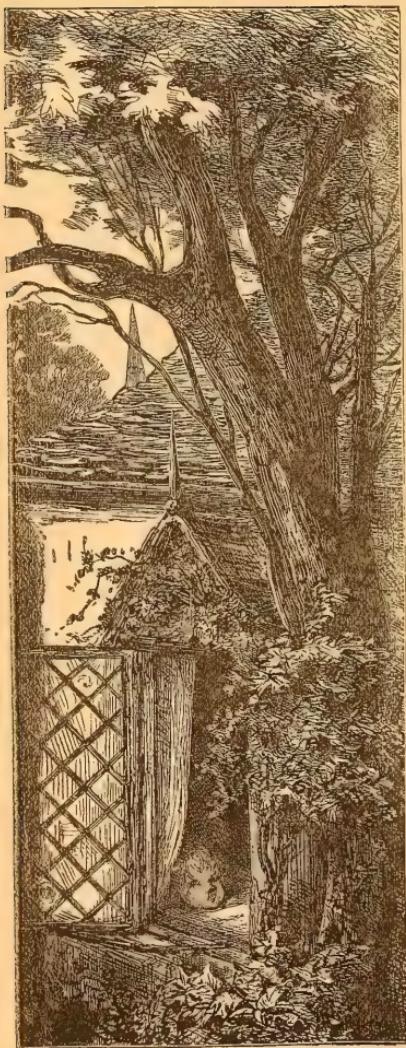
Our Fannie Angelina
Didn't want to go to bed,—
Her reasons would you know? then
Let me tell you what she said
At eight o'clock precisely,
At the close of yesterday,
Her mamma in the trundle-bed
Had tucked her snug away.
“It isn't time to go to bed,
The clock goes round too quick;
It hurts my back to lie in bed,
And almost makes me sick:

I want to show my Uncle George
My pretty birthday ring;
And sing him, ‘Jesus loves me,’
For he likes to hear me sing;
My dolly, ‘Haddynewya,’
Her yellow dress is thin,
And she's sitting on the horse-block,
I forgot to bring her in;
I want to go and get her,
She'll catch a cold and die;
I want to get my nankachick,
I guess I've got to cry.
I said I'd wait till papa comes,
I wonder what he'll think;
There's something hurts me in my throat, ;
I want to get a drink.
I guess I'd rather get it in
My little silver cup—
What makes me have to go to bed
When you are staying up?”
So Fannie Angelina
Was determined not to do it.



“IT HURTS MY BACK TO LIE IN BED.

Yet she drifted off to Nod land,
Poor child, before she knew it.
The queen who reigns in Nod land
Shut her willful eyes so tight,
They quite forgot to open
Till the sun was shining bright.



DREAM, MY BABY.

Mother's baby, rock and rest,
Little birds are fast asleep.
Close beneath her mother-breast,
Safe the bird her brood will keep.

Oh! my nestling, mother sings,
Close within the mother-arms,
Fold thy little, unfledged wings,
Safe from any rude alarms.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Ah! my baby, from the nest
Little birds will some day fly
To the east and to the west,
Wild their pretty wings to try.
But, fly they fast, my bird, or far,
Never can they find the spot,
Under sun or any star,
Where the mother-love is not.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Oh! my baby, mother prays,
As she clasps you closer still,
All sweet things for coming days,
And not any earthly ill.
Always, child, remember this:
Mother's heart is warm and true,
And she tells you, with a kiss,
There'll be always room for you.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast,
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

BED-TIME.

I.

The children are going to bed
In nurseries shaded and clean,
And many a bright and curly head
Is nestling the white sheets between.

Little faces all washed white as snow,
Are dewy with kisses to-night,
And young lips are murmuring low
Sweet prayers—words from **consciences**
white.

Tiny dresses and jackets and shoes
 Lie folded away till the morn,
 Like the chrysalis, no more of use
 To the gayly-striped insect new-born.

The angel of sleep hovers near,
 And curtains the room with his wings;
 That incense to angels is dear
 Which from the nursery altars upsprings.



"EYELIDS QUITE TIRED WITH PLAY."

Little eyelids quite tired with play,
 Are drooping and closing like flowers,
 And restless young forms laid away,
 To sleep through the long midnight hours.

In cottage and castle and hall,
 In valley, on prairie, or hill,
 The calm hush of evening doth fall,
 And life hath grown suddenly still.

At sunset a blessing comes down,
 And peace upon all things is shed,
 For in city and village and town
 The children are going to bed.

II.

The children are going to bed,
 Such bed as their lives ever know,
 In alley and attic and shed,
 And cellar-ways fetid and low,
 In homes where wrangle and din
 Turn night into hideous noon,
 Where the voice of shame, sorrow, and sin
 Will break their light slumbers too soon.

All tumbled and dirty they lie,
 No kiss on the heavy young brow,
 A tear scarcely dried in the eye,
 The flush of a blow ling'ring now.
 They sleep upon pavement or floor,
 With never a low word of prayer,
 Or gasp at the window or door
 For a breath of the life-giving air.

Far up in the tenement high
 They sob at the falling of day,
 And angels bend down from the sky
 To hear what the poor children say.
 It may be that even in heaven
 Some bright tears of pity are shed,
 And sins of the day all forgiven
 When the children are going to bed.

III.

"The children are going to bed!"
 Hushed voices speak gently the word:
 All muffled the mother's light tread,
 No merry "Good-evening" is heard,
 No breath stirs the ringlets of gold,
 No dimple the passionless cheek,
 No tossing limbs ruffle a fold
 Laid over the hands folded meek.

Oh! quiet the cradle, though small,
 Where the children are laid to their rest;
 There is room and to spare for them all,
 In Earth's warm and welcoming breast.
 What matter if castle or cot
 Once held the fair image of snow?
 All alike are they now in their lot,
 As they nestle the flowers below.

Then cover them up from our sight,
 Spread the freshest green turf o'er their head,
 Bid them one more caressing "good-night,"
 The children are going to bed.
 The children are folded in dreams,
 Bright angels have sung them to sleep,
 And stars with their great solemn beams,
 Loving watch o'er their tired forms keep.

No waking to sorrow or gloom,
 No hunger, no shame, and no sin,
 Oh! faithful and loving the tomb
 That safe from life's ills shuts them in.
 The sweet name of Jesus our Lord
 Once more o'er their pillows be said,
 And praise, that, secure in His Word,
 The children are going to bed.

MY LITTLE ONE.

God bless my little one ! how fair
 The mellow lamplight gilds his hair,
 Loose on the cradle-pillow there.
 God bless my little one !



"LAY THY HANDS ABOUT MY HEAD."

God love my little one ! as clear,
 Cool sunshine holds the first green spear
 On April meadows, hold him dear.
 God love my little one !

When these fond lips are mute, and when
 I slumber, not to wake again,
 God bless, God guard, God love him then,
 My little one ! Amen.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



"THE ANGEL OF SLEEP HOVERS NEAR."

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

FOR NIGHT AND MORNING.

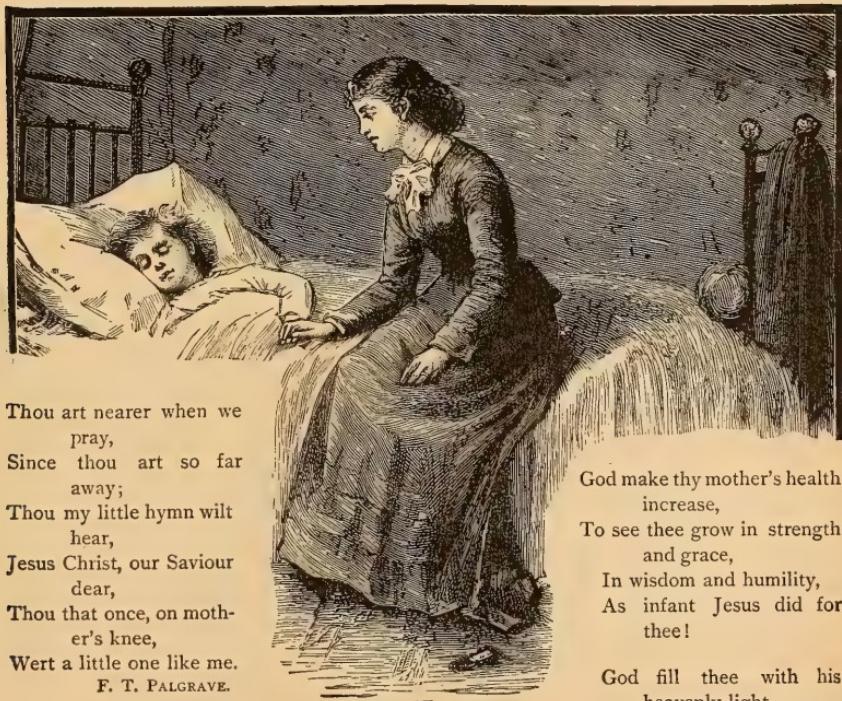
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
 Wert a little one like me,
 When I wake or go to bed
 Lay the hands about my head;
 Let me feel thee very near,
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
 Close by me through all the night;
 Make me gentle, kind, and true,
 Do what mother bids me do;
 Help and cheer me when I fret,
 And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
 Baby bright in manger-shade,
 With the oxen and the cows,
 And the lambs outside the house :

Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou livest in great security;
But he was punished, and for thee!



Thou art nearer when we
pray,
Since thou art so far
away;
Thou my little hymn wilt
hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour
dear,
Thou that once, on moth-
er's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

SLEEP WELL, MY DEAR.

Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

Thou liest down, soft every way;
Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay;
Thy cradle is far better drest
Than the hard crib where he did rest.

None dare disturb thy present ease;
He had a thousand enemies:

God make thy mother's health
increase,
To see thee grow in strength
and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
As infant Jesus did for
thee!

God fill thee with his
heavenly light
To steer thy Christian
course aright;

Make thee a tree of blessed root,
That never bends with godly fruit!

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest,
And if with riper years thou'rt blest,
Increase in wisdom day and night,
Till thou attainest the eternal light!

MARTIN LUTHER. Translated by
JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOB.

THE DOUBLE WINGS: ASPIRATION AND POWER.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

I AM an eagle — in the sky ;
 I am an eagle — on the ground !
 With these frail wings to earth I'm bound,
 With these quick wings in heaven I fly.

When high through blissful sunshine play,
 In my strong soul, these golden wings,
 Ah me, these flapping, useless things
 The eagle from the sun delay !

LITTLE BARBARA.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE casement roses nod and beckon,
 A soft wind is astir,
 And bumble bees and humming birds
 Go by with boom and whirr ;
 The orioles have swung a cradle
 Up in their green elm-house,
 While robins build a homelier home
 Under the apple-boughs.

Yet neither bird, nor bee, nor blossom
 Can tempt abroad to-day,
 Lure as they may with song and tint,
 The maiden Barbara.
 Nor in their stead have brush and palette
 Her senses so beguiled
 That she becomes, the while she works,
 An artist, not a child.

To paint a bunch of peacock feathers
 What colors will she use ?
 An iridescent eye of black,
 With shimmering greens and blues ;
 And she will touch the plumpy lashes
 With bronze and glint of gold,
 And just as much of sheen and shine
 As painter's brush may hold.

Ah, little friends, I know a study
 That lovelier is by far
 Than casement roses, birds or bees,
 Or peacock feathers are ;



WHAT COLORS WILL SHE USE?

A little dark-eyed creature, whiling
 With art her hours away !
 What sweeter being could there be
 Than maiden Barbara ?



LISTEN, FATHER, NOT TOO HASTY.

A BIRD SPEAKS.

A RIBBON, a ribbon, a ribbon in the sky !
 That little girl shall have it who can fly so
 high —
 Have it for a border with a dress of blue,
 Or have it for a bow for her bonnet new !

The ribbon, the ribbon, has vanished from the sky !
 And not a single little girl spread her wings to fly !
 They have no wings ? Why, all the birds, both great
 and small have wings —
 Surely, surely, girls must be unhappy little things !

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL.

By C. L. C.



ONE day, in the midst
 Of an April shower,
 This dear little girl
 Was missed for an hour ;

And under the trees,
 And over the grass,
 We all went hunting
 The little lost lass.

We found her at last
 Where two walls met,
 A-looking naughty
 And a-dripping wet.

“ I was April-fooling,”
 She softly said ;
 And down she dropped
 A shamed little head.

CONTRARY TOWN.

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

OH, who has heard of Contrary Town,
 Where all the trees grow upside down ;
 Where turnips are picked from bushes tall,
 And they dig for violets late in the fall ;
 Where pigs go meekly the way they are told,

And all the pennies are made of gold,
 But nobody sees their shining bright,
 For daylight with them is the darkest night ;
 And, dear me, queerer than all the rest,
 The naughtiest children are there the best !



UNSOPHISTICATED.

EVEN the doting mother, looking fondly while I led her down the long Auditorium ball-room, could not have said more than "I'm sure my darling looks sweet and nice." And this after all the pains she had taken in trying to make her pretty!

I think that, though this was not Miss Schermerhorn's first party by any means, I was her first partner—not counting duty-partners, of course. I mean that I was the first young man who had ever gone up, and asked her to dance. One of my reasons for thinking so was my observation of her pale face as she sat by her mother's side, that seemed to say: "Do I look forlorn?" and her wistful eyes, that seemed prepared for disappointment, as she gave me her slight shrinking bow of recognition—a greeting which made a contrast with her mother's eager cordiality. Another reason was that, as we walked silently down the vast floor, her pallor gave way to a flush, starting at her neck and mounting to her very temple.

Why silently? Well, to be frank, I had just had a blow. A friend, a young married woman—one of those roses of life's garden!—had just talked to me in a way that opened my eyes.

"Do you know, my dear Will, you're the very best fellow in the world?"

"Well, well! One must come away from home to hear the news."

"But you are. I've watched you at a good many parties and observed whom you selected for your attention."

"Then your observations must have been somewhat self-centered, I fear."

"Nonsense! Of course, you have been good to me; if you hadn't, I should have gone out in the dressing-room and cried! But when you left me—when I ought not to keep you any longer, and could not if I tried—I noticed your doings and compared them with those of the ordinary run of young men."

"And meanwhile your new partner thought you were engrossed in him?"

"Very likely; and so I was. Hasn't a woman two eyes and two ears? Why has she, if not to be able to keep watch on two men at once?"

"Ah! I begin to see. Well, now—which of my blunders—struck you most?"

"The absurdity of being considerate. The blunder of being a true gentleman."

"As how?"

"Confess now, William; be a G. W., and own up to the little hatchet. Do you, or do you not, when you are looking about for a partner, go straight to the girl who you think will have fewest or none at all?"

"Never!"

"Never choose such a girl?"

"Never confess, I mean. Wild horses shouldn't drag such an admission from me!"

"Then you're not the G. W. I took you for?"

"I wouldn't own up to such a weakness—not to become the happy father of two countries—or a whole litter of them."

"How shocking! Are the United States puppies?"

"No, for their eyes are wide open. But you are wandering away from the great subject—me."

"Oh, yes! and your choice of partners. Well, you needn't confess, if you call it confessing; I should call it boasting. Anybody could see that, while other young fellows are thinking only of their miserable selves, and what girl is prettiest or most fashionable, you are thinking how you can be kindest and most considerate in your attentions."

"Ah, to be sure. Sparing those whom I see better occupied than they would be if I—"

"Nonsense! Seeing that everybody has a good time, especially those—well, the neglected ones."

"We-ell, I hope nobody except you has made this precious discovery of supposed charitable motive."

"Why so? I should hope that everybody would think more of you forever, as I do—of all such men; only there isn't any other."

"Alas! has it come to this?"

"Come to what? Come to your senses and tell me what you mean—just when I thought I was being so sweet and flattering!"

"Why, you unfeudged angel, don't you see where that would put the girls to whom I offer my attentions? Make each an object of pity! I might as well devote myself to hanging mourning-crape on my friends' door-knobs whenever there is sickness in

the house. To be seen dancing with me will be a confession of old maidenhood!"

"Now you are being horrid. I wish you'd go away." I rose. "And if you do, I'll never forgive you." I sat down again. "Your words are morbid and cruel, though your acts are so kind. Why do you pick me, of all women, to be hateful to?"

"Oh, just because I don't think enough of anybody else to take so much trouble."

"Ah! That was spoken more like yourself, my good friend. You didn't mean to hurt my feelings, so I forgive you. To repeat what I said at first: You are the best fellow in the world, and you ought to wear a halo for a hat-band, and no woman is quite worthy of you."

"No unmarried woman, you mean."

"Or married woman, either."

"Oh, please except one!"

"Alas, she least of all!"

"But you don't know whom I was thinking of."

"Well, don't tell me."

"I will! It was your sister-in-law."

So, with a laugh, we changed the subject; but in a few minutes she said, apropos of nothing:

"You have sat by me long enough, and dear Sara Schermerhorn is just longing for a waltz with you."

"To be stigmatized as a hopeless wall flower?"

"Now, now! Do you want to pain me and spoil my evening?"

"No, I only want, like the boy, to go home and not wait for any pie."

She said nothing, but looked at me with grave lips.

"Oh, don't!" I cried. "When you look like that, you are too effulgent; you wither me."

A smile chased away the severity, and she only said: "I am watching to see what you do when you leave me."

"But—leave you alone? You said it was

good in me to be attentive to the wall-flowers."

"Don't alarm yourself on that score. If the worst comes to the worst, my husband is always at hand—bless him!"

"Oh, that husband! that blessed husband! I think we must read the riot act and disperse that blessed husband."

And then, of course, I did as she bid me; and my waltz with Miss Schermerhorn began. This little interjected narrative just about fills out the time spent in the waltz. I observed that she waltzed well, considering her disadvantages. Our talk was unavoidably slight and fragmentary.

"Do I spin you too fast?"

"Oh, no; I—like it!"

"That is a pretty waltz."

"Yes—" Blue Danube."

"Who came near backing against you?" No answer. "A good waltzer has eyes in the back of his head."

"That's why—there are—so few—I suppose," etc.

At last, I played my favorite card. Detecting the signal by which the band-leader indicated that the next measure would be the closing one, I selected a convenient seat and managed to make the final spin coincide with the final notes, and brought up at the chosen chairs, halting with the last note of the music.

My partner's cheeks glowed and her eyes danced as she panted out:

"Oh, I thank you so much!"

"And I thank you just twice as much as you thank me."

"You'd find it hard to do that! I am fond of dancing—too fond of it."

"We always like to do what we do well."

And so on. I was finding a good deal of pleasure in her undisguised delight; a kind of pleasure with which I had grown familiar during my dancing experience, and one which had relieved party-going of much of its ennui. That and the joy of seeing and

talking to Mrs. Thomasson—my fair young married friend—were about all that made these evenings endurable, seeing that suppers are a weariness to the flesh, and the joy of wine short-lived and unworthy—almost shameful.

But there was a shadow over this pleasure on this particular evening. The memory of Mrs. Thomasson's words kept intruding. One hates to have his cherished secrets found out; and then the idea of being a kind of social leper whose touch is social death! That settled it; I would dance no more. I could still go to dinner-parties, etc., for there the hostess designates one's partner, and to sit by a woman does not stigmatize her as an unadmirable, undesirable, neglected supernumerary.

"Shall we rejoin your mother?"

"Yes indeed!" And she sprang up with a dutiful alacrity which seemed to say that she had already detained me longer than she ought. I was firmly resolved to leave poor Sara with her natural protector and take "French leave"—slip out without a good-bye to the hostess or even to Mrs. Thomasson. But somehow, when we came near to Mrs. Schermerhorn, I did not turn toward her, but kept on in the promenading column.

"There is mamma."

"Yes, I see. Shall we not make one more circuit?"

Again I saw that gentle flush rise from neck to temple as she assented. When we passed Mrs. Thomasson, I looked carefully away and talked on about something or other, I forget what. I knew that fair friend would be waiting to give me a rewarding smile, and I should loathe it! At the first pause, my plain partner, leaning a little more heavily on my arm, looked up and said, with an effort:

"How good you are!"

"What! have you too heard—" and there I stuck fast.



THE LOOK-OUT.

She suddenly pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and seemed strangely agitated. I could feel her hand shake; with bowed head, she really trembled all over. Why? I wondered. It soon appeared. She was overcome with laughter! When she could, she spoke:

"Do excuse me—I'm afraid I was dreadfully rude; but really—I said you were good, and you asked me if I too had heard it—and it was too funny! I suppose you misunderstood my remark."

"Ah, yes, to be sure. It sounded like—let me see—what was I thinking of?" And I cudgled my brain for some prevarication which might relieve my soul.

With a slight childish toss of the head, she shook herself clear of the dilemma and said:

"Well, never mind; don't try to explain it."

"Not try to explain the absurdity of my saying that you must have heard of my celebrated righteousness?"

"No, don't try. Because I know all about it already."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, except that Mrs. Thomasson is a great friend of mine, and a very great friend of yours."

As I continued silent, she went on:

"You don't mind my laughing, I'm sure; I love to laugh—when I can. It's not often at parties, though often enough at other times. Don't you love to laugh?"

She said "Don't you," and not "Don-chew," and "laugh," and not "laff."

"I suppose so. I scarcely remember."

"No; on the whole, I think you seem like a man who smiles often and laughs seldom—though I think you haven't done either this evening."

"I am not always as dead-and-alive as I am to-night. Shall I tell you all about it?"

I scarcely needed to ask, and she did not at all need to answer in words; a look was

enough. By this time, we were opposite our original seats; and, finding them still vacant, we sat down. Her listening look was quite irresistible. Her eyelids seemed to have taken a new shape—almost pretty.

As she knew the mortifying story in the main, I had only to tell her how it seemed to me—of course, not quite all that I have written of my talk with Mrs. Thomasson, but all the essential part. A silence followed, broken by my interrogative "Well?"

"So the very thing which that dear, sweet, wise, shrewd, good, lovely, matchless woman thought was splendid, you thought was—horrid."

"Yes, just so; but that is not the present question."

"What is the question?"

"The question is what you think."

A pause.

"We-ell—I don't often differ with her."

"Aha! Who does, or can?"

"Not I, certainly. She says I am like ice-cream—pleasant to take, and sure never to disagree with her. By the by, she said she got that simile from you."

"Possibly. How delighted it is to find oneself quoted by her! But how about the other matter? I call for the previous question."

"Whenever I do differ with her, I am always wrong; and I know I am, even when I think I am not."

"Question! Question!"

"How persistent you are! You must be a splendid lawyer."

"Question! Question!"

"There again! Well, then, I know I am right in this matter, because I agree with her entirely—completely—to the uttermost."

Then I went over my side of the case—he repellent view of being known as the chooser of partners for their sake instead of for my own; but she would not be drawn out. When I persisted—made myself disagreeable, perhaps—she simply said:

"I think I will join mamma, if you will be so very kind as to escort me."

As we went, I asked: "Shall you think it needful to tell Mrs. Schermerhorn about the matter we have been talking about?"

"Have you any objection?"

"Assuredly! I do not want it told to anybody. I would like to bury it fathoms deep and out of sight."

"Very well. I think I should not have told her, at any rate. She is foolishly fond of her duckling."

"Victory! That one thoughtless speech gives your own case away. It shows that I was right that the whole thing was horrid."

She laughed a little at this view of the case, as I left her under the maternal wing; and I sauntered back to Mrs. Thomasson's side and said:

"You sent me on a philanthropic mission, and I lighted on a gold-mine."

"Well, what did you expect? Try being good and docile some other time, and see what compensations fate keeps for nice little boys."

"Your Sara is like all the Saras in history and fiction, sacred and profane; they are all charming and lovely"—her own name is Sara—"and some of them are beautiful as the day, some good as wheat, and some—no, one—both good and beautiful."

"Never mind those glittering generalities; how about Sara Schermerhorn?"

"I said she is worthy her name; what more could be said?"

"True enough. I watched you, and felt almost jealous."

"You jealous? The cause of jealousy troubled with her own product! Hit by her own deadly arrow! Absurd!"

"Oh, I don't know. I expect to lose you some day, and I am trying to prepare my mind for it. Of course, you didn't broach that matter we were talking about?"

"Tell her of the stigma, and that she was

one of the stigmatized? What part of my conduct, madam, would lead you to think me such a man?"

"I confess to certain suspicions; but, if you deny it—"

"I neither admit nor deny that matter therein set forth, but hold the said complainant to strict proof thereof."

"What jargon is that?"

"Your ladyship is pleased to call by the unpleasant name of jargon a recognized part of the answer to a bill in chancery."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know of it!"

"Amen, seeing that divorce is a chancery proceeding."

"Is it? Then it has no interest for me. But how glad I am that you like my dear Sara!"

"Who could help it?"

"Who? Why, all the world—the male world—can leave her alone as if she were a harpy!"

"The world is a fool. The world passes by the rosebuds, and violets, and goes crazy over great, scentless, decorative chrysanthemums."

"Yes, the world is a fool. Everybody is foolish except thee and me, and thou art a little queer."

"I did not expect to be taunted with my folly by the object of it herself!"

"Didn't you? How strange! But now go on with your heaven-allotted task. There are other women here who are famishing for a dance, but who will go home fasting unless you fly to their rescue."

"Do you really expect me to point out to you another woman as the very least attractive person of all my acquaintance?"

"Call it by any name you like, but live up to your character. Go on being the delightful, considerate, well-bred man I have always thought you. The white knight, devoted to the succor of beauty in distress."

"Beauty? I thought it was the other thing that I was to succor."

"Be good now, and do as I tell you."

"The very least attractive?"

"Yes, yes."

"And you let me off with one?"

"Yes, if she is unattractive enough."

"She shall be, from my point of view."

And I departed, approached the "belle of the ball," went through the form of asking her to dance, and, being shown her card full to repletion, including candidates for all the "extra" dances, then, after a few commonplaces, backed out and returned in triumph to milady's side, fearing to find her angry, but being agreeably disappointed.

"Will Forquer, did you really go forth to find an unattractive woman?"

"Yes, unattractive to me."

"And did you pitch upon Miss Hammersley?"

"Driven by an exacting conscience and the obligation of a promise, I did."

"Well, then, I forgive you."

And she was uncommonly gracious for the rest of the evening. At last, I had found an evidence of human weakness in my paragon! It was not displeasing to her, the belle of yesterday, to find herself set upon a pedestal higher than that of the belle of to-day!

We sat and watched, with good-natured cynicism, the brilliant procession promenading between dances.

"Absurd association of ideas! This reminds me of the 'March-past,' at the review at Alexandria, before the first Potomac campaign; when, as a young lieutenant A. A. G., I was one of the group that sat in the saddle six mortal hours, reviewing 180,000 men of all arms, and hearing a hundred successive bands approach and go by, playing 'Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.'"

"What grand things to carry in one's memory! And yet you sit here by me,

quiet as a lamb and peaceable as a lamb too."

"More of one and less of the other, but I'll never tell you which is which."

"Talk more war."

"Well, the next review I remember was one where I made a fool of myself."

"Did that make it so memorable?"

"Naturally."

"How did you particularly distinguish yourself?"

"It was after the campaign—Yorktown, Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Hanover, Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill, Malvern, and the rest of the seven days' fights. Mr. Lincoln reviewed us."

"Well?"

"Well? No, not well. Appalling! Divisions looked like brigades, brigades like regiments, regiments like companies. Old full regiments, which used to be so big that their regimental colors were a thousand feet apart, had dwindled until the flags were only a stone's-throw from each other. The Sykes brigade of regulars—the great Forty-Fourth New York, the Twentieth Massachusetts, two Wisconsin regiments, the whole Pennsylvania Reserve—well, never mind."

"That is why we are here—victorious, happy, and glorious."

"Yes, but the nameless graves!"

A silence.

"Now about the foolishness."

"Well, I had to turn my horse out of the group, dismount, and pretend to be tightening his girth—the tears streaming down my cheeks."

"Don't make me foolish in the same way!"

"Let me see your eyes. Thanks. They are like morning stars reflected in a lake."

"There, you have looked long enough; look somewhere else."

In the hallway, as I was putting the heavy fur cloak on her shoulders, I heard,

just within the dressing-room, a voice which I easily recognized, saying in urgent tones:

"No, no, mamma! Please do not."

So the gentle Sara could be quite firm upon occasion! In fact, come to think, she had been so when she put an end to the conversation about—that.

But what could be the bone of contention between mother and daughter? My unworthy self? I would see. After showing milady to her carriage, I returned and met the Schermerhorns in the doorway, daughter clinging to mother with a retaining touch as if still saying "No, no, mamma."

"Mrs. Schermerhorn, I was waiting to meet you, in order to ask to be allowed to call."

"Certainly, Mr. Forquer. We shall be most happy."

"Fridays, Mr. Forquer; Friday afternoons and evenings, mamma is always at home."

"And you, Miss Schermerhorn?"

"Yes; I try to cheer mamma when there come those intervals of nothingness."

"Well, I'll try to drag you through one of those intervals of nothingness."

"Oh, no; you could only do that by staying away."

And so we parted. The season was closing, and I did not chance to meet her again. In Lent, I made my Friday call—in fact, I made several Friday calls; but as callers were not very many, I found no tête-à-tête for some weeks. The first time I did find myself sitting by Sara—at the tea-table, mamma entertaining other guests in the parlor—I reopened the old subject, determined to get her two views on its two sides. Her views on all matters, I had found to be well worth having.

"But, after all, confess that it would be distressing to a young woman, to find herself forced to be civil to a fellow who was notorious for seeking out the neglected.

Not so much a society-man as a Humane-Society man, you know." Silence. "Do tell me what you think."

"Well, if you must know, I think there are girls who might look at it in that light. Girls who are, as one might say, 'on the ragged edge' of uncertainty—sometimes contented with their lot, and at other times furious at the world or the dressmaker; girls who are pretty sure of one or two partners of an evening, but only the men who are young and unfledged, or who are bad dancers practicing on the patience of my sex, or who are notorious bores, or, worst of all, insufferable egotists."

"Now, please don't be personal."

"Oh, you know well enough that, if you had been any of these, I would not have named them."

"You might have ventured, seeing that such fellows would never recognize their portraits."

"Well, be assured you are not one of them."

"Now, what girls would take the other view—would welcome the Humane-Society intervention?"

"The ones who are not even on the edge—never so much as come near it."

"Are there any such?"

"Oh, yes! Hundreds—thousands of girls grow up with the ordinary hopes, who pass through school unwarmed of what is to come, who perhaps have even more than the ordinary success while they are home-girls and school-girls. For you know—or if you don't, I do—that it is not the budding beauties who win the hearts and praises of their teachers. I know mine came near to spoiling me—as my mother had quite done before."

"Do go on. This is perfectly delightful."

"Well, of course a change comes o'er the spirit of their dream." An irrepressible quiver came to her lips, and their corners

dropped like those of a hurt child. "They wake up slowly to the consciousness of disappointment."

"I know well that nature doesn't deal fairly with her children."

"No, she doesn't," with some spirit.
"She is a perfect Hindoo mother!"

"And the social swim is her Ganges."

"Yes, indeed! A muddy, chilling flood!
It is not fair to make a woman who is not fair."

"Tell me more the secrets of young womanhood."

"I am afraid I am a traitress."

"Please be more treasonable."

"Well, even before such a girl leaves school, she begins to fear that—well, that all is not lovely before her. Yet she fancies that those must win who deserve to win—that, when dressed like other society girls, she will be happy like them. Then comes her debut—her coming-out party—and, when she has come out, she would like to go in again."

"Poor dear!"

"From most men, she receives civil neglect; from some, absolute rudeness!"

"What?"

She looked at me with unshed tears in her eyes, and nodded slightly, as if she could not trust herself to speak. Her breath came fast and audibly, and she seemed to be swallowing a lump in her throat, when suddenly she recovered herself and sprang up, crying:

"What have I done? I must go to mamma."

"No, no!" trying to seize her hand.
"Stay! I have something to say to you—something important—"

But she was gone; and, as I followed her, we met her mother bringing in a guest to be served with tea. I was duly presented to the new-comer, and offered my services as tea-bearer. When I took her hand at parting it was cold, and no answering pressure

reassured me. Still I sought my bachelor quarters happy and confident, and wrote:

"I tried to detain you to ask you to be my wife—to be guarded and protected from all ills, so far as in my power lies, as long as we both shall live."

I posted the letter, and then sat long in happy meditation on the soul-satisfying delight I saw before me—the joy of keeping, in my special charge, the happiness of that sweet, gentle, pathetic, plain, guileless, sensible—but why go on? I was only a patronizing idiot, living in a fool's paradise. Twenty hours later I had my answer.

"No, of course not. A thousand times no, no, no."

On Sunday, I called. Mrs. Schermerhorn was out. Miss Schermerhorn begged to be excused. Was she ill? The maid could not say. A pointed rebuff. The first snub of my life—a bitter but wholesome draught that kept me in the valley of humiliation for more than four mortal days.

Friday came at last; and as early as strict form allowed, I rang the well-known door-bell—touched the button, to be exact—my heart beating so that I could scarcely speak.

Mother and daughter had left town on Monday. The handmaid did not know when they were expected back, nor where they had gone. Letters? Yes, a boy from the lawyer's office called for them every day. She did not know what lawyer.

I think that my face, not usually a tell-tale, must have betrayed my dismay, and the feminine instinct must have fathomed its cause, and a feminine heart sympathized with its possible relief; for, just before shutting the door of the house and of hope, the woman suddenly volunteered the information that the place was Middletown and the folks visited were relatives. No, she did not know in what State was Middletown, nor the name of the relatives.

Then the house-door shut and the hope-door opened. Was there not a post-office

directory? Yes indeed! Soon found and searched, it showed Middletown—eighteen of them, ranging from Connecticut to California.

But pshaw! What of that? Any one of my brother lawyers would give me the address in a moment. A letter signed with my own name, left at the Schermerhorn house for the boy to take to his employer's office—what could be more simple?

So said, so done. But then came the waiting with all its uncertainties. Suppose they had asked the lawyer not to give their address? Suppose he should not choose to do so? Suppose he did not know it, having only orders to open the business notes, pay the bills, and keep the private letters till called for? Suppose—a thousand foolish suppositions. The second morning after brought the answer, simple as possible. The address was a certain Middletown which need not be here identified further than to say that it was reachable by rail from Chicago.

Gripsack, railway ticket, sleeping-car—a mere form—Middletown, toilet, breakfast, post-office, and newspaper, the last only an excuse for lounging between the door and the delivery window for two solid hours. The delivery window needed watching, for fear the letters might be sent for, instead of called for. The face of the girl at the office window began to take notice of the stranger within her gates, and it was not long before an elderly man—probably the postmaster, and the father of the girl at the window—came out and called my attention to the condition of the weather—a condition so remarkably commonplace that I had not observed it. After sundry fishing questions which did not bring him a bite, he came out distinctly and asked if I had any further business in the office.

This was a complication I had not thought of; but my profession had accustomed me to sudden dilemmas and armed

me with the control of sudden expedients. I retired to a corner, beckoning him to follow, and, with a wink and with my finger on my lips, I whispered one magic word: "Pinkerton."

It was all-sufficient, and he disappeared behind the little boxes. So did the girl from the window, for a moment; and when she returned, I observed a new expression on her face. Where before had been curiosity and suspicion, I now saw unmistakable awe!

The time was long, yet it did not seem so to me. My anxiety had worn itself out; my normal self-esteem had reasserted its sway, or something else had come to straighten out my views of life, for I was calm, patient, almost happy—as I have often been when waiting for the outcoming of a "hung jury." It began to seem as if I never should see Miss Schermerhorn again, and yet could go on hoping to see her and enjoying the delight of that hope. The early rush of callers had ceased, and I could spend most of my time looking out on the pleasant country-town street.

She comes! She is alone! I step down and go to meet her as if I were treading on air! Her plain face is the loveliest sight that ever blessed my eyes, just because it is hers.

And she? A moment's hesitation, as if duty and resolution urged her to turn and fly—then another look into my eager eyes—and then two gloved hands stretched out and a few words, either spoken so that I could hear them, or thought and looked so eagerly that I could feel them:

"Say that you came here for my sake!"

"No, dear child, not for your sake." Then, before she could be frightened: "I came to see you, but it was for my own sake."

Her hand on my arm, her eyes cast down while mine were bent on her flushed cheek, we walked the street in silence. There was small need of words. At last, she said:



THE GATE.

"Let us go to the post-office; mamma expects letters."

"If I took you there, I should put a worse stigma on you than ever."

Then I told her the "Pinkerton" incident and we had a hearty laugh which "broke the ice" of romantic sentiment and—and—and Middletown was the very first halting-place on our wedding journey!

How long ago was this? A year? An age? What good has gone from me? Why do I see no more, even in dreams, that gentle, loving, truthful, trustful face, that seemed to find no sunshine except in my eyes? Is it better to have loved and lost than never to have loved?

Yes, yes, yes. When those fevered arms and hands were burning their way from my neck to my heart, and because of the untimeliness of my bereavement I was cursing the day I was born, she suddenly cried

out: "How long I have had you! How long I have had you!"

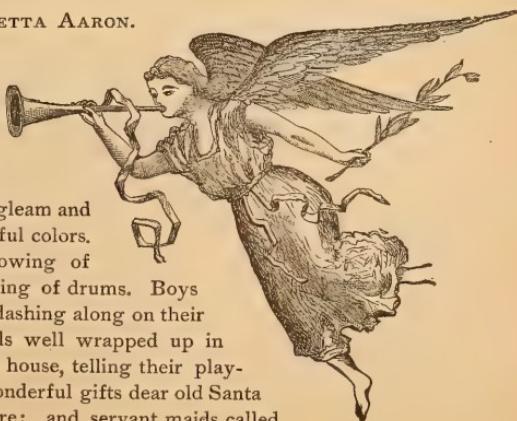
She said it so often that others perhaps thought her delirious; but I knew that her passing soul was illuminated with the light of truth. Even a year—every year—of perfect wedlock is long, if it is measured by the happiness it includes. Precious is the memory of those last words, for they prove to me that, faulty as I am, I made her happy in our own short union. She did not even think of the little one; only of me—of poor imperfect me, her husband.

So goes on time and tide, I find enough to do in remembering the past and in watching the world. I hope—ardently I hope—that my daughter will be like her mother to the turn of a hair—every line, every curve, every tint. But I fear, from the present outlook, that "the fatal gift of beauty" is her lot and portion in life.

CHRIST WAS BORN TO-DAY.

BY YETTA AARON.

CHIRSTMAS morning dawned bright and beautiful. The sunshine danced merrily over the snow-covered streets and made the icicles hanging from the bows of the trees and window-sills gleam and glitter with many changing, beautiful colors. Plenty of noise there was—blowing of horns, whirring of rattles, and beating of drums. Boys were out shouting and hurrahing—dashing along on their new gaily-painted sleds. Little girls well wrapped up in woolens and furs ran from house to house, telling their playmates, with beaming eyes, of the wonderful gifts dear old Santa Claus had brought the night before; and servant maids called



cheerfully to each other, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The whole city seemed full of mirth and fun.

But, alas! All was not merry in the great city. In the back attic room of a miserable house in a dirty down-town street there was no laughter, no gifts from Santa Claus. A pale, hollow-eyed man lay on a straw mattress in one corner of the uncarpeted room. A sad-faced woman sat at the two-paned window, stitching at some coarse garment she was making, while two pretty little children, a girl and a boy, stood beside her, each munching a crust of dry bread. There was utter silence among them until the sound of bells came stealing gently into the wretched room.

"Christmas morning," said the sick man as he raised his head from the pillow to listen. "I can hear the chimes. They are playing the very hymn my mother used to sing when I was a little boy. 'Merry Christmas!' 'Tisn't very merry for us, wife. When I had plenty of work and good wages we had many friends. But now that I am sick and we are almost starving, they've all forgotten us."

"Has Santa Claus forgotten us, too?" here broke in the little boy. "He didn't bring us the least thing."

"Me no dollie," said the blue-eyed girl, with a trembling lip.

The poor mother tried to smile so that the little ones might not notice the tears in her eyes as she answered: "Yes, Charley, I'm afraid the old fellow has quite forgotten you and sister May this time. But never mind; let us hope that next Christmas he will bring you something to make up for it."

"But why," persisted the boy, "don't he remember poor chilluns?"

"Not as poor as you are," said the father, bitterly. "You see, my boy, many people forget it is Christmas because Christ was born to-day, and so they feast and make merry, never thinking of the sick and starving."

"But Christ loved poor people and little chilluns," said Charley.

"Yes, Charley dear," answered his mother; "the dear Savior loved poor people best; but don't talk any more to papa now, he is tired and must sleep," and rising, she knelt down by the sick man and took his thin hand in hers.

"Don't be cast down, John," she said; "you are getting better, though slowly, and that is much to be thankful for. And my sewing, poorly as I am paid for it, will at least keep us alive until you are able to work again." As she was speaking the children quietly left the room, Charley leading his little sister by the hand.

"W're you doin'?" asked May, as he hurried her down-stairs and out of the street door.

"To find some of the people that have forgotten Christ was born to-day, cause if we can find 'em and tell 'em about it, p'raps it'll all come right. I know a big church where there will be lots of folks, and I'm goin' there." So the two poor little things wended their way to the big church and stood at the door until the congregation was dismissed. Charley looked eagerly into the faces of the people as they came flocking out. "None o' them has forgot," he said in a few moments. "They look too solemn."

Just then a stout old gentleman stepped from the church door, and, slipping on the icy pavement, came near falling. "Ha! ha! ha!" he burst into a merry laugh. "Came near going down that time; only saved myself, that's all."

"Christ was born to-day," said a childish voice near him.

"What, hey?" said the old gentleman, turning round and facing Charley. "I know it, my boy. Merry Christmas, and here's a stamp for you," holding out 50 cents.

"You didn't forget, then?" asked Charley. "Forget what?" said the old gentleman. "That Christ was born to-day."

"Why, bless your heart, no! What in the world do you mean by asking that?"

"Father said we had nothin' to eat 'cause lots o' people forgot it. And Santa Claus forgot us, too," added Charley after a pause.

"Me no dollie," said May, shyly raising her blue eyes to the kind face of the stranger and letting them fall again instantly.

"Bless my heart," said the old gentleman, "this is very strange. Where is your father, my boy?"

"He's sick in bed. He wasn't always sick, though. He was a carpenter once, and we had lots of good things, and last Christmas Santa Claus brought me a rocking-horse. It's sold now."

"Me a dollie; she's broke now," said May.

"Bless my heart!" said the old gentleman, again. "So your father thinks a great many people forget why it is Christmas day? Take me home with you, my boy; I should like to see this father of yours."

"Mother, too?" asked Charley.

"Of course, and mother, too."

"Nice muzzer," said little May.

"I don't doubt it," said the old gentleman, and away they went, people looking after them in wonder; for you see the old gentleman was dressed very fine and the children weren't dressed at all, unless you call rags clothing, which I don't believe you do.

A few minutes brought them to the door of the miserable room where Charley lived. His mother started with surprise when she saw the stranger and hastily arose and offered him the only chair.

"Sit down again, sit down again," said the old gentleman, cheerfully. "I want to speak to Charley's father."

The sick man turned his face toward him.

"I have not forgotten that Christ was born to-day, my friend," said the old gentleman, "neither have I forgotten He was the son of a carpenter, and His lot was cast among the poor and lowly, and, so I have come to help and cheer you."

"God bless you!" said Charley's mother, while tears of joy rolled down her cheeks.

"Not a word, not a word," said the old gentleman, as the sick man tried to speak. "I'm going out to look for Santa Claus. He's never forgotten you in the world. He's made a mistake in the number, that's all." And, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he departed, but to return again very soon—this time with the grocery boy from around the corner, and the basket that grocery boy carried was so big he could scarcely squeeze it through the doorway, and it was well filled. I haven't time to tell you all that was in it. And so for the old gentlemen. What do you think he had? In one hand a golden-haired, blue-eyed doll for May, in the other a pair of bright, new skates for Charley.

"Bless your heart!" he said, as the little girl held up her pretty mouth to kiss him. "You'll have a merry Christmas, after all. I'm so glad you went to the church door, Charley, though I hadn't forgotten, of course not. God sent you straight to me, my boy, that you might show me the way to this poor room. Remember that; always remember that. And now make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and I'll be here again to-morrow. Good-by. Merry Christmas!" And away hustled the old gentleman again, leaving "faith, hope, and charity" behind him.

There were two Christmas dinners in town that day that were very different. The old gentleman went to his well-spread table, around which his family and a select circle of invited guests sat down to a sumptuous entertainment. But part of the contents of the grocery basket made a meal in that scantily furnished upper room, around which the half-famished little company who came so near being forgotten by Santa Claus had a grander entertainment. It does not require much to give poor folks a "Merry Christmas" after all.

THE MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY.
MOTHERS, you are the divinely-appointed teachers and guides of your children; and any attempt to free yourselves from your duty is in direct opposition to the will of God. If you neglect them, the consequences are swift and sure, and how fearful they are, let those broken-hearted mothers tell who have bowed in anguish over their lost sons; who, neglecting them in childhood, have at last seen them dead to every manly virtue.

Let me say to you who still have the opportunity to do so, train your children, whether boys or girls, to usefulness. Give them something to do. And as soon as they can walk, teach them to bring any little thing to you, and as they grow older, let them do all they can to help you. Spend most of your time with your young children. Sleep near them; attend to washing and dressing them; let them eat at the table with father and mother; read, talk, play, walk with them; be their companion and guide in all things and at all times. When the father can leave his work to take a little recreation, let him take it with the children, making it a special holiday. Don't be in haste to send them to school, but teach them at home. Oral instruction can be given while you are doing your work, and for a while will be of much more benefit than many hours of study. As soon as they want playmates, see that they have those of their own age, who have been well cared for at home, and are truthful. Let them play in or near the house, that you may observe the character of their intercourse. Never send children to school to get rid of the care or trouble of them at home, but when the right time comes, let them see that it is wholly for their good that you part with them. If possible, go often to the school-room yourself—nothing gives children so much encouragement. Always allow them to tell you all that has happened to interest or annoy

them while absent from home. Never think anything which affects the happiness of your children too small a matter to claim your attention. Use every means in your power to win and retain their confidence. Do not rest satisfied without some account of each day's joys or sorrows. It is a source of great comfort to the innocent child to tell all its troubles to mother, and do you lend a willing ear. For know you, that as soon as they cease to tell you all these things, they have chosen other confidants, and therein lies the danger. O mother! this is the rock on which your son may be wrecked at last. I charge you to set a watch upon it. Be jealous of the first sign that he is not opening all his heart to you.

Boys who are thus cared for and trained find more to please and amuse them at home than away. They are thus saved from temptation. But if they are neglected until they arrive at the age when they would wish to go out evenings, there is small hope that any but arbitrary measures will prevent or secure obedience, and then it hardly can be called obedience. It is much more pleasant to apply the "ounce of prevention" than the "pound of cure" in such cases. When boys know that their society is valued highly at home, and that all its pleasures are marred by their absence, they will willingly stay if they can have something to occupy their time.—*Anonymous.*

MOTHERS, PUT YOUR CHILDREN TO BED.

THREE may be some mothers who feel it to be a self-denial to leave their parlors, or firesides, or work, to put their children to bed. They think that the nurse could do just as well; that it is of no consequence who "hears the children say their prayers." Now, setting aside the pleasure of opening the little bed and tucking





the darling up, there are really important reasons why the mother should not yield this privilege to anyone. In the first place, it is the time of all times when a child is inclined to show its confidence and affection. All its little secrets come out with more truth and less restraints; its naughtiness through the day can be reproved and talked over with less excitement, and with the tenderness and calmness necessary to make a permanent impression. If the little one has shown a desire to do well and be obedient, its efforts and success can be acknowledged and commended in a manner that need not render it vain or self-satisfied.

We must make it a habit to talk to our children, in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We can not understand the character of these little beings committed to our care unless we do. And if we do not know what they are, we shall not be able to govern them wisely, or educate them as their different natures demand. Certainly it would be unwise to excite young children by too much conversation with them just before putting them to bed.

Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured, that the last words at night are of great importance, even to the babies of the flock; the very tones of the voice they last listened to make an impression upon their sensitive organizations. Mothers, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl; do not neglect to teach it how to pray, and pray for it in simple and earnest language, which it can understand. Soothe and quiet its little heart after the experiences of the day. It has had its disappointments and trials as well as its play and pleasures; it is ready to throw its arms around your neck, and take its good-night kiss.—*Mother's Magazine*.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

ALWAYS send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; and welling up in the heart will rise the thought: “My father, my mother —*loved me!*” Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.—*Anonymous*.

HOME SHADOWS.

FRIENTS, I wonder whether we have any deep consciousness of the shadows we are weaving about our children in the home; whether we ever ask ourselves if, in the far future, when we are dead and gone, the shadow our home casts now will stretch over them for bane or blessing. It is possible we are full of anxiety to do our best, and to make our homes sacred to the children. We want them to come up right, to turn out good men and women, to be an honor and praise to the home out of which they sprang. But this is the pity and the danger, that, while we may not come short in any real duty of father and mother, we may yet cast no healing and sacramental shadow over the child. Believe me, friends, it was not in the words He said, in the pressure of the hand, in the kiss, that the blessing lay Jesus gave to the little ones, when He took them in His arms. So it is not in these, but in the shadow of my innermost, holiest self; in that which is to us what the perfume is to the flower, a soul within the soul—it is that which, to the child, and in the home, is

more than the tongue of men or angels, or prophecy or knowledge, or faith that will move mountains, or devotion that will give the body to be burned. I look back with wonder on that old time and ask myself how it is that most of the things I suppose my father and mother built on especially to mold me to a right manhood are forgotten and lost out of my life. But the thing they hardly ever thought of—the shadow of blessing cast by the home; the tender, unspoken love; the sacrifices made, and never thought of, it was so natural to make them; ten thousand little things, so simple as to attract no notice, and yet so sublime as I look back at them, they fill my heart still and always with tenderness, when I remember them, and my eyes with tears. All these things, and all that belong to them, still come over me, and cast the shadow that forty years, many of them lived in a new world, can not destroy.

I fear few parents know what a supreme and holy thing is this shadow cast by the home, over, especially, the first seven years of this life of the child. I think the influence that comes in this way is the very breath and bread of life. I may do other things for duty or principle or religious training—they are all, by comparison, as when I cut and trim and train a vine; and, when I let the sun shine and the rain fall on it, the one may aid the life, the other is the life. Steel and string are each good in their place; but what are they to sunshine? It is said that a child, hearing once of heaven, and that his father would be there, replied, "Oh! then, I dinna want to gang." He did but express the holy instinct of a child, to whom the father may be all that is good, except just goodness, be all any child can want, except what is indispensable—that gracious atmosphere of blessing in the healing shadow it casts, without which even heaven would come to be intolerable.

LITTLE TROUBLES.

ALTHOUGH general sympathy over-looks small miseries, individuals find it worth their while to take them into account; for the whole history of some people is but a long record of trifling vexations and suffering—trifling when taken singly, but overwhelming when taken in the mass. It may not seem a great thing to have a constantly nagging companion, or boots that always hurt your corns, or linen that is never properly starched; or to have to read crossed letters, or go to stupid parties, or consult books without indexes—but to the sufferer they are very tangible oppressions, and, in our short space of working life, not to be made light of.

Of course, if we were all cast in heroic molds, we should despise such petty aggravations; but the world does not turn on heroic principles; it is useless to tell a fretful, worried man that his trials are "*absurd*"; and do not think you have effected a cure when you have let that drop of boiling oil fall upon his wounds. "*Absurd?*" His own common sense has already told him so, and that is the very thing that aggravates his annoyance.

It is equally useless to remind such sufferers that "*if they lived with a proper estimate of the present and future before them, they could bear these little trials with a calm and decent philosophy.*" Perhaps so! but I have seen these same philosophers strongly moved by little disappointments in meals, or weather, that affected themselves; nay, even by such trifling causes as cold shaving-water, or a want of buttons. Most platitudes of this kind are affectations; and the men who pretend to despise little troubles are the very men who exaggerate them.

There are, indeed, some characters who have the cheerfulness of fine summer mornings; everything about them laughs and

sings, even their tears have the lustre of a fresh shower. But there are other natures equally fine in a contrary direction, whose excessive sensibility makes them the instrument upon which every circumstance plays.

I am going now to make a confession of one of these little troubles—one which will doubtless seem puerile to many, but which I know tens of thousands suffer keenly from—I mean the tyranny of the atmosphere. When a foggy day or a spiteful east wind attacks us, or when there is no blue sky to speak to us of heaven, we are depressed, and full of inexpressible languors. Our work falls from our hands, our inability irritates us, our whole human nature suffers with the physical world.

"What nonsense! Man as an immortal soul ought to float above this terrestrial atmosphere." Ah, yes! but though we envy the strength of such natures as are always equable, we can not imitate them. And we do not want them to tell us that such depressions are "imaginary," and "ought to be resisted;" we do resist them, and this very struggle assures us of their reality, for in it we feel the difficulty of measuring ourselves against its influence.

Any system of philosophy is too big for the average man—yes, for the Christian man—which overlooks the terrible reality of "little troubles."

It is not the great bowlders, but the small pebbles on the road, that bring the traveling horse on his knees; and it is the petty annoyances of life, ever present, to be met and conquered afresh every day, that try most severely the metal of which we are made. And when we are in the very thick of such a fight, how often are we met with that aggravating little bit of sympathy that "it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

There is no comfort in a dictum so mocking and so untrue. It does not touch the question at all; and it is not true. For nothing happens for nothing; and whether

we did or did not do a certain thing, or whether we got or did not get another, may have very important consequences, even a hundred years hence. Besides, this kind of consolation, carried out to its logical conclusion, would take every honest and honorable purpose out of life. A man could easily persuade himself by it, that whether he did his duty or not, whether he earned his bread or stole it, would be "all the same a hundred years hence." We don't live for a hundred years hence, we are here to do *to-day's duty*, and whatever helps us best to-day is the help we need.

What are we then to do with these ever-recurring little trials, from which we see no release this side of the grave? Do not let us blink matters. *Our friends grow weary of them.* Smitten by the same blows, we go on repeating the same cries, and this monotony is hard to bear with. Friendship that can overlook our faults wears out with our complaints. The sympathy that finds us every morning just as it leaves us every night, can no more maintain its life than flames can burn in a vacuum. "To whom then shall we go?" Go to that divine Friend whose pierced hands have so often raised us up. It was not to the unhappy Jesus forbade "repetitions." We may importune him without fear; we may tell him all, and tell it every day.

But will He care for such small troubles as harass our little affairs, and let out our life, as it were, by multitudes of pin-pricks? Yes, for our God is not a God who only occupies Himself with weighty matters. He is no overtasked being who sits afar off, and abandons the care of every-day trials and interests to inferior agents. He is a God to whom everything is little, and everything is great, who counts one poor human soul of more value than a world, who numbers the hairs of our heads, and counts our tears. We can never weary God, and nothing that gives us an anxious thought or a weary feeling is beneath His notice.

These little trials are the soul's drill and discipline. We make our lives, as we sew—stitch by stitch; often wearily enough, often faint and discouraged, but perseverance in well-doing always touches the heart of God, who seems to say at the last, "That will do!"

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

INFLUENCE is the power we exert over others by our thoughts, words, and actions—by our lives, in short. It is a silent, a pervading, a magnetic, and a most wonderful thing. It works in inexplicable ways. We neither see nor hear it, yet, consciously, or unconsciously, we exert it. No one can think or speak or act—no one can live—without influencing others. We all sometimes seem unconscious of this very important fact, and appear to have adopted the strange idea that what we do or think or say can affect no one but ourselves. You influence others and mold their characters and destinies for time and for eternity far more extensively than you imagine. The whole truth in this matter might flatter you; it would certainly astonish yo': if you could once grasp it in its full proportions. It was a remark of Samuel J. Mills that "No young man should live in the nineteenth century without making his influence felt around the globe." At first thought that seems a heavy contract for any young man to take. As we come to apprehend more clearly the immutable laws of God's moral universe we find that this belting of the globe by his influence is just what every responsible being does—to too often, alas, unconsciously. You have seen the telephone, that wonderful instrument which so accurately transmits the sound of the human voice so many miles. How true it is that all these wonderful modern inventions are only faint reflections of some

grand and eternal law of the moral universe of God! God's great telephone—I say it reverently—is everywhere—filling earth and air and sea, and sending round the world with unerring accuracy, and for a blessing or a curse, every thought of your heart, every word that falls thoughtfully or thoughtlessly from your lips, and every act you do. It is time you awoke to the conviction that, whether you would have it so or not, your influence is world-wide for good or for evil. Which?

There is another immense fact which you or I may as well look squarely in the face. *An influence never dies.* Once born it lives forever. In one of his lyrics, Longfellow beautifully illustrates this great truth:

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
* * * * *
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell on earth, I knew not where;
* * * * *
Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

No thought, no word, no act of man ever dies. They are as immortal as his own soul. He will be sure to find them written somewhere. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruits in part; somewhere in the future life he will meet their gathered harvest. It may, and it may not, be a pleasant one to look upon.

An influence not only lives forever, but it keeps on growing as long as it lives. There never comes a time when it reaches its maturity and when its growth is arrested. The influence which you start into life today in the family, the neighborhood, or the social circle, is perhaps very small now, very little cared for now; but it will roll forward through the ages, growing wider and deeper and stronger with every passing hour, and blighting or blessing as it rolls.—*Christian Weekly.*



CLEOPATRA.

THE poet who has dwelt with delight upon the charms and follies of Cleopatra, and the historian whose periods have grown eloquent as he depicted her graces and lamented the weakness with which they were allied, have referred to them more as the causes which produced the downfall of the Egyptian monarchy than as the effects of that national degeneracy which preceded it. Historic truth does not warrant the conclusion that Egypt was overthrown for the sake of Cleopatra. It is enough that she presided, as it were, over the catastrophe which she could not avert, to invest it with the attractions of romance. The seeds of dissolution were not, in fact, planted by her hand—she but neglected to check their growth. Under her auspices, the last days of the monarchy were spent in excess and voluptuousness, instead of the misery and confusion of a hopeless and protracted warfare. One after another of the Roman generals who designed to wrest from her the kingdom she had inherited, was made captive by her beauty, and in her embraces forgot the “high ambition” which had before been his mistress; and it was only when that beauty had faded, and could no longer ensnare, that Egypt, whose

glory and splendor had once been unrivaled, was humbled in the dust. The beauty and the love of Cleopatra had preserved for a season, but they did not secure the independence of her country; and the same hour that witnessed the overthrow of the one, beheld the failure of the other.

Cleopatra was born about the year 68 B.C. Her father had ascended the throne of Egypt under the patronage of the Roman Senate.

Auletes had two sons and three daughters. But two of his daughters survived him; the eldest, whose name was Berenice, was put to death by her father, because she had worn the crown, and assumed the royal authority, during his exile. By his will, therefore, he left the government of Egypt to his eldest son and his second daughter—the latter being the renowned Cleopatra. He also directed, in accordance with the usage of the Alexandrian court, that they should marry together and reign jointly. As both were minors, they were placed under the guardianship of the Roman Senate, by whom Pompey was selected to fulfill the duties of the office.

At the time of her father’s death, Cleopatra had nearly reached her seventeenth

year—that season of poetry and love. She stood just upon the threshold of womanhood—the faultless outlines of the girl wanting but the filling up to perfect a form unmatched among Egyptian maidens for symmetry and grace. She was tall of stature, and queenly in gait and appearance. Her features were regular, and every limb finely molded, though yet lacking the round and voluptuous fullness of her ripened beauty. The warm sun of that southern clime had tinged her cheek with a hue of brown, but her complexion was clear and pure as the serene sky that smiled above her head, and distinctly traced beneath it were the delicate veins filled with the rich blood that danced so wildly, when inflamed with hate, or heated with desire.

Her eyes and hair were like jet, and glossy as the raven's plume. The former were large, and, as was characteristic of her race, apparently half shut and slightly turned up at the outer angles, thus adding a great deal to the naturally arch expression of her countenance; but they were full, too, of brilliancy and fire. Her silken ringlets fell in long, flowing masses down the stately neck, and over the snowy throat, and the polished shoulders, and the wavy bosom where Love delighted to make his pillow. Both nose and chin were small, but fashioned as with all the nicety of the sculptor's art; and her pearly teeth nestled between the coral lips.

But her beauty was not all mere comeliness of form and feature. To the witchery of Venus she added something of the dignity of Juno. Beside the personal charms she possessed the most exquisite mental gifts. Her countenance was expressive, and her dark, sparkling eyes beamed with intelligence. With a fondness for philosophy, she united a love of letters as rare as it was attractive; and in the companionship of scholars and poets, her mind expanded as she added to its priceless stores of wealth.

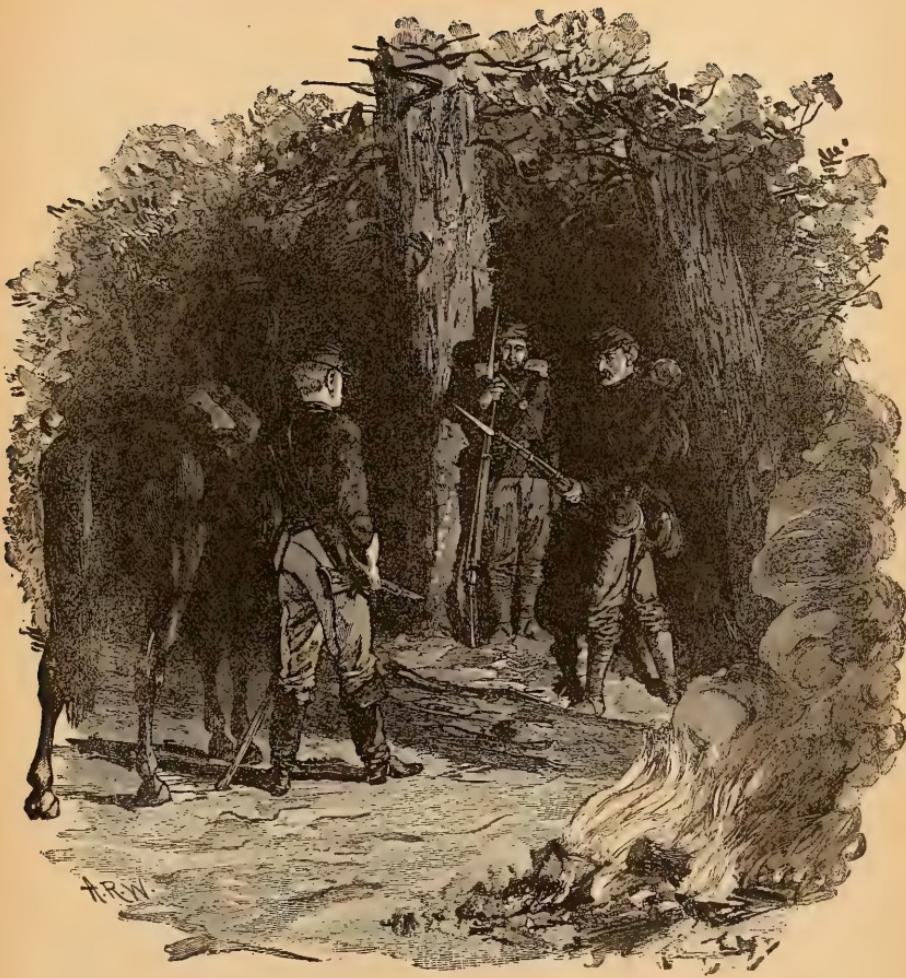
She was not only familiar with the heroic tales and traditions, with the poetic myths and chronicles, and the religious legends of ancient Chemia; but she was well versed, too, in the literature and science of Phœnicia and Chaldæa, of Greece and Rome. Of both the Greek and the Latin tongue she was a complete mistress.

In the lighter accomplishments, she was not deficient. She possessed a fine taste, which had been highly cultivated. The female graces for which Miletus was so widely famed, beautified and adorned her character. Her skill in music found none to equal it. Her voice itself was perfect melody, and when breathed through the soft tibia, fell upon the listening ear with a magic power.

She was eloquent and imaginative, witty and animated. Her conversation, therefore, was charming; and if she exhibited caprice, which she sometimes did, it was forgotten in the inimitable grace of her manner.

Had she not been fond of pleasure, she would have constituted an exception to the times. She loved to mingle the intellectual with the sensual. There had been a reaction in the social condition of the Egyptian people—the sacerdotal power was diminished—the influence of their strange religion was weakened—the prejudice of caste was not felt to the same extent as formerly—refinement had taken the place of austerity, and licentiousness that of gloomy formalism. This change commenced with her father's reign, and her character was formed by the circumstances that surrounded her.

Her vices were those of the age; her virtues, few though they may have been, were cherished in spite of it. She was superstitious; but superstition was then religion. She was cruel; but cruelty was the besetting sin of nations and individuals. She was selfish—why should she not have been selfish, with enemies plotting and conspiring against her at her father's court, and



ON PICKET.

seeking in every way to compass her destruction? She was ambitious—but when were the sons or daughters of kings and princes without ambition? She possessed strong and ardent passions, which she rarely attempted to control; but they were the only feelings she was at liberty to gratify—she was formed to love, and be loved in return, but both the law and her religion forbade the indulgence of an honest affection.

Such was the youthful queen of Egypt when she ascended the throne of her father, not as sole mistress, but enjoying a divided empire, and coupled, too, with a condition—that of her marriage with her brother, who was still younger than herself—from which she revolted, less from principle, indeed, than for the reason that its fulfillment was abhorrent to her inclinations. A mutual dislike seems to have been early formed between them; and the flame was industriously fanned by the designing counselors and favorites of young Ptolemy. Not less ambitious than his sister and wife, but her inferior in talents, in accomplishments, and in every attribute necessary to maintain the dignity appropriate to his position, he was but the tool and creature of abler and more designing men.

The strong aversion conceived for each other by the royal pair was soon changed to the most rancorous hate. The Egyptian people were by no means favorable to the rule of a female sovereign, and this national prejudice contributed a great deal to strengthen the influence of the king's advisers. While the joint power remained in the hands of Cleopatra, they could do nothing—she was too intelligent to be a dupe, too ambitious to acknowledge a superior—and, therefore, it became their aim and object to deprive her of her share in the sovereignty. Their plans, for the time, were successful.

But it was not in the nature of Cleopatra

to submit. She claimed her rights, with a boldness and spirit which, among any other people, would have aroused a general and irrepressible feeling of enthusiasm in her favor; but the prejudices of the populace were stimulated and aroused by the artful ministers, and they, too, joined in the cry against her. Too proud to compromise her dignity, by a surrender of her authority, she was nevertheless forced to yield to the tide of popular fury. But the heroic heart that beat in her bosom was unsubdued. Obliged to fly from Egypt, she hastened to Palestine and Syria, to collect an army that might enable her to recover the heritage of which she had been deprived.

During this time assassinations were frequent; violence usurped the place of justice; and crime went unpunished.

After a time, the fair refugee had nearly completed her preparations, and was about to return to Egypt to maintain her right to the throne by force of arms. Having received the summons of Cæsar to appoint some person to plead her cause before him, she determined to obey, and become her own advocate. Fearing he might be prejudiced, she resolved to seek a private interview with him.

Lest her approach should be suspected, and means be taken to prevent any communication with the Roman general, she sailed from Syria in a frail skiff, attended but by a single friend, a Greek. Cæsar himself had not dared to venture out to sea, on account of the prevalence of the winds; but nothing daunted her buoyant soul. It was a high stake in peril—her crown and kingdom—everything to her. Each moment was pregnant with danger, and the dark waters of the Mediterranean frowned gloomily upon her; yet she knew not what it was to fear, for wind and wave seemed but to throb in unison with the wild, fierce passions that sustained her.

Arrived off the harbor of Alexandria, she

found that it would be impossible to effect a landing in safety, and to avoid spies her woman's wit and cunning served her well. Having procured some cloths and fabrics, such as were brought for sale by foreign merchants, she spread them out, and laid herself upon them. Following her directions, her faithful attendant wound them about her person, and then tied the bundle with a thong in the same manner as packages of goods were secured.

Thus hidden from stranger eyes, she was conveyed in the dusk of evening to the quarters of the Roman commander. In answer to all inquiries, he said he bore a present for Cæsar.

Then he unloosed the package, and there sprang forth, like Venus from the waves of Ocean, a woman robed in beauty such as poet never dreamed, nor sculptor's art could fashion. The matchless queen of Egypt stood before him; her disordered apparel but half concealing the matured charms of twenty summers; her unbound tresses floating to her feet; her olive-brown cheek tinged with blushes, and her dark eyes beaming with anxiety and hope.

She came, she saw, and conquered. He was unprepared for so much loveliness, and it filled him with surprise. Her charming conversation, her sparkling vivacity and wit, increased the fascinating influence whose spell was on him, and he yielded, without an effort of resistance, to its power.

It was nothing strange that the attachment should be reciprocated by the Egyptian queen. Cæsar manfully supported the cause of Cleopatra which he had espoused, and by repeated exposures of his own person to danger and peril, for her sake, awakened in her bosom still more powerful feelings of affection and regard. He prosecuted the war with his accustomed vigor, and it finally ended in the overthrow and death of Ptolemy, and the general recognition of the authority of Cleopatra.

From this time, and until after the death of Cæsar, the reign of Cleopatra was not disturbed by foreign war or internal commotions. Her power was firmly established, and no one disputed her authority. During the minority of her brother, she administered the government alone, with a skill and ability not unworthy of the race from which she sprung. Though too much devoted to pleasure and gaiety, she was not without ambition. She conciliated the favor of her subjects by her attention to their interests, by the encouragement of commerce and the arts, and the restoration of the capital to its former splendor. Under the powerful protection of the first man in Rome, none dared to molest her—kings and princes courted her alliance, and stood in awe of her name. It was, perhaps, a frail tenure—the will of Cæsar—by which she held the sceptre; but it was, also, the sole alternative of absolute submission to the Roman rule. Egypt was already doomed. Nature had made her the granary of the world and she was too valuable a prize to be either overlooked or forgotten.

It had been the original intention of Cæsar to bring Cleopatra to Rome, and there to marry her. For that purpose, he had solicited a friend to propose a law to the people, allowing a Roman citizen to marry as many wives as he thought fit.

But nothing had been done when he returned to Rome. Opposition to his project being anticipated, no further steps were taken, though he continued as deeply enamored with her as ever, and many tender messages were wont to pass between them. Had he lived, and attained the imperial power, it is not improbable that she would have become his wife; and certainly, in one respect—as the two most conspicuous personages in the world—they would have been fitly mated. She the bride of Cæsar—Cæsar Emperor of Rome—what might have been the fate of both! what the destiny of “the Niobe of nations!”

Events now followed each other in rapid succession. Cleopatra did not soon forget her love for Cæsar. She visited him at Rome, became an inmate of his palace, and usurped the place which his wife should have occupied. But her hopes of an alliance with him, in which he probably shared, were suddenly frustrated by his assassination. The Roman people did not regard her with favor, and she returned forthwith to Egypt. Disappointed in the daring object of her heart, she resolved to reign alone, and was not disposed to share her throne with a husband forced upon her acceptance. When her younger brother, therefore, having reached the age of fourteen years, claimed his share of the regal power, she removed him by poison, and was thenceforth sole mistress of the realm.

Her court, like that of her father, was distinguished alike for its refinement and its voluptuousness. She was the patron, both of learning and of love. The fame of her wit and beauty was noised abroad, and Alexandria became the favorite resort of travelers. To all she gave a cordial welcome, whether philosophers and men of letters, or gay gallants in quest of pleasure.

It would seem that Cleopatra hesitated, at first, whether to ally herself with the Triumvirate, or with the party of Brutus and Cassius. Her sympathies were unquestionably with the friends of Cæsar; but while it remained in doubt which was the stronger faction, the safety of her kingdom and herself appeared to require that she should not give offense to either. Her hesitation, however, was not of long continuance. Foreseeing the ultimate triumph of the powerful party headed by Antony, she refused her aid to Cassius, which he had earnestly solicited, and shortly after sailed with a numerous fleet to join the forces of the Triumvirate. In consequence of a violent storm, in which many of her ships were

destroyed or disabled, she was obliged to return to Egypt.

After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, and the firm establishment in Greece of the authority of his colleagues and himself, Marc Antony crossed over into Asia, to secure and strengthen their interests in that quarter of the world. The prestige of his name was all-powerful. His progress was one continued triumph—not such as best became a conqueror, but dishonored by debauchery and excess. Kings bent before him, in humble obeisance, and laid their hoarded treasures at his feet. Queens, rejoicing in youth and beauty, sought his presence eagerly, and yielded every favor that he asked.

This was Antony—brave but effeminate; talented and eloquent, but coarse by nature; generous in disposition, but often cruel and unforgiving; sometimes abandoned, as it seemed, to the very lowest vices, and then, breaking loose from his degradation, exhibiting his character radiant with its old light. This was the Antony, who, History tells us, was ruined by the arts of Cleopatra—as if he were an unwilling victim, and she were wrong, judged by the standard of her time, in adopting the only means that could save her country from impending ruin.

Antony had cast a longing eye on Egypt, and he wanted but a pretext, whether reasonable or unreasonable, to occupy it with his troops, abolish its government and laws, and seat a Roman governor on the throne of Cleopatra. He summoned her before him, to answer for the conduct of her subordinate.

To disobey this summons was to incur the displeasure of Antony, so she determined, therefore, to comply; but that it might seem like condescension, rather than enforced submission, she did not hasten the preparation for her journey. She learned the weak points of Antony; she knew his character, and felt assured he would prove

an easy conquest. He was fond of money, so from her affluence, she provided herself with the richest presents, and an ample store of gold and silver. He was vain, and relished display and pomp—so she caused a barge to be built, whose magnificence had never yet been equaled; and its accompaniments, and her own habits and ornaments, were suited to her dignity and wealth, and in keeping with the show and splendor with which she intended to dazzle the eyes of all beholders, and to charm and captivate the Roman general.

Cleopatra was not now the young and inexperienced girl who gave her love to Cesar. She was in her twenty-sixth year, and every charm was perfected, every grace was finished. With both mind and person fully developed, winning in her address, fascinating in conversation, possessing a vivacity in whose presence melancholy was changed to mirthfulness, and skilled "in every art of wantonness" and coquetry, she was peerless and irresistible. None knew it better than herself—none felt it more than Antony.

Though she received many pressing letters from Antony and his friends, urging her to expedite her movements, she affected to treat them with disdain, and lingered long at every place she visited upon the way. No thought of haste appeared to animate her; but she traveled slowly, as if intent on pleasure, or delighting to provoke the impatience of those who waited for her arrival. At last her fleet was moored within the entrance—and, followed by a long line of smaller barges, she ascended the river to Tarsus.

It was a glorious pageant! The richest carvings adorned her barge, which fairly blazed with gold and splendor. Its sails, of brightest purple, swelled gracefully with the soft south wind that strained its silken cordage. Its oars, both blade and handle tipped and bound with silver, moved in har-

mony with the voluptuous music of the flute the pipe, and cithern. And from the burning censers on its prow, clouds of odorous perfume were wafted to the shore. Upon its deck was raised a lofty canopy of cloth of gold, beneath which, on a cushioned couch, with ivory and tortoise-shell inlaid, reclined the dark-eyed queen of Egypt. She was robed like Venus in a purple mantle, glittering with diamonds, and its border ornamented with threads of gold and silver intertwined. Roses and myrtles were wreathed about her brows. Beautiful boys, disguised as Cupids, stood beside her, and fanned her with their wings.

The shore was lined with people, who watched the barge laden with so much beauty, with straining eyes. As it moved along, the cry was raised, that Venus had come to feast with Bacchus. From mouth to mouth it passed, until it reached the market-place in Tarsus. All hastened forth to witness her approach—all save Antony, who, deserted by suitors and attendants, remained alone on the tribunal where he was seated. Immediately upon her landing, he sent an officer to her with his greeting, coupled with the request that she would come and sup with him.

"Go, tell your master," was her reply, "that it is more fitting he should come and sup with me!"

This assumption of social superiority put an end at once to all the dignity which Antony purposed to assume. He accepted the invitation of Cleopatra; and thus, exhibited a deference toward her by which she did not fail to profit.

For luxurious magnificence, and costly and profuse extravagance, the entertainment provided by Cleopatra had never yet been equaled.

Joy and merriment everywhere prevailed. The guests pledged each other in wine-cups brimming full. Honey and spices were brought and mingled in the wine, and with



MOTHER'S DARLING.

the fragrant compound they drank the health of Cleopatra. The Roman guards without the tents were also served with sumptuous fare.

Antony was in raptures with everything he saw and heard. His expectations were far exceeded—his wildest imaginings had not dwelt upon such splendor and magnificence. The following day he returned the compliment, but his entertainment was so mean compared with hers, that he was obliged to acknowledge himself outdone. He had boasted that Cleopatra should pay him tribute or resign her kingdom; but now he yielded all to her.

"Swear that you love me," she said—"swear by the holy Osiris!"

"I swear!" he said.

Thenceforth she called herself the wife of Antony, though no rite nor ceremony had sanctioned their illicit love.

Her arts and blandishments proved irresistible. Home, country, duty, and ambition, all were forgotten by Antony. Instead of leading his soldiers to new victories, and planting the Roman eagles in triumph on the banks of the Euphrates, he accompanied Cleopatra to Alexandria.

But while she thus encouraged and ministered to his vices, she neglected no opportunity to impress him, and those who were about them, with the notion that she possessed superior tact and sagacity. She treated his opinions with levity, and exacted a large share of deference for her own. Even their amusements furnished occasions for triumph over him, which she failed not to improve. One day when they were fishing, he was deeply chagrined at his ill-success, and ordered one of the fishermen to dive under the water secretly, and fasten some of the larger fishes that had been taken upon his hook, so that the raillery of the queen might not be provoked. She discovered the trick at once, but affected not to perceive it; and on the following day invited

a still more numerous company to witness similar sport. But she privately instructed an experienced diver in her service, to procure a salted fish from the market, and when a favorable opportunity offered, to attach it to Antony's hook. This was done, and he drew up the fish amid the laughter and merriment of the whole party. "Go, general!" she exclaimed, "Leave fishing to us, petty princes; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces!"

Years passed by. The world had been divided between the triumvirs, and Antony had received for his portion the countries lying east of the Ionian Sea. Important matters of state, and the active duties of his life, diverted his mind from Cleopatra, yet she was not forgotten.

Henceforth the wiles of the charming queen were far more powerful with Antony than all other influences combined. Now that he was restored to her, she resolved not to lose sight of him again. Separated from him she was but the sovereign of a petty kingdom; with him—a ruler of the world—she was not only the companion of his pleasures, but she governed and controlled him. Accordingly, all her arts were employed to retain him near her—and they were not employed in vain.

Octavia came as far as Athens to meet her lord and husband, but he sent her back to Rome with bitter words. This was Cleopatra's triumph, but she rued it bitterly in the hour of her humiliation. She saved Egypt from the Roman's grasp, but sacrificed herself. Antony became her veriest slave; for her sake he heaped indignities upon his lawful wife, and added to them the last and foulest one of all, repudiation. She conquered, but unmanned him.

The pride and daring of the soldier were not, indeed, altogether subdued in the effeminity of the lover, and the weakness of the debauchee. After spending another winter at the Egyptian capitol, wearied and sated

with pleasure, he took the field again the following spring. Armenia was conquered. Again the banquet and the feast filled up the time; and sport, and revelry, and dalliance, made Antony the wreck of what he was. But his return to Rome was thus prevented, and it was that she ardently desired. Her charms were fading now; in a few years their influence would be no longer felt.

Once more he prepared to lead his soldiers against the Parthian. Cleopatra accompanied Antony in his expedition, for they were now inseparable. They proceeded as far as the Araxes, but alarming news from Rome recalled them. They then directed their course to Greece; at Ephesus, at Samos, and at Athens, spending weeks and months in revelry and feasting, which, profitably employed, would have made them masters of Rome, and thus realized the glorious dreams of her proud ambition. Never was woman so self-deceived. She anticipated an easy victory over the stripling Cæsar, when Antony declared war against him. Her jealous pride rose high with the thought that Octavia would be humbled—that Antony would be the world's great master, and she its mistress.

The delusion was not a strange one, and from it she never woke, till, from her galley's deck at Actium, she saw that all was lost. Had Antony pushed on to Rome, he could scarcely have failed of victory. It was not his wish that Cleopatra should remain with him, but fearing, with very good reason, that a reconciliation would take place between Octavius and Antony if she returned to Egypt, she bribed one of the counselors of the latter, in whom he placed great confidence, to advise that she should continue at his side.

Antony lingered away most precious time, and when at last he ventured to risk an engagement, he listened to the advice of Cleopatra, instead of following his own

better judgment, and offered battle at sea. Foreseeing certain defeat, on account of the imbecility and want of skill displayed by Antony, Cleopatra determined to secure her own personal safety, and left the scene of the engagement with her fifty galleys. Antony might still have made a noble stand, but his courageous spirit seemed to have forsaken him. He gave up everything without a struggle worthy of his name and character, and followed the flying Cleopatra. Having been received into her galley, they hastened with all speed to Alexandria, not to make a noble stand in defense of what was left to them, but to forget their folly in the wildest excesses, and to load each other with reproaches.

It is as two jealous lovers, not bound together by the sacred tendrils of an honest affection, but united by an unholy passion, that Antony and Cleopatra are from this time to be regarded. They loved and hated one another by turns—they doubted and deceived each other. She feared, as had been the case before so often, that Antony would make his peace with Cæsar; and so, she resolved to provide for her own security, by secretly dispatching friendly messages to the conqueror.

Upon the arrival of Octavius with his army before the walls of Alexandria, the warrior heart of Antony aroused itself once more. He made a gallant sally, and drove back the advancing legions. But the advantage he achieved was but temporary, and on the following day the fleet of Cleopatra was surrendered by her command to Cæsar. Antony sought the queen forthwith to charge her with her treachery. But she had now immured herself, with all her most valuable treasures, in a lofty tomb which she had caused to be erected beside the temple of Isis. In reply to the inquiries of Antony, from whose ungovernable rage the worst consequences were feared in case they saw each other then, it was told him that she had

killed herself. His love for her at once returned, and shutting himself up in his apartment, he fell upon his sword. At this moment, an officer came to inform him that Cleopatra was still alive; and at his request he was carried to the tomb, and there he died.

By stratagem the officers of Octavius obtained admission into the tomb; whereupon she attempted to stab herself with a dagger, but her design was frustrated by their interference. Octavius himself now came to see her. She appeared before him clothed in a simple tunic, thinking, perhaps, the charms displayed might move him, but he did not deign to notice them. "The deadly sorrow charactered in her face" had robbed her of her former beauty. She then urged him with tears to spare her children and herself, and leave them undisturbed in Egypt. He promised fairly, but she doubted him; and she determined to die by her own hand, rather than be led in triumph, like the humblest slave, before the car of the Roman conqueror. This degradation she had always feared; her high soul revolted at the prospect which she saw before her;

and sooner than be young Cæsar's captive, she resolved to perish nobly.

With the effect of different poisons she had made herself perfectly familiar; and either by this means, or, as was commonly believed, by the bite of an asp, secretly introduced into the tomb, her life was ended.

Such was the fate of Cleopatra. Faults and vices she exhibited, which, revolting as they were, need not be excused in her, for they were characteristic of her age. Though her virtues were mental only, they deserved to be remembered. It should not be forgotten also, that History—all-partial to the Roman as it is—has scarcely done her justice. She loved Cæsar, and to her it seemed not guilty. She was ambitious, too, not only desiring to save her throne and kingdom, but to reign in Rome. In her intercourse with Antony she was prompted not by sensual motives only, but chiefly by policy and ambition. She was indeed mistaken as to the effect of the means and arts which she employed to win him to her. Judged by the times in which she lived, this was her error!

HOME INSTRUCTION

ABOVE all things, teach children what their life is. It is not breathing, moving, playing, sleeping, simply. Life is a battle. All thoughtful people see it so. A battle between good and evil from childhood. Good influences, drawing us up toward the divine; bad influences, drawing us down to the brute. Midway we stand, between the divine and the brute. How to cultivate the good side of the nature is the greatest lesson of life to teach. Teach children that they lead these two lives—the life without, and the life within; and that the inside must be pure in the sight of God, as well as the outside in the sight of men.

There are five means of learning. These are:

Observation, reading, conversation, memory, reflection.

Educators sometimes, in their anxiety to secure a wide range of studies, do not sufficiently impress upon their scholars the value of memory. Now, our memory is one of the most wonderful gifts God has bestowed upon us; and one of the most mysterious. Take a tumbler and pour water into it; by-and-by you can pour no more; it is full. It is not so with the mind. You can not fill it full of knowledge in a whole life-time. Pour in all you please, and it still thirsts for more.

Remember this:

Knowledge is not what you learn, but what you remember.

It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow.

It is not the money you handle, but that you keep, that makes you rich.

It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned.

One more suggestion.

Above all things else, strive to fit the children in your charge to be useful men and women; men and women you may be

proud of in after-life. While they are young, teach them that far above physical courage, which will lead them to face the cannon's mouth—above wealth, which would give them farms and houses, and bank stocks, and gold, is moral courage. That courage by which they will stand fearlessly, frankly, firmly, for the right. Every man or woman who dares to stand for the right when evil has its legions, is the true moral victor in this life, and in the land beyond the stars.

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

THE most impressive series of pictures I have ever seen are by Thomas Cole, an American artist, and termed "The Voyage of Life."

The first represents a child seated in a boat amid varied and beautiful flowers, and his guardian angel standing by to guard and protect the little voyager.

The second represents the youth, still on his voyage, guiding his own bark down the stream, his finger pointing upward to a beautiful castle painted in the clouds.

The third represents the man, still in the boat, going down the rapids; the water rough, the sky threatening, and the guardian angel looking on from a distance, anxiously.

The fourth represents an old man, still in his boat, the sun going down amid floating clouds tinged with gold, purple, and vermillion, the castle or House Beautiful in full view, and the guardian angel with an escort of shining celestials waiting to attend him to his home in glory.

The pictures have suggested to me a series of articles on Life's Great Mission and work for the grander life beyond. And on this sublime voyage to the land of immortals, to the Palace Beautiful in the skies, let us start from the dear old home of



LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

childhood, that home which, though it may be desolate, is still imperishable in memory.

Home of my childhood, thou shalt ever be dear,
To the heart that so fondly revisits thee now;
Though my beauty be gone, thy leaf in the sere,
The wreaths of the past still cling to thy brow.

Spirit of mine, why linger ye here;
Why cling to those hopes so futile and vain?
Go, seek ye a home in that radiant sphere,
Which through change and time thou shalt ever retain.

Let our destined port be the home of the blessed—the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God!

“And thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and thy father’s household home unto thee.”—*Joshua ii.:18.*

The Christian home, implying marriage, mutual affection, piety, gentleness, refinement, meekness, forbearance, is our ideal of earthly happiness—a beautiful and impressive type of heaven.

It is more than a residence, a place of abode, however attractive in its surroundings, however richly adorned with art and beauty.

It is where the heart is, where the loved ones are—husband, wife, father, mother, brothers, sisters, all united in sympathy, fellowship, and worship. It may be humble, unpretentious, exhibiting no signs of material wealth; but there is the wealth of mutual affection, which fire can not consume, and no commercial disaster alienate or destroy, and this is home—the home of the heart, the home of childhood, the Elysium of riper years, the refuge of age.

That we may the better appreciate the Christian homes that God has given us—the homes of comfort and refinement, that rocked the cradle of our infancy—let us consider, first, the vast multitudes of our fallen race that really have no home; none in the Christian sense, none that antedate heaven in peace, refinement, and mutual love. How many children are born to the heritage of

vice, poverty, and crime, left to drift upon the tide of circumstances, to be buffeted in the wild and angry storm, to be chilled on the desolate moor of life—to wander amid the voids of human sympathy—the solitude and estrangement of human society—the children of dire misfortune—victims of vice and crime, polluted and polluting from the first.

How many fall, like blossoms prematurely blown, nipped by the lingering frosts of winter and sinking into the shadowed stream, or the sobbing soil of earth, to be seen no more.

Think of the dwellings of hard-handed, wearied, ill-requited labor, where ignorance and discontent reign supreme—where there is no recognition of God, who, in His all-wise Sovereignty, raiseth up one and casteth down another. Such homes, or rather places of abode, there are all over the land, all over the dark and wide realm of heathendom, the children of which must be devoted to sacrifice to the horrors of the Ganges or the Nile.

Look now to the other extreme of society, to the habitations of the millionaires, adorned with all the luxuries of wealth, the appliances of art, taste, beauty, whose children are trained up to worship at the shrine of Mammon, to exclude from their minds all thoughts of God and the hereafter, to live only for this world, to feel that there is no society worth cultivating except that of the rich, the *elite*, the would-be fashionable; that all enjoyments are material, sensuous, worldly; that the chief end of man is to eat, drink, and be merry. Such households do not furnish the best schools in which to educate children to wrestle with misfortune and to do the great work of life. They are liable to grow up effeminate, lacking executive strength, cold, proud, misanthropic, alienated in sympathy from the toiling masses.

There can be no well-regulated home without piety, without the fear and love of God. And such homes are usually found in the middle walks of life, not among the extreme poor, nor the proudly affluent, but among the mutually loving—the reverently worshipful. It is to such homes that the world owes its highest interests. The old patriarchs understood the secret, even under the former dispensation, long before the dawn of the Christian era. God testified of Abraham, of Moses, of Samuel, and Job how truly they comprehended the nature of that family institution, around which cluster all the associations of the first period of human life.

And it has only been in the line and in the light of the Christian revelation, that the highest type of the household has been produced and preserved. And it is upon the application of Christian principles alone, that the structure of the Christian family and the Christian home can stand.

The family in its origin is divine, and God has instituted laws for its regulation and perpetuity, and these laws must be scrupulously observed and obeyed or it ceases to be an ornament and a blessing—the great training-school for the Church and the State—the safeguard of society and a type of heaven.

THE OLD HOME.

WE love the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, “Here thy boyhood sung
Long since, its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird,
In native hazels tassel-hung.”

The other answers, “Yea, but here
Thy feet have strayed in after hours,
With thy best friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear.”

These two have striven half a day;
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go—my feet have set
To leave the pleasant fields and forms;
They mix in one another’s arms
To one pure image of regret.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

HOW beautiful is the belief of man’s immortality! The dead alive again, and forever. “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” is only spoken over the body, when consigned to “the house appointed for all the living.” Not such the requiem of the soul. A refrain of immortality concludes earth’s history and announces eternity’s beginning. “Not lost, but gone before.” Such is the cherished and beautiful faith of man in all ages and lands; a mere glimmering indeed in minds unirradiated with divine truth; and only a power and a joy when God’s voice audibly falls upon the ear in words of counsel and prophecy.

The sainted dead dwell in life; beholding “the King in His beauty;” shining “as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.” They fade no more, nor realize pain; a wealth of love is

theirs, a heritage of goodness, a celestial habitation; and in them thoughts, hopes, feelings expand and move forward in ceaseless progressions. We may feel sad because they are lost to us; but while we weep and wonder, they are wrapped in garments of light and warble songs of celestial joy. They will return to us no more; but we shall go to them; share their pleasures; emulate their sympathies; and compete with them in the path of endless development. We would not call them back. In the homes above they are great, and well-employed, and blest. Shadows fall upon them no more, nor is life ruffled with anxious cares; love rules their life and thoughts; and eternal hopes beckon them forever to the pursuit of infinite good.

To whom are these thoughts strange and dull? Who has no treasure in heaven—well-remembered forms hallowed by separation and distance—stars of hope illumining with ever-increasing beauty life's utmost horizon? What family circle has remained unbroken—no empty chair—no cherished mementos—voices and footsteps returning no more—no members transferred to the illimitable beyond? Where is he who has stood unhurt amid the chill blasts, that have blighted mortal hopes, and withered mortal loves? Alas! the steps of death are everywhere; his voice murmuring in every sweep of the wind; his ruins visible on towering hill and in sequestered vale. We all have *felt* or *seen* his power. Beneath the cypress we rest and weep; our hearts riven with memories of the loved and lost; and yet hope springing eternal from earth's mausoleums to penetrate and possess the future.

Heaven is ours; for is it not occupied by our dead? Heaven and earth lay near together in the myths of the ancients; and shall it be otherwise in the institutions of Christianity? We need faith. Our paths are surrounded by the departed; our assemblies multiplied by their presence; our lives

bettered by their ministries. From beneath night shadows we look forward into the approaching day; and while we gaze the beams of the morning spread light and loveliness over the earth. It is not otherwise, as from beneath the night of time we peer anxiously after the pure day of heaven.

And communion with the dead, whom we have known and loved on earth, will make heaven more real and attractive to us; dissipating the vagueness of the notion with which it is too often regarded; begetting within us abiding attachments for celestial seats. God, who created the world, and whose providence is everywhere visible in promoting our welfare, is there; and Jesus, who died for us, and with whom we have grown familiar in His earthly history; and the Holy Spirit, the sanctifier of the church, and whose gentle influences we have felt within us. And our friends are there—changeless, loving spirits now—yet with lineaments familiar and forms well remembered. The homes of the blest are no longer vague, indistinct, poorly defined. We see them—the beautiful city, the outlined hills of immortality—the on-flowing river making glad the palaces of God. And we can have an idea of what they must be—how substantial in their foundations—how vast in their proportions—how rich in their furnishings—to be fitting habitations for the immortals. Heaven comes nearer to us, and grows more attractive, as we think of the loved ones who dwell there.—*Anonymous.*

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

THREE is something beautifully suggestive in the many-sidedness of heaven, with gates of entrance from every point of the compass. This emphasizes the catholicity of God's "many mansions," into which all the redeemed shall

enter, from all parts of the globe, and from every denomination in Christ's flock. All shall come in through Christ, yet by many gateways. The variety of "fruits" on the trees of life points toward the idea of satisfying every conceivable taste and aspiration of God's vast household.

Heaven is assuredly to be a home; its occupants one large, loving household. It will meet our deepest social longings; no one will complain of want of "good society." The venerable Emerson is not the only profound thinker who has fed his hopes of "a good talk with the Apostle Paul." Dr. Guthrie is not the only parent who has felt assured that his "wee Johnnie would meet him inside the gate." Many a pastor counts on finding his spiritual children there as a crown of rejoicing in that day. The recognition of friends in heaven can not be a matter of doubt. Nor will any hateful spirit of caste mar the equalities of a home where all have a common Lord, and all are brethren.

When Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, returned from his visit to Rome in the days of her glory, he reported to his sovereign that he had seen a "commonwealth of kings." So it will be in heaven, where every heir of redeeming grace will be as a king and priest unto God, and divine adoption shall make everyone a member of the royal family. What a comfort that we need never to pull up our tent-poles in quest of a pleasanter residence! Heaven will have no "moving-day." When you and I, brother, have packed up at the tap of death's signal-bell, we set out on our last journey; and there will be a delightful permanence in those words, "*forever with the Lord.*" The leagues to the home are few and short. Happy is that child of Jesus whose life-work is kept up so steadily to the line that he is ready to leave it at an instant's notice; happy is he who is ever listening for the invitation to hasten to his home.

One of the best evidences of the changed and entirely sanctified condition of Christians in that new world of glory will be, that God can *trust us* there with complete unalloyed prosperity! I never saw a Christian yet in this world who could be; even Paul himself needed a "thorn" to prick his natural pride and keep him humble. There is not one of us whose religion might not soon decay, like certain fruits, if exposed to the blazing heat of a perpetual sunshine. Here we require constant chastisements, constant lettings down, and frequent days of cloud and storm. God could not more effectually ruin us than by letting us have our own way.

But in heaven we can *bear* to be perpetually prosperous, perpetually healthy, perpetually happy, and freed from even the need of self-watchfulness. The hardest recognition of heaven will be to *know ourselves*. We shall require no rods of discipline there, and there will be no house-room for crosses in the realms of perfect holiness. Can it be that you and I shall ever see a day that shall never know a pang, never witness a false step, never hear a sigh of shame or mortification, never see one dark hour, and never have a cloud float through its bright unbroken azure of glory? Can all this be? Yes, this may all, and will all, be true of me, if I am Christ's faithful child; but oh, what a *changed creature* must I be when I get on the other side of that gate of pearl! Heaven will not be a greater surprise to us than we shall be to ourselves.

ENEMIES MEET AT DEATH'S DOOR.

THE battle was over and the sun had gone down. The dense white smoke of the great cannons had been dispersed by the evening breeze that crept

faint and sweet from the dark woods near by, lifting with touch as light as a living hand's the damp hair on icy foreheads, and fluttering in sad mockery the torn and bloody flag yet grasped by a hand forever still.

The rabbit that had been driven away by the fearful noise of battle stole timidly, with many a start and shiver, back to its young, hidden in the long grass beneath the hedge of wild rose, and clear and shrill the cricket piped its evening song as if in scorn of the strife and tumult of an hour ago.

Defeat had been suffered and victory gained, and the triumphant host had followed hot and fast in the path of the retreating foe, and for the time being the battlefield, with its wounded and dead, lay still and quiet, save for a low moaning here and there, and the death rattle now and again that told of some soldier's great promotion.

Beneath a spreading oak that grew close to where a grim-mouthed cannon breathed its silent threat, lay two, clad in uniforms of different colors, one of well-worn gray, with the three stars that marked the collar dimmed and dark with a slowly oozing crimson stain, and the other of blue, like the wearer's own young eyes, and torn with a horrid rent in the breast.

The gray-haired man in the colonel's uniform roused at last from the swoon in which he lay and glanced about him in restless pain, only to meet the blue eyes near him. Just a smooth, boyish face, with the light of laughter hardly gone from it, but now white and drawn with a sick pain, and the mouth, that had not long lost its childish curve, stern with a pitiful effort at self-command; and clear and distinct to the older man came a softening vision of a curly head asleep on a snowy pillow, and of blue eyes far away like those that looked into his now from a wounded foeman's face. But the old question of right and wrong, that had seemed so great when the black guns that

frowned upon the evening scene had been wheeled into place, and the early sunlight flashed on bayonet and sword, dwindled away before the veiled face of the mighty angel, Death, that hovered near, and the God-born touch of nature that makes the whole world kin spoke in the gray.

"Are you hurt much, my boy?"

"To death, I'm afraid, sir."

"Ah, but perhaps not! Let's see." And slowly and painfully he crawled the few feet that lay between them, but one glance at the jagged breast wound under the blue coat showed him that the lad was right, and, exhausted by the effort, he sank down by the other's side.

When he came to, a hand was laving his brow with water from an old canteen, a hand feeble in touch and slow, but gentle as a girl's.

"I was afraid you were gone, sir," said the boy, faintly smiling at him.

"Not yet, but we're going home together lad, and we're nearly there."

There was silence between the two for awhile as the kindly twilight enwrapped the dreadful spectacle of shattered, bleeding humanity in her violet mantle, but presently a sob broke from the boy, whose dawning manhood caught it back in shame.

"I'm not crying for myself, sir. Don't you think that, for I believe I could face death as well as anyone, but I can't help thinking of my mother. I'm all she's got now, for my father went at Bull Run and my brothers—both of them—at Chancellorsville. I can see her now, sir, sitting on the dear old porch with its clematis vine, where I will never rest again, straining her eyes down the road for my coming, for I was promised a furlough and was to have had it to-morrow, and now I'm dying a thousand miles away! And Greeley—he's my dog, that I played with when I was a little chap—I can see him, too, running down to the orchard gate looking for me,

for I told him good-bye there, with his honest brown eyes trying to make out where I've gone, and coming slowly back to lay his head on my mother's knee. I got a letter yesterday, telling me all about it, and how every day they lay my plate for me and set my chair, and have doughnuts for tea, just as they used to do when I was a boy and coming home from school."

"And I," said the Confederate, with his eyes dim and a quiver in his bearded lips, "leave desolate a little brown house on a grim old mountain's side, not many miles away, where one patient little woman awaits for me beside a crib, with two little girls close to her knee that talk of 'father's coming' by and by. They'll gather to-night around the table, with the bright lamp on it that I used to watch shining down the road like a loving message as I plodded up the mountain side."

And so upon the golden stars the foeman gazed and talked of home in tender reminiscence, till, as those stars paled before the moon climbing higher and higher in the clear dome above them, there fell a silence that was the benediction of a pitying God upon His wandering, wounded children. And when the morning came, the busy surgeons and those that searched the field for missing friends came upon a strange, pathetic sight. The two that lay beneath the green oak's spreading boughs with death's solemn seal on their quiet faces were clasping hands, blue and gray forgotten in the old, old bond of common brotherhood.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

WEARIED and worn with earthly care, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose.

I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!" and through the air we fled;
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on he went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet my eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through streets of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold.
It needed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne.
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

ONE afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of



BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FROM ANGELS FAIR.

N——. The writer happened to be pass'ng at the time, and prompted by curiosity, followed her in, to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change, and turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?"

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was made up, and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman, who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter, labeled whisky, "that is what brought me here—whisky!"

"I was once happy and surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was forever desolate, and the kind husband, and the wealth that some called mine lost—lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness.

Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart—for I know you possess a kind one—to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation in their once happy homes? Oh, sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow-men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself but your fellow-creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness, and the suffering it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion, "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the little child, who meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present, taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair she sang in a sweet childish voice, the following beautiful song:

"Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small, they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head;
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

"We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
'Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.'

"O! if the temperance men only could find
Poor, wretched father and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die!
All day long I've been begging for bread—
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

The game of billiards was left unfinished, the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glass remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with pity-beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, and looking so trustingly and confidently upon the gentlemen around her, her beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like children. One young man, who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and the entreaties of friends to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his

fortune, and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his, while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you!" and putting a bill into the hands of the mother, said: "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember, whenever you are in want, you will find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before anyone could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any one of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drank my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare, as sunk too low ever to reform.—*Western Temperance Herald.*

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

WHEN they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a

minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly:

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started downstairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one,

and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way upstairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room and hung it on a corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly,

after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through, he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt-studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said: "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat. "Didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down-stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Where, in the name of goodness, did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door, and the front door, all the down-stairs windows, and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned, and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.







TEMPTATIONS.

THE house had always been a mystery to the good people of Santa Barbara, a pretty village which espouses the romance of the past, but frowns down that of the present. If strangers asked for its history, a chary outline was given them. It had been built by a young lawyer, Vernon, a man successful in his profession, popular in society, energetic in public affairs; and it had been one of the secrets everybody knows, that a certain young lady, equally popular and prominent in society, would be the mistress of the pretty home. Yet at the very time when society was watching each post for invitations to the nuptials, and looking over its wardrobe to see if it had anything to wear, the prospective groom had disappeared, and work on the house had been suspended.

There had been another suitor, a physician, immersed in the duties of his profession; but it had been generally understood that he had little chance against the superior advantages of the other, and he had given color to this belief by wholly abandoning his suit after Vernon's disappearance. The young woman, who was still a favorite in society, had never married. This was the story with which the townspeople sometimes regaled a prying tourist, but they carefully concealed one humiliating fact: The

lonely house, having no proper human tenantry, as became a décorous orthodox dwelling, was accredited with supernatural occupants.

The house stood on a bluff crested with fine old live-oaks, close to the water's edge. Through the trees, there were glimpses of a tiled roof and tower and of a long veranda fronting the sea; but the windows were boarded up, the choice trees and shrubs had grown up rank and untrimmed and become interlaced in a thick chaparral, while a dense growth of vines wrapped the building in a dusty shroud. The most prosaic citizen of the little Spanish-American town was loth to pass the place by night; and even by day, gay riding-parties, cantering along the sands below, had a feeling of oppression which did not wholly leave them until they had passed out of the shadow of the bluff into the bright sunlight. There was no denying that there was something uncanny about the untenanted house, which stood, lonely and desolate, a jarring discord in the fair landscape.

One moonlight night, two men passed through the small rustic gate that led to the deserted grounds. The moon, full and clear, showed partings in the maze of shrubbery, bringing them at last to the opening before the house, where the arching oaks wove

a mysterious arabesque across the tangle of dried weeds on a space that had once been cleared to make a lawn, and a flood of light bathed the long veranda.

"Sterling, look here!" said the taller of the men, in an excited undertone.

His companion, a man nearing forty, a trifle stout of figure, and with features so firm in their setting as to convey an appearance of massiveness, in contradiction to their finely cut lines, beheld the unexpected sight with the calm habit of a man used to meeting startling occurrences with unvarying composure. On the stone steps of the veranda, a woman was standing, clad in some light robe, and looking out to sea. Startled by their dark figures in the shade of the trees, she was moving away, bearing herself as one who knows no fear, but wishes to escape recognition. A great St. Bernard, lying at the foot of the steps, rose and followed her.

"Miss Judith!" said the older man.

"Oh, is it you, Dr. Sterling?"

Reassured by the calm familiar voice, she came back a step or two over the neglected lawn, then waited for the two men to approach. The old dog licked the doctor's hand, then sniffed and whined as his companion patted him.

"You have not forgotten our old friend Vernon?" said the doctor, as the younger man reached out his hand.

She held out her own, murmuring a conventional greeting. The doctor, narrowly watching her, noted that her lips were compressed and that her usual ease of manner was disturbed. The next instant, she was herself again.

"You have been away a long time, Mr. Vernon," she said, and in her voice there was a note of indifference, a denial of interest, that seemed to forbid familiar intercourse. The doctor swept aside her little speech, as a man who is not to be deterred from taking a course upon which he has decided.

"We were looking for you to-night. Your people thought that you might be down on the sands. We did not expect to find you here."

She raised her head a little haughtily, representing this challenge of her personal movements or inclinations. The doctor went steadily on:

"Finding you here encourages us to say what we had determined to say to-night. Nine years ago we were both your suitors. The fact that since then you have denied other attention, and have not married, has emboldened us to believe what we should not otherwise have had the presumption to assume—that one of us might have claimed from you a dearer privilege than friendship."

"You have no right to say this to me, Dr. Sterling."

In the brilliant moonlight they could see her lips quiver and her white throat swell and a wave of color mount into her face; but the words dropped like icicles.

"I should have no right," replied the doctor, "were it not that we both loved you. Years have brought no change."

He spoke with a slow solemnity that to an unsympathetic ear might have seemed ponderous. The St. Bernard looked up into her face, his brown eyes shining with intelligence.

"We would take no advantage of each other, therefore we have come together. And because we have perfect confidence in each other, we have each resolved to put our cause into the other's hands. I suppose it is an eccentric thing to do; but I, for one, trust Sterling before myself," said the younger man, making an effort to speak lightly. The doctor remained grave and thoughtful.

"My turn first, Vernon," he said.

Vernon, going to the farther end of the veranda, gazed out over the peaceful water. They both looked after him noting the strong athletic figure, the dark beauty of his face.

The doctor led the young lady to a rustic seat, but he remained standing.

"A truer and a braver fellow than Vernon never lived," he said. "He has fought and conquered where ninety-nine out of a hundred would have gone down. You knew him, as we all did, as a brilliant and promising young man of good family, making a name in his profession and liked by everybody for his generous disposition and winning ways. For a long time, no one saw the other side. He was the victim of hereditary weakness. His father and grandfather were drunkards. A good mother reared him in full knowledge of this overhanging curse, and he resolved never to be persuaded to touch or taste strong drink. In such a case, a man's only safety lies in total abstinence. He was a gay impetuous fellow, but true as steel. You can form some idea of the temptations to which he was subjected; but he never flinched from his resolve. He made a great sacrifice to build this house, because he would not ask the hand of a rich man's daughter until he had a home to offer her. Everything was bright to him then. Home, friends, distinction, prosperity, and the priceless love of a good woman seemed in his grasp, when he fell. Some of his friends, who laughed at his temperance principles, played a trick on him. One taste of the stuff, and the curse was upon him. I know, better than anyone else, how he fought against it. When he found, as he thought, that he could not master it, he went away where he would not shame those who had befriended him."

"Miss Judith," the doctor addressed her earnestly, "Vernon has struggled for nine years with all the fiends of hell, and he has come off the victor, as few men have ever done. I will tell you honestly that, if I had been born with poor Vernon's weakness, I do not believe I could ever have mastered it. If ever a man deserved compassion and respect and a woman's affection, Vernon does."

The doctor spoke with fervor, looking bravely in her face. There was nothing lover-like in his tone. Whatever selfish feeling or personal longing he may have had was stifled, and his clear eyes pleaded for the friend who had struggled so long and had conquered. Then he left her.

Vernon left his post on the veranda and came slowly across to where the young lady was sitting. There were traces of deep feeling in his face. The doctor had unconsciously raised his voice with his last words.

"He is the best man in the world," exclaimed Vernon. "If I had heeded him instead of yielding to my own base instincts, nine years ago, I would be in a very different position to-day. He tried to put me on my feet a dozen times. He braced me up with every kind and courageous word an unselfish friend could speak. He screened and excused me, and, when he saw it was no use, he helped me away. I was already his debtor for the money to begin this house. The mortgage matured, and the place was virtually his. He was a man of small means—he is too generous to save money; but, when he saw that I had gone to the dogs, he would neither foreclose nor sell nor occupy it. His honor and truth kept him from taking advantage, as he had every right to do, of my wretched downfall and endeavoring to supplant me. If I have a virtue left, it is that I love him better than myself; and because I wanted to do him the justice he would never do himself, I urged on him this exchange of offices to-night. Oh, it is a beggarly return for what he has been doing for me! It may seem brave to leave home and friends and fight out one's battles, an outcast on the face of the globe. But the bravest and hardest thing is to camp down in temptations and weaknesses, and live up to the homely demands of everyday life, and be helpful to others."

She sat with head bowed and hands tightly clasped in her lap. Vernon had

spoken with a fervor that swept his words on like foam on the surging wave. When he again addressed her, there was a melancholy cadence in his voice.

"If you could give your life into my keeping, God knows it would be my sacred charge. I can trust myself now. I love you, Judith. There is no harm in my saying this. Sterling will never say it for himself, so long as he thinks I have a chance. But his love is of a finer fibre. He has never neglected a duty in all these years. He goes his rounds—I was with him this afternoon—as cheerily as if he never had a care. But I found your picture in his mother's Bible to-day. That was how I knew."

The young woman arose. Sterling was coming over the grass, his face calm and set, as one who walks fearlessly to his doom.

"I hope you will not think we are taking too much for granted, Miss Judith," added Vernon, with an awkwardness new to him. "If you have nothing better than friendship for us, send us both to the right-about, and we will try to forget."

"Whatever your decision," said Sterling, "we shall meet it bravely. Do not think it is going to ruin either of our lives. It means a great deal to us, but we are not going to blow out our brains because a woman does not love us."

"Nor is it going to disturb our friendship," said Vernon, laying his hand on the other's shoulder and giving him a look of confidence.

"You are both good men and strong men—the best and noblest I ever knew," she cried. "I am proud of your love, and I shall honor you all my life."

Saying this, she bent upon one a look so kind that it smote him with sudden pain; but he tried to smile back a reassurance that should cast no blight upon the joy of one whose happiness was dearer to him than his own, as he murmured an unintelligible word and then plunged into the tangled shrubbery.

She raised her eyes to the other, and he saw in them a light that filled his soul with strange peace and joy.

"But my love," she said softly, "belongs to him who best deserves it."



"AND HERE I AM IN THE STORE."



THE LOOM OF LIFE.

ALL day, all night, I hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled
sound
As the tireless wheels go round and round.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day, and the midnight gloom;
The wheels are turning with all their strife,
Forming at last the web of each life.
Click, clack! there's a web of love wove in;
Click, clack! there's another of wrong and
sin.
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!
Time with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with arms outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
Are you spinners of wool in life's web, say?
Do you furnish the weaver a thread each
day?
It were better then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.
Say, when will this wonderful web be done?
In a hundred years, perhaps, or one,
Or to-morrow, who knoweth? not you
nor I;
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.
Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
And each one is nearing the end, I know.
Soon the last web will be woven in—
God grant it be love and not of sin.

MY MOTHER AT THE GATE.

OH, there's many a lovely picture
On memory's silent wall,
There's many a cherished image
That I tenderly recall!
The sweet home of my childhood,
With its singing brooks and birds,
The friends who grew around me,

With their loving looks and words;
The flowers that decked the wildwood,
The roses fresh and sweet,
The blue-bells and the daisies
That blossomed at my feet—
All, all are very precious,
And often come to me,
Like breezes from that country
That shines beyond death's sea.
But the sweetest, dearest image
That fancy can create,
Is the image of my mother,
My mother at the gate.
There, there I see her standing,
With her face so pure and fair,
With the sunlight and the shadows
On her snowy cap and hair;
I can feel the soft, warm pressure
Of the hand that clasped my own;
I can see the look of fondness
That in her blue eyes shone;
I can hear her parting blessing
Through the lapse of weary years;
I can see, through all my sorrow,
Her own sad, silent tears—
Ah! amid the darkest trials
That have mingled with my fate,
I have turned to that dear image,
My mother at the gate.
But she has crossed the river,
She is with the angels now,
She has laid aside earth's burdens,
And the crown is on her brow.
She is clothed in clean, white linen,
And she walks the streets of gold.
Oh! loved one, safe forever
Within the Saviour's fold,
No sorrowing thought can reach thee,
No grief is thine to-day;
God gives thee joy for mourning,
He wipes thy tears away!
Thou art waiting in that city
Where the holy angels wait,
And when I cross the river
I will see thee at the gate!

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

ALITTLE while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and re-take an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day

died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

DURING the whole of one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey. It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares; but her face was one which gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. In the course of the day, there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the oldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the graces of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had

not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence—just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each." "Oh, give Annie the orange; Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself. "Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old. "Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apples, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly.

Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin, golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins. As I sat watching her intently, she sprang over to me saying: "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled understandingly, when I said: "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon, we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "Oh, dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! She never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken,

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you are! Poor, hot, tired little flowers—how thirsty they look! If they will only keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

She took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy: "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better ease to see papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers? Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after, I passed the little group, standing still, just outside the station, and heard the mother say: "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty flowers. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them, if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?" "Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go! We will get you some more. Don't go!" cried all the children. "Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementos of you and your sweet children." She blushed and

looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said: "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They can not be quite dead." "They will *never* die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again." "Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy sturdily. They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. Heaven bless them all, wherever they are!

THE DARK FOREST OF SORROW.

IT was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lit temple of the god they have been taught to worship, but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of

the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength—the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes, our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she can not ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

Once upon a time, through a strange country, there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briars grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away and returned



to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle toward which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged, like a beggar's, and many sad wounds were on his sweet flesh, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him; and he told them how in the dark wood he had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had lain him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was unto but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our way-worn knight saw, as in a dream, a vision, and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth.

And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell.

HEAVENLY HOPE.

THE question often is asked, "If Christians in heaven know all that is transpiring upon earth, suppose a sainted mother sees a son or a daughter here going in the ways of ruin, how can she be happy?"

This is a mystery which God has not yet explained to us.

It seems, now, impossible that a mother can be happy in heaven with her child forever banished from her. But let us remember that God is more truly the parent of every being on earth than its earthly father or mother can possibly be.

We are God's sons and daughters in a far higher sense than we are the sons of daughters of our earthly parents. God made our bodies and our spirits. God became man, and, by His own humiliation and sufferings upon the cross, made atonement for our sins. Year after year, with yearning utterance, God has cried out to us: "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." Yes, God is our father in a far more exalted sense than any earthly parent can be. Earthly love is frail and variable. God's love is unchanging.

In the heavenly world we shall be like God. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him." *I John, iii. 2.* God will open to us these views of which here we can form no conception. And if God, our living, Heavenly Father, can be happy on His eternal throne while some of His children are in persistent rebellion against Him and are suffering the rebels' dreadful doom, earthly parents, translated to heaven, sharing God's nature, with souls ennobled, expanded, illumined with celestial light, will certainly witness nothing in the administration of God's government which will thrill their souls with anguish.

The intelligence of every hearer will assent to the remark that it can not be that our happiness in heaven will be based upon our *ignorance*. It can not be that God, in order to save us from sorrow, will, when we are in heaven, find it necessary for our happiness to conceal from us what is transpiring under His government. There we shall be like God, and shall know even as we are known.

The question may arise, "What bearing has this subject upon the doctrine of modern Spiritualism?" It is sufficient to remark that in all the descriptions which the Bible gives us of the visits of angels to this world, they came in dignity worthy of their exalted character. They were ever intrusted with the fulfillment of some sublime mission—as in all the instances recorded in the Old Testament; as in the annunciation to the Virgin; as when the celestial retinue accompanied the Son of God to His birth in the manger; as when Moses and Elias, in anticipation of the dreadful scenes of the cross met Jesus upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

It will require stronger evidence than has ever yet been presented to my mind to lead me to believe that the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven can ever come to earth in degrading guise, performing ignoble functions and bearing but idle tales.

It must be to all minds a cheering thought that our loved ones in heaven are still with us in spirit on earth. It is a cheering thought that when we die we shall still be interested in all that is transpiring on this globe; that we shall know, far more intimately than we can now know, every event which is taking place here. Our vision is now limited. Then we shall embrace in one view all the nations, tribes, and families, from the Equator to the Poles.

Such is the prospect which is presented to the Christian in the future world. Such is the home, and such the enjoyments we

may have forever. To extricate man from the ruin in which he is involved by the fall, Jesus, the Son of God, has died, in atoning sacrifice, upon the cross. To influence the sinner to abandon rebellion, and return to his allegiance to the Heavenly King, the Holy Spirit pleads in all the earnest voices of nature and of Providence. And our Heavenly Father bends over us with parental love, His earnest entreaty being: "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart."

Reader, can you renounce such offers, and live in rejection of the Saviour, when such love invites, and when such dignity and glory are offered to you? Become a Christian, and your life upon earth will be far more happy than it can otherwise be; your nature will be ennobled as your name is enrolled in the sacramental hosts of God's elect; you may then lead others to the Saviour, and thus be a co-worker with God in redeeming a lost world.

Become a Christian, and death shall then be to you but translation to a higher and nobler sphere of action; then, through all the ages of immortality, you shall soar in perfect holiness and ever-increasing bliss. Every possible consideration urges you to become a Christian. To accept Jesus as your Saviour brings upon you, eventually, every conceivable blessing. To reject Him dooms you to woe. Delay not this decision. Every hour of delay is full of peril. Now is the accepted time. To-morrow, to you, may never come.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.

NOT always can we tell when the most vivid lightning and startling thunder are to come. Light clouds gather here and there, the sun is temporarily obscured, nothing ominous appears in air or sky, when, quick as thought, the atmosphere

seems bursting with crash and peal and roar and flashings of fire, that leave a wonder that everything is not shivered and afame.

Again the sun shines, and a light shower falls. Soon a rainbow's broad and brilliant arch repeats itself on the inky clouds that bank the east. A little later sunset tints of surpassing beauty, pale-blue and amber, brown and gold, sea-green and rose, purple and gray, paint floating argosies of cloud that rise from the bosom of the west, linger at the north, like ships at anchor, then slowly pass from sight where the fading arches had been. Long rifts of clearer sky, like far-off, tinted seas, exquisite and of varying color, stretch beyond and between the shifting fleet.

Some of the saddest experiences of life come without premonition. Yesterday life went well, hope was in the ascendant; it was easy to be content. To-day all is reversed; the crushed heart can scarcely lift itself to pray; speech seems paralyzed. It appears cruel that such calamity should be permitted when we might have been so happy. Was there not some way by which it could have been foreseen and avoided? Where are life's compensations now? What are its ambitions worth in the face of this?

In other homes and in the busy streets move on, in close procession, life's hurrying cares. There is no pause with the world at large because grief and desolation sit at our hearthstone.

The clanging bells, from their high towers, call to worship and to prayer. Their voices are unutterably sad. They did not sound like this a week ago. A ripple of childish laughter floats into the lonely house. Across the street a proud father leads his innocent, sunny-haired boy. Farther on a cheerful mother walks with her trio of little ones. They are not fearful, or anxious, or bereaved; and their happiness, which yesterday would have made us glad, to-day smites us with a keen sense

of contrast. Night comes on, with its gathering silence and shadow, and is even more dreadful than the day. Thinking of the loved dead at night, our thoughts, per force, take the gloom of the grave where their bodies lie; but Nature is tender and God is merciful, and there is sure to come with the triumphant dawn some bright and comforting thought of that morning-land where their souls are dwelling.

For the saddest day some duty waits; and when one would with folded hands keep idle company with grief, temporary consolation comes unbidden. A little child, with its unceasing activity, its numberless wants, its quick recovery from tears, its wonder that we can not be entirely consoled by its caresses and comforted with its toys—even this shallow comprehension of the storm that is beating at one's heart, is better than to be left in uninterrupted communion with sadness.

Whatever the loss, ours is not long a solitary case. To the one who has it to bear, every trial is a peculiar trial. When God's hand hath touched us we shrink and cry: "What have I done that this calamity should fall on me?" We question if there "*is* any sorrow like unto our sorrow." If we take thought only of our own cross, it appears the heaviest of any. But when we begin to recognize the losses and trials of others, and extend a helpful sympathy even beyond our family and household, we experience the blessedness of giving in a way to react upon and comfort our own hearts.

Our burdens, whether of bereavement or disappointment, or wrong or regret, weigh heavier or lighter at different times, according to our moods and occupations, or the want of them. We find some way to bear the grief we can not escape and which in prospect we could not endure. Bitter, indeed, would be all chastening, if no good came of it. Who shall say that this rending of the soul, this breaking up of all the depths

of our nature, this strain upon our capacities for suffering, is but the inevitable chance-work of existence?

What does it mean? "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Were we perfect in sympathy? Was our charity unfailing? Lacked we not in all directions that symmetry of faith and purity of practice needed to effect a resemblance to the divine model? Would we be strong? We must often be put to the trial of our strength. Covet we the best gifts? They are not granted to the undisciplined.

We "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things." No one soul is so obscure that God does not take thought for its schooling. The sun is the central light of the universe, but it has a mission to the ripening corn and the purpling clusters of the vine. The sunshine that comes filtering through the morning mists, with healing in its wings, and charms all the birds to singing, should have also a message from God to sad hearts. No soul is so grief-laden that it may not be lifted to sources of heavenly comfort by recognizing the Divine love in the perpetual recurrence of earthly blessings:

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And even upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Hath left His hope with all.

BIND UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

IT is a beautiful figure, this binding up—as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping and put it round the broken heart, and with His own dear, gentle hand proceeded to close up the

wound and make it cease to bleed. Jesus never fails in His surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and He will do it, for He never came in vain. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high, He watches for the worst of cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is Christ's specialty. His Gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension, He bends over our broken bones, and ere He has done with them He makes them all rejoice and sing glory to His name.

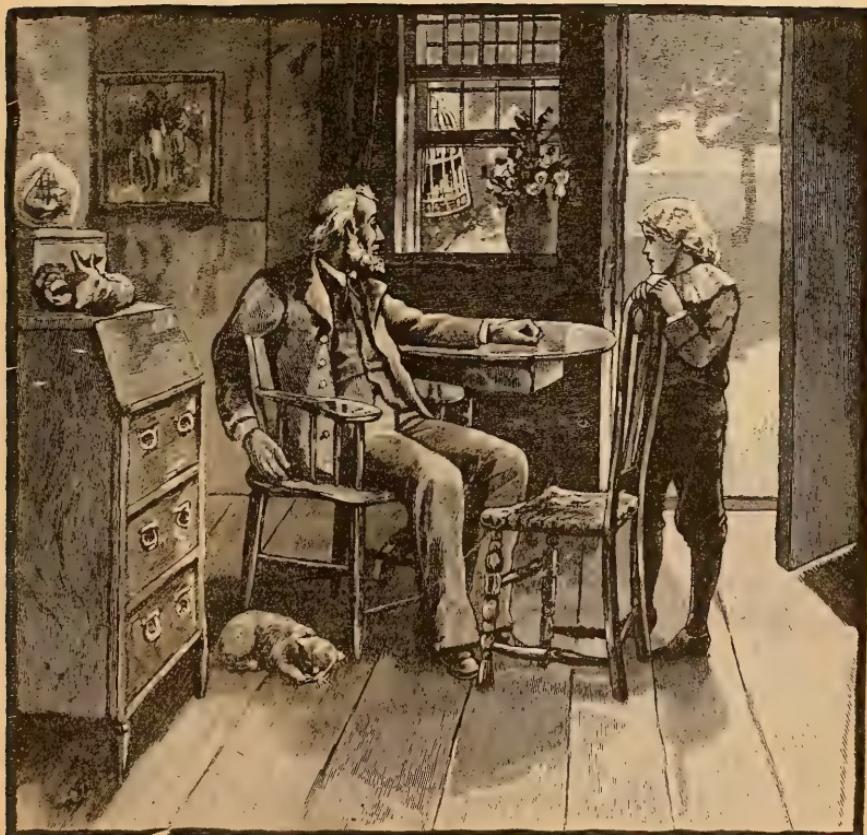
C. H. SPURGEON.

THE maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

JOHN HALL, D. D.

LOSS.

WE are joined together, many of us by a common experience. Many of us have met in each other's houses and in each other's company on just such errands of grief and sympathy and Christian triumph as this. How many of us have sent children forward; and how many of us feel to-day that all things are for our sakes; and that those things which for the present are not joyous but grievous, nevertheless work in us the peaceable fruit of righteousness! So we stand in what may be called a relationship of grief. We are knit together and brought into each other's company by the



ministration of grief, made Christian and blessed.

To be sure, if we were to ask this life what would be best, there is no father, there is no mother, who would not plead with all the strength which lies in natural affection, "Spare me, and spare mine." For the outward man this is reasonable and unrebutable; and yet, if it be overruled by Him who loves us even better than He loves His own life, then there comes the revelation of another truth, namely: That the things which are seen are the unreal things, and that the real things are the things which are invisible.

When our children that are so dear to us are plucked out of our arms, and carried away, we feel, for the time being, that we have lost them, because our body does not triumph; but are they taken from our inward man? Are they taken from that which is to be saved—the spiritual man? Are they taken from memory? Are they taken from love? Are they taken from the scope and reach of the imagination, which, in its sanctified form, is only another name for faith? Do we not sometimes dwell with them more intimately than we did when they were with us on earth? The care of them is no longer ours, that love-burden we bear no longer, since they are with the angels of God and with God; and we shed tears over what seems to be our loss; but do they not hover in the air over our heads? And today could the room hold them all?

As you recollect, the background of the Sistine Madonna, at Dresden (in some respects the most wonderful picture of maternal love which exists in the world), for a long time was merely dark; and an artist, in making some repairs, discovered a cherub's face in the grime of that dark background; and being led to suspect that the picture had been overlaid by time and neglect, commenced cleansing it; and as he went on, cherub after cherub appeared, until it was found that the Madonna was on a

background made up wholly of little heavenly cherubs.

Now, by nature, motherhood stands against a dark background; but that background being cleaned by the touch of God, and by the cleansing hand of faith, we see that the whole heaven is full of little cherub faces. And to-day it is not this little child alone that we look at, which we see only in the outward guise; we look upon a background of children innumerable, each one as sweet to its mother's heart as this child has been to its mother's heart, each one as dear to the clasping arms of its father as this child has been to the clasping arms of its father; and it is in good company. It is in a spring-land. It is in a summer-world. It is with God. You have given it back to Him who lent it to you.

Now, the giving back is very hard, but you can not give back to God all that you received with your child. You can not give back to God those springs of new and deeper affection which were awakened by the coming of the little one. You can not give back to God the experiences which you have had in dwelling with your darling. You can not give back to God the hours which, when you look upon them now, seem like one golden chain of linked happiness.

You are better, you are riper, you are richer, even in this hour of bereavement, than you were. God gave; and He has not taken away, except in outward form. He holds, He keeps, He reserves, He watches, He loves. You shall have again that which you have given back to Him only outwardly.

Meanwhile, the key is in your hand; and it is not a black iron key; it is a golden key of faith and of love. This little child has taught you to follow it. There will not be a sunrise or a sunset when you will not in imagination go through the gate of heaven after it. There is no door so fast that a mother's love and a father's love will not

open it and follow a beloved child. And so, by its ministration, this child will guide you a thousand times into a realization of the great spirit-land, and into a faith of the invisible, which will make you as much larger as it makes you less dependent on the body, and more rich in the fruitage of the spirit.

To-day, then, we have an errand of thanksgiving. We thank God for sending this little gift into this household. We thank God for the light which He kindled here, and which burned with so pure a flame, and taught so sweet a lesson. And we thank God, that, when this child was to go to a better place, it walked so few steps, for so few hours, through pain. Men who look on the dark side shake their head, and say, "Oh, how sudden!" but I say, "Since it was to go, God be thanked that it was permitted to pass through so brief a period of suffering; that there were no long weeks or months of gradual decay and then a final extinction; that out of the fullness of health it dropped into the fullness of heaven, leaving its body as it lies before you to-day, a thing of beauty. Blessed be God for such mercy in the ministration of sickness and of departure!"

I appreciate your sorrow, having myself often gone through this experience; and I can say that there is no other experience which throws such a light upon the storm-cloud. We are never ripe till we have been made so by suffering. We belong to those fruits which must be touched by frost before they lose their sourness and come to their sweetness. I see the goodness of God in this dispensation as pointing us toward heaven and immortality. In this bereavement there is cause for rejoicing; for such it is that you and your child shall meet again never to be separated.

SUNSHINE.

AMONG the readers of this paper there must be many who "wear mourning." Every minister, as he runs his eye over his congregation, sees the black badge of sorrow in every part of the house. Yet many of the deepest and sorest griefs of the heart do not hoist any outward signal of distress. For who ever puts on crape for a family disgrace, or a secret heartache, or loss of character, or an acute contrition for sin, or a back-sliding from Christ? Set it down as a fact that God sees ten-fold more sorrow than the human eye ever detects.

What a clear streak of sunshine our Lord let into this region of sorrowing hearts when He pronounced that wonderful benediction: "Blessed are they that mourn!" Perhaps some poor Galilean mother who came up that day to hear Jesus of Nazareth, with her eyes red from weeping over a lost child, whispered to herself: "That is for me; I am a mourner." "Ah!" thought some penitent sinner, who felt the plague of his guilty heart, "that means me; I am in trouble to-day." It did mean them. Christ's religion is the first and only religion ever known in this world which recognizes human sorrow, and has any sunshine of consolation for broken hearts. Do cold-blooded infidels realize that fact when they attempt to destroy men's faith in the Gospel of Calvary?

We are apt to limit this benediction of Jesus to one class of sufferers. We take this sweet little text into sick-rooms, or to funerals, or into the lonely group which gather around a mother's deserted chair or a little empty crib. It was meant for them. It has fallen upon such stricken hearts like

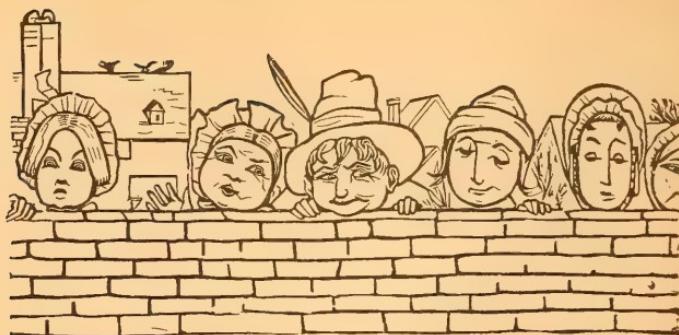
the gen'le rain upon the new-mown grass.
Many of us know full well how good the balm felt when it touched our bruised and bleeding hearts. I remember how, when one of my own "bairns" was lying in his fresh-made grave, and another one was so low that his crib seemed to touch against a tomb, I used to keep murmuring over to myself Wesley's matchless lines:

Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

In those days I was learning (what we pastors have to learn) just how the arrow feels when it enters, and just how to sympathize with our people in their bereavements. Somehow a minister is never fully ready to emit the fragrance of sympathy for others until he has been bruised himself. There is a great lack about all Christians who have never suffered. Paul abounded in consolation because he had known sharp tribulations in his own experience. What a precious spilling of his great sympathetic heart that

was when he overflowed into that sublime passage which ends the fourth and begins the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians. The outward man perishing—the inward man renewed day by day. The affliction growing "light" in proportion to the transcendent weight of the eternal glory! The old tent dropping to pieces and the heavenly mansion looming up so gloriously that his homesick soul longed to quit the fluttering tent, and to "be present with the Lord." These are indeed mighty consolations to bear with us into our houses of mourning. They are the foretastes which make us long for the full feast and the seraphic joys of the marriage-supper of the Lamb. We experience what the old godly negro, "Uncle Johnson," did when he said: "Oh, yes, massa, I feel bery lonesome since my Ellen died, but den de Lord comes round ebery day and gibs me a *taste ob de kingdom*, jus' as a nus would wid de spoon; but oh, how I wants to get hold *ob de whole dish!*"





DOLLY'S POSTMASTER.

BY GRACE MALCOLMSON.

AMONG the grand old mountains of Vermont there nestles a tiny village, looking wonderfully small and insignificant beside its historic neighbors, and seeming to beg their protection from the heavy storms which fall to that part of the country.

Up the side of a mountain, quite remote from all other dwellings, is a little brown cottage. Everything around it denotes poverty. The patches in the roof, and the windows, several of which are broken, have been covered up with boards. In the summer, as the bare vines indicate, these defects are hidden, but now, when nature has taken away her friendly foliage and given nothing back, the whole place looks desolate.

Inside it is very little better. The room is scrupulously clean, and as fuel can be had for the cutting, it is warm. Behind the roaring stove sits an old man, with hair as white as the tops of the mountains, and a bent and withered form.

At a table is the care-worn mother, working steadily by the waning light.

A child's voice breaks the silence.

"Mamma, what is Christmas for?"

"In memory of the birth of the Christ-child, Dolly."

"But I thought you always got presents on Christmas eve?"

"Ah, my child, that is only for those who can afford it," replied the mother, laying down her work to answer the eager little questioner.

"But, mamma," said Dolly, coming close to her mother's knee, "why don't those who are rich give presents to us?"

"Perhaps they don't know about us, Dolly," stroking the excited little face upturned to hers. "There are people in the big cities like New York and Boston who give away loads of things on Christmas eve. If father does well by the trees this month we will have a Christmas, too."

Dolly said no more. It must have been



I AM HAPPIER TO-DAY THAN YESTERDAY.

the hope of this that kept her busy tongue so quiet. Even when her father and little Jack came home she had nothing to say.

"What makes my little girl so quiet to-night?" asked her father.

"I was thinking, papa," she replied, "thinking of Christmas."

The next morning as soon as it was possible she slipped out of the house into the woods. Dolly had an idea. A most brilliant one. On and on her little feet carried her into a grove of evergreen trees. Here she stopped. Had anyone been watching her they would have been amused by her proceedings. But no one save the robins and a friendly squirrel was near.

First she seated herself on the ground and carefully took from her pocket a piece of paper and a pencil. These were rare things at the cottage and it was only by the greatest stealth she had procured any. Then she began to write, and this was what she wrote:

"To the kind people who get this tree: i am a little girl. i live in Berwick Vermont i am ten yrs old and my brother Jack is nine. we are very poor and i don't think we can hav any Crismus. mamma said rich people gave things away, will you send me some things i want a doll and a pare of mittens nice ones with little bows on them and a new hood and som candy, and Jack wants a sled and a pare of skates and can you send mamma a shal 'caus hers is worn out. that is all.

DOLLY BROWN."

This Dolly folded up carefully, and then, jumping up, looked around her. She finally selected a very tall, handsome tree, and was in a minute half-way up to the top, for Dolly could climb like a squirrel. What little girl born in the mountains of Vermont could not? Then she produced a pin which was secreted in her dress and pinned her note to a twig near the tree, where it would not get blown away.

After this she slipped down and sped home. In making her selection of the tree

Dolly had not chosen at random. She knew that at a certain time of the year evergreen trees were cut down and shipped off to the large cities all over the States. This time was drawing near and every day for a week Dolly went to see if her tree was gone. As she neared the spot one morning she found the tree was cut down. Dolly was thrown into a fever of excitement. Would they send her anything? How long would she have to wait? These questions tormented her from early dawn to close of day.

Time wore on and Christmas was at hand.

In the rich and busy city of New York grand preparations were being made for Christmas. Every one seemed happy.

Christmas fell on Friday, and on the preceding Monday a heavy snowstorm fell, and the day promised to be a jolly one.

In one of the churches a band of workers had met to decorate and fill an immense tree for the children of their Sunday school. For they intended giving their presents on Christmas eve. So tall was the tree that a many-stepped ladder was needed to reach the top.

A young man had just ascended it and was searching among the heavily laden branches for a piece for the toy he held, when suddenly his hand struck something, and he caught hold of a little note pinned to the tree.

"Hallo! what's this?" he exclaimed, and sitting down on the topmost step he opened and read aloud to his sympathetic listeners Dolly's little letter.

"The little darling! she shall have every one of the things," exclaimed one of the ladies, wiping her eyes, for to her it seemed so sad to think of a little girl up in the mountains who could have no happy Christmas while their children were overloaded.

"So she shall," cried the others in a chorus, while for a time the tree was forgotten in an eager discussion as to what else they could

send. Meanwhile Dolly had been anxiously waiting and enduring in silence, for some unaccountable reason she had told no one. Christmas day fell clear and cold, with a heavy fall of snow.

About ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Brown, who was out-doors, heard a shout, and hurrying to the well-beaten path that led to the village saw two fellows driving a sleigh up the steep road.

"I say, come down and help us up," they cried, but before he could reach them they had dragged a large packing box from the sleigh and borne it to the cottage door.

Meanwhile Mrs. Brown, Dolly, and little Jack had come to the door.

"Why, there must be some mistake, this can not be for us," said the father.

"It's yours, all right; it belongs to the little 'un,'" replied one of the men.

Sure enough, there was "Miss Dolly Brown" printed on the lid.

"Oh! I am so glad it got there all right," cried Dolly; then in a few incoherent words she poured forth her story. One of the men knocked off the lid. Mr. Brown lifted a note from the top and read it.

"A very merry Christmas and happy New Year to the dear little girl in the mountains." Then slowly, one by one, Dolly unpacked her box. Every one of the things she had asked for and many more had been sent. I am sure that day there was no happier little girl in all the universe than Dolly Brown, far up in the green mountains of Vermont.

ISABELLA.

She had all the royal makings of a queen.

—*Shakespeare.*

ISABELLA of Spain—"The Catholic," as she was called—stands before the world as a model of queenly and womanly excellence. In her, the energy of manhood, the wisdom of a statesman, the devout rectitude of a saint, and the tenderness and grace of woman, were more perfectly combined than in any female sovereign whose name adorns the pages of history. Far as the east is from the west, and distant as their several periods, is the character of this renowned Castilian from that of the passionate and cunning Cleopatra. The beautiful conscientiousness of the former, her firm adherence to conviction, her delicacy and mercy and sweet humility, are a proof of the moral

superiority resulting from the prevalence of Truth, however perverted or obscure it be, in the place of utter delusion whatever of classic attraction it may have. Oblivion has veiled her faults, if any belonged to her intrinsic being; she is left perfect to the eye of posterity, except it be in her almost inevitable failure to assert at all times her own manifest and better instincts, over those influences of her life and time which go far to excuse the few blamable acts that may be charged upon her.

And such a picture of character, fair as her own lovely countenance, is framed in the most picturesque era of modern history. The scenery and romantic associations of Spain, the conquest of the splendid Moorish kingdom of Grenada, the gorgeous evening

of the day of chivalry, and the morning of great discoveries, heralded by Columbus, were the fit setting for the jewel of queens, or rather an appropriate scene for the display of her noble qualities. The disappointments she endured in the latter part of her life, the cruelties of which she was the unwitting or unwilling abettor, the bigotry that took advantage of her piety, and the despotism established by her husband, the artful Ferdinand, are the clouds that darken the narrative of a reign, else bright and beautiful.

At her death, she touchingly expressed her affection for Ferdinand in the words which bequeathed to him some of her personal property, "I beseech the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live more justly and holily in this." The same jewels, perhaps, not long after served to adorn a young, beautiful bride, the Princess Germain de Foix of France, whom the unfaithful and politic Ferdinand led to the altar, in the same Dueñas, where, in his youth, he had given his fresh vows to the devoted Isabella.

Having addressed a few words of consolation to the weeping friends about her, some of whom had been the companions of her

youth, she received the sacrament, and soon after expired, November 26, 1504, it being the fifty-fourth year of her age and the thirtieth of her reign. Her remains were conveyed to Grenada, as she had requested, but during the journey a severe and long-continued tempest made the roads nearly impassable, rendering the way desolate, and depressing with still deeper gloom, those who bore her beloved form to its plain tomb in the Alhambra.

To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

The people vied with each other in extolling the triumphant glories of her reign, and the wisdom and purity of her character —one that scarcely deserves the charge of bigotry, since the two great errors of her administration were measures which she abhorred, and would never have allowed to be executed, had not her judgment been overruled by those upon whom she relied for spiritual guidance.

Uniting the noblest masculine qualities with the finest and most lovable characteristics of woman, she secured the love and devotion of a nation still proud of that incomparable queen, upon whom was justly bestowed then, as now, the simple but eloquent designation—"Isabella de la paz y bontad"—"Isabella of peace and goodness!"



THE CHRISTMAS REUNION.

BY HELEN SAMPSON.

NOW, see here, Marion, if you persist in running all over Dorman in quest of scapegraces and vagabonds of poor I'll have to resort to more violent measures to keep you in the house."

So spoke Squire Ormsby as Marion dismounted from her pony in front of the door.

"But, father," she replied, as tears came to her beautiful blue eyes, "even though we have plenty, and you are master of Ormsby Manor there are other poor folks in Dorman who are starving."

"Well, there are ways to provide for poor folks besides you galloping around the country like a child of ten instead of sixteen. Now, remember what I have said, and don't let me hear of you leaving the house on any such errand again." With this he strode into the house.

Squire Ormsby was a short, aristocratic old gentleman, with a stern, commanding face. His wife having died several years before, he became embittered against life, and the only thing which he found it in his heart to love was the beautiful, flower-like Marion, although, even to her, he was sometimes stern and unrelenting.

Ormsby Manor is situated in the most beautiful part of Dorman.

Off to the right the sparkling lake rolls

and splashes, as if desirous of tossing its billowy sprays to the glorious "God of Light."

In the distance the tall arrowy pines brush their slender tops against the sky.

Thus while nature had dealt kindly with the surroundings, artificial means had also been employed to beautify Squire Ormsby's mansion.

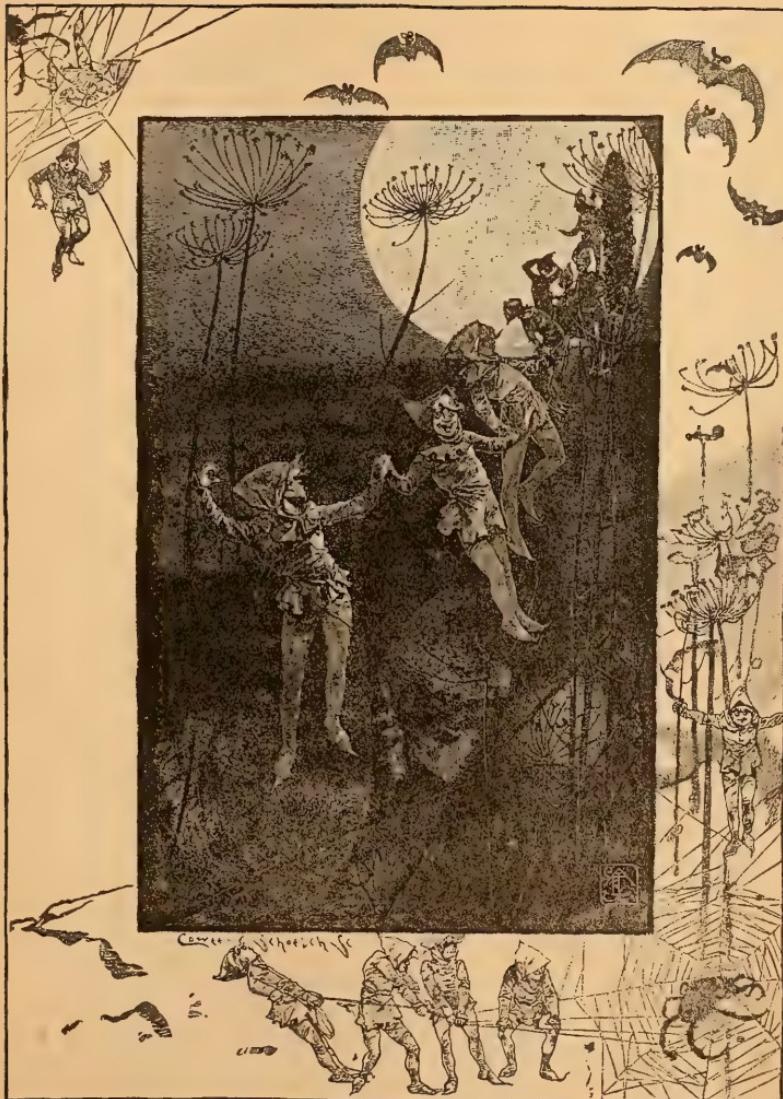
Rustic bridges were stretched across little lakes, in which stately swans moved majestically to the music of the rippling fountains.

The drives too were bordered with bright-hued flowers, whose perfume filled the air.

Marion remained standing where her father had left her. She knew to disobey his commands would bring down unheard-of wrath, yet her heart told her that she must in some way return to the poor family in the village, whom she had comforted with the assurance that she would come back with provisions and help.

Sadly she walked with her pony around the drive until she met the groom, when a sudden thought struck her.

Running to him eagerly, she said: "John, I want you to go to the village on an errand for me the first thing in the morning. Don't in any way breathe of it, as I do not want father to know I have sent you."



LITTLE PIXY PEOPLE.

"All right, Missis," replied John; "you can depend on me. I'll see that the old gent don't git news of it."

Hearing a step behind her, Marion turned quickly to meet the angry determined face of her father towering above her.

"So, Marion," he said, firmly, "you thought to deceive me, eh? Well, you may retire to your room until such time as your good sense shall overcome your extreme charity. You, John," he said, turning to that cowering individual, "you may go to the village in the morning, but do not return here."

Marion had been too embarrassed to speak before, but seeing that John was on the point of justifying himself, turned to her father and said:

"Father, do not blame John; it is entirely my fault; he was merely obeying me."

"I heard the entire conversation, Marion. Do as I bid you and do not leave your room until I send for you."

Marion was forced to retire. With a heavy heart she found her way to her room. Her pale, determined little face showed that she inherited some of her father's indomitable will.

"I must and will contrive to assist those people. I can't see why papa is so heartless. I have taken such a fancy to them that I am sure if papa would see them he would love them, too."

Squire Ormsby sat in his library thinking. "I wonder if I have been hard with Marion; nevertheless, I want her to obey me."

"I will send for her and see what her object was in being so obstinate."

He touched a bell which was answered by a trim maid in uniform.

"Tell Marion I want her. In the meantime order the carriage for four o'clock. I'm going out."

Marion appeared, her eyes red with weeping. She stood before her father as if ready to face the expected attack. Neither spoke.

The silence was becoming embarrassing to her, when her father said:

"I should like to know what those poor people are to you that you should openly disobey me and lower me in the esteem of the groom by leading him into the deception. Have they ever favored you, in any way, that you be so solicitous for their welfare?"

"No, father," she answered, "they have never favored me; but, O! they are so poor, and I promised so faithfully to return to them. The woman's husband is dead and she is sick, she can not support herself, besides, she has a child nine years of age. Let me go to them, and at least make Christmas happy. They live in one of those old tenement houses in South Dorman, where the fire was about a month ago."

"I did not send for you to compromise anything, I merely wanted an explanation."

Marion's eyes filled with tears, as she saw her hopes again dashed to the ground.

"Father," she said angrily, "if Mrs. Mandle and her child starve to death, it will be your fault!" With this she left the room.

Squire Ormsby started at the mention of that name. "Mandle, Mandle, did she say? That was Isabelle's husband's name. O, God! it can not be that my own sister would be starving while I sit idly by; yet her child would be about nine years old, for it is ten years since I sent her, a mere child, from my house because she loved a poor man."

Seeing the carriage at the door, Squire Ormsby hastily donned his hat and coat, and with a troubled countenance left the house, determined to invade the poorer part of Dorman in quest of Isabelle, his sister.

Meanwhile, in an old tumble-down tenement in South Dorman, a woman lay on a low couch. The room was scantily furnished, there being scarcely the household utensils, and nothing whatever to relieve the awful bareness of the room.

The woman, who had once been beautiful, bore the look of long-time suffering and deprivation. Beside her knelt a child about nine years of age.

"What did Mrs. Harris say, Carol dear?" the woman asked.

"She said she could not pay you the money for the making of the waist, but would give it to you before Christmas."

"O, what shall we do, mamma? We haven't anything to eat for to-morrow, and you are so hungry. It is a week before Christmas, and that lovely girl never returned."

Mrs. Mandle's face grew paler as she clasped her child to her bosom. Suddenly a knock sounded at the door.

"Go, Carol dear, maybe Mrs. Harris has sent the money after all."

Carol opened the door, and beheld a short, aristocratic, but puffing, old gentleman, who asked if Mrs. Mandle was at home.

While Carol returned to her mother, Squire Ormsby, for it was he, took a general survey of the place, and was shocked at the bareness of the surroundings.

"Mamma would like you to come into the other room, as she is not able to get up."

Squire Ormsby fairly ran past Carol in his eagerness to satisfy his mind.

Eagerly scanning the half-raised figure on the couch, he darted forward as he recognized in the faded but graceful woman on the couch his long-lost sister Isabelle.

"Isabelle!" he fairly shouted.

"Robert!" she exclaimed, and with a feeble cry she fell fainting in his arms. With the help of the bewildered Carol she soon regained consciousness.

Then she told him of all she had suffered and how she had come as near to Ormsby as possible. But having failed in health she was unable to provide for herself and child.

"We will thank Marion for having found you. Be ready when I come back, as I intend to take you immediately to Ormsby."

Marion, sitting in the window, wondered at the strange looking trio coming up the drive, but was fairly stupefied when, upon descending the stairs, to find in company with her father, her poor folks of South Dorman. Greater still was her consternation when she heard that they were her relatives.

I will not dwell upon the joyous scenes which followed, nor the happy Christmas reunion in the Ormsby mansion. It will suffice to say, a happy change took place in that household, where peace and happiness reigned forevermore.



JOSEPHINE.

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.—BYRON.

THE Island of Martinique claims the distinction of being the birth-place of Josephine, who was born the 24th day of June, 1763. Her father, M. de Tascher, was a man of influence and moderate wealth, possessing a large plantation and an ample retinue of slaves. He was a man of ambition and unyielding sternness, and to this, in a great measure, was owing the misfortunes which embittered Josephine's early life, and threw her into the whirl of events that bore her on to greatness and suffering.

Her childhood was spent in lively sports and amusements, attended by young negresses who were permitted to indulge her every whim, till, by unlimited indulgence, her naturally sweet disposition was in danger of being spoiled.

Fortunately, Madam de Tascher was wise enough to see this, and brought Josephine more within her own maternal influence, allowing her a larger share of the affection which had been almost exclusively bestowed upon the elder, more beautiful, and only sister—Maria. The latter, like her mother, was of a mild, unimpassioned temperament.

Maria rarely participated in festivities, much preferring to pursue her studies, or to ramble alone. She was busily occupied in cultivating her talents, and acquiring those accomplishments deemed necessary to a woman of the world, in anticipation of a future home in France, where an aunt, in influential circumstances, had offered to provide her with an establishment, and designed her hand for the son of the Marquis de Beauharnois.

Josephine, on the contrary, looked upon the Island of Martinique as her continued home.

Through all her childhood, she had shared her amusements with William de K—, the son of English parents who had sought refuge in Martinique. The two children had grown up together in happy companionship, and formed an attachment that was never effaced. When Josephine reached her twelfth year, she had made so little progress in her studies, though an apt scholar, that Madam de Tascher decided to send her to France and place her in a convent, till the completion of her education. But this was a terrible stroke to the young lovers, to whom separation would have been the greatest grief. By the most earnest assurances from Josephine, she was permitted to remain on trial. During the following six months, she made such rapid progress as persuaded her mother to recall her threat; and she not only allowed her to continue her studies with William de K—, under the same master, but, through the interposition of his mother, Josephine's hand was promised him conditionally. Thus they happily and lovingly remained together, studying, or rambling for shells along the sea-shore, carving their united names upon the trees, or gathering beautiful blossoms.

Not long after M. de K— was called to England and was accompanied by his son, with the avowed purpose of pursuing his studies at Oxford; but, unknown to himself or Josephine, the real object of the voyage was to assert heirship to an estate which M. de K— was to inherit on condition his son should marry the niece of the testator. The months of silence that ensued, were so full of anxiety on Josephine's part, that her health was evidently suffering from it. No letter nor message came from the young Creole, who had seemingly forgotten her in the new interests of the great world, yet she would not believe the representations of her friends that he had ceased to love her.

To console her, Madam de Tascher gathered young companions in their pleasant home, and endeavored to occupy her mind by an interest in the study of languages and accomplishing herself upon the harp. She possessed a sweet, plaintive voice, and that kind of talent which readily acquires anything placed within its reach, with little application.

While the mansion was gay with the young Creole girls, a new excitement one day aroused them from a languid siesta. The fortune-telling fame of an old Irish woman reached their ready ear; curious to lift the veil of futurity, they one and all decided to consult the oracle.

Josephine accompanied her companions; not quite willing to believe what might be predicted, yet she followed the gay party to the fortune-teller's hut. Their courage began to fail, however, as they approached the dwelling; but, after some whispering hesitation as to who should dare to enter first, they summoned boldness enough to make their errand known. The old woman sat upon a cane mat in the center of the cabin, and perceiving the shrinking girls, called on them to come nearer. Each successively submitted her hand for inspection. Josephine presented hers last, though she would have gone away unenlightened but for the persuasions of her companions. The lines of her hand being attentively examined, she was told, "You will soon be married, but not to the one you love; the union will not be happy; your husband will perish tragically. You will then marry a man who will astonish the world, and you will become an eminent woman and possess a superior dignity."

Not long after, the sudden death of Maria, who was in the midst of preparations for a voyage to France, cast a deep gloom over the family. The mother could not be consoled at the loss of her favorite daughter. Touched by her mother's grief, Jose-

phine determined to imitate her sister and fill the sad vacancy. At once the child became a woman. Her amusements, her reckless rambles, her gay companions, were all rejected, and she employed her hours in the most studious application. Her efforts and rapid progress surprised and attracted both her parents. At this time, the arrival of a package from France, and the proposals it contained, afflicted her with a new and serious anxiety. The wishes of her aunt to receive her in Maria's place, and also to bestow her hand where her sister's had been promised, were quickly made known to her.

"You promised me to William de K—," replied she in surprise. But he assured her that was no barrier, as William was obliged to marry a joint-heir of the estate fallen to him. "Besides," said he, "William has forgotten you; you should cease to think of one who has so neglected you." Knowing nothing of the affectionate and overflowing letters which her parents retained from her, she was persuaded to consent to what her father would allow no refusal of; and after many tears, regrets, and useless entreaties, she separated from her family, her quiet home with all its happy associations, and left the wild and romantic island. To a young girl scarcely fifteen, it was a severe trial to be separated, perhaps forever, from her family, and more especially from the affectionate sympathy of an amiable, cultivated, judicious mother.

She was kindly received at Marseilles by her aunt. During the ensuing month, Josephine could not overcome the depression of spirits, fast infringing upon her health, and not lessened by her knowledge of the presence of William de K—in Paris, his frequent attempts to see her, and the discovery of his unchanged affections. To see him would but add to their distress, since he was betrothed to another, and the negotiations for



THINKS I'M "ONLY A KITTY."

her own marriage were in progress; while, on the other hand, the young Viscount Beauharnois was extremely repugnant to the match. Though he had admired the picture of Maria, he was extremely disappointed in Josephine, and at the same time was entirely devoted to a Madame de V—, who possessed his affections.

Josephine, bewildered and ill, but still dutiful to the commands of her parents, permitted her aunt and the Marquis de Beauharnois to use their influence with the viscount; but she entreated permission to retire to a convent, on the plea of ill-health. Josephine remained there nearly a year, and at the expiration of that time, became the wife of Alexandre de Beauharnois.

He is described as "an amiable, accomplished man, of noble and dignified bearing and a favorite at court." He highly esteemed Josephine, but his unabated attachment for Madame de V—, together with the scandal continually poured into the ears of his wife, gave rise to such jealousy on her part as to destroy their domestic peace. The birth of her son Eugene for a time diverted her; but, through the maliciousness of her rival, Beauharnois in his turn became jealous of her early love; annoyed by her tears and reproaches, he left her, on plea of business, to remain several months at Versailles. Josephine then withdrew entirely from the gayety in which her new position had thrown her. Though her *début* at court had been a flattering one, and the favors shown her by Marie Antoinette were sufficient to give eclat to her presence, yet she gladly escaped from the vortex of pleasure and retired to a quiet retreat at Croissy, where she resumed her long-neglected studies, successfully cultivating the talents that, now fully awakened, gave a more decided tone to her character. She was grieved at the neglect of her husband, but so was greatly consoled in her trials by the birth of Hortense, the more welcome since she was

deprived of the society and care of her idolized son, whom his father had placed at a private boarding-house.

Hearing of Beauharnois' intentions to obtain a divorce, she retired to the convent, determined to remain till the suit was decided. Confident of her own innocence, and attached to the man, who was strangely blinded to her faithful affection, and overwhelmed with grief at the turmoil in which her sensitive heart was continually plunged, she shut herself within the gloomy walls of the Abbey.

Hortense was her companion in this somber prison-house. Two weary years dragged away thus, serving at least to obliterate every trace of frivolity that might have remained from her light-hearted girlhood, and giving that dignity and composure to her manner which are the impress of long-continued grief. It enabled her to cultivate, though unconsciously, a fortitude of character valuable in her after-trials.

As soon as the Parliament at Paris had decided the suit of divorce in her favor, she determined to return to Martinique; but, unable to prevail upon Beauharnois to allow Eugene to accompany her, she was obliged to embark alone with Hortense. Two years of quiet home-life in her native island, somewhat restored the natural cheerfulness of her temper, yet the remembrance of her husband and son, widely separated from her, often disturbed the otherwise complete rest under her father's roof.

The news of Beauharnois' acknowledgment of his wife's innocence and his readiness to receive her again, reawakened all her affection and had induced her to seek the shores of France, and reunite the divided family. They met at Paris. Hortense, who already gave promise of much beauty, was presented to her father in the free, graceful dress of a young Creole. He was surprised to find himself possessed of so lovely a daughter, while Josephine rejoiced

equally in meeting with Eugene, from whom she had so long been separated. Several months of peaceful reconciliation succeeded, and Josephine was at last happy.

Josephine listened with deep interest to the political discussions now carried on in her saloons, which were the resort of the most prominent members of the assembly; but she could not conceal her anxiety as to the future of France, and the fate of those who, she foresaw, were to take the lead in the rapidly approaching struggle. Beauharnois preserved a mild, firm bearing throughout the storm that soon burst with frightful havoc upon the nation, remaining loyal to his king, whom he venerated and loved, while he saw and urged the necessity of the monarch's compliance with the demands of the people.

In 1793, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. He was accompanied during that short campaign by Eugene, then scarcely twelve years old, and who had already exhibited military capacity of a high order. In consequence of political difficulties and the withdrawal of the most efficient men from the army, General Beauharnois sent in his resignation, and on his return to France, was ordered to retire twenty leagues from the frontiers. He remained in quiet seclusion during a short period, until he fell under suspicion, was arrested, brought to Paris, and, like the host who already crowded the prisons, awaited in chains a speedy death.

Madame Beauharnois was filled with terror at the news of the long-dreaded catastrophe. She exerted all her influence and eloquence to save him, but only brought vengeance on her own head. She, too, was imprisoned in the gloomy walls of a monastery. Hortense was kindly cared for by a friend of Josephine, and Eugene was adopted by a poor artisan, with whom he labored, employing his leisure hours in study and military exercises. Madame Beauhar-

noin was not alone in her imprisonment. Her room and the adjoining ones were occupied by ladies of rank, who, like herself, suffered innocently and waited in hourly expectation of being led forth to execution.

In the midst of all this terror and grief Madame Beauharnois preserved a calm, fearless aspect. To inspire her terrified companions with courage, she assured them it had been foretold she was to be Queen of France, and if the prophecy was to be fulfilled, they should surely escape death. Thus she consoled and amused her trembling companions, while at every entrance of the harsh, unfeeling jailer, they were nearly paralyzed with fear lest their turn had come to be conducted to the guillotine. To their own perilous condition was added a distressing anxiety for the fate of relatives. They managed to obtain journals in which were lists of the executed, but no one had courage to glance over those pages of crime, or could read with unfaltering voice the names of friends numbered among the victims of the bloody Robespierre.

This was a task that fell upon Josephine, and it was a sad one; for the list often contained the names of fathers, brothers, or sons of the listeners, who received the sudden intelligence with shrieks or heart-rending groans, in which the rest sympathized with burning tears, knowing that they in their turn must feel the fierce tyrant's stroke. One morning, as Josephine read the list, she came to the name of her own husband. A cry of agony announced, to the pale group about her, what her lips could not articulate, and she fell senseless to the floor. Surrounded by companions to whom her kindness and gentleness had endeared her, she received every attention in their power to bestow, yet was restored with great difficulty. Repeated fainting-fits succeeded the shock, and the ensuing illness delayed her execution. A few days

afterward, a friend found means to allay the intense anxiety of the remaining prisoners, by adroitly thrusting a slip of paper through the grating of the window; it contained the cheering words—"Robespierre and his accomplices are marked for accusation—be quiet—you are saved!" What a relief to the long-continued fears of the exhausted prisoners! On the following day the great iron doors were thrown back, with what joy they left behind the grating locks, the barred windows, the cheerless cells, and breathed a pure, free air again! Then came the thought of beloved and dear faces they were to see no more, the remembrance of the family circle broken. They could not seek even the fireside, doubly dear for the sake of the lost. Without home or shelter, they could only depend upon the bounty of those who had escaped such an accumulation of calamities.

With nothing left of all her estates, her relations equally deprived of their wealth and unable to assist her, Josephine depended upon her own exertions and those of her young son Eugene, for support. To him she read and re-read the treasured letter Beauharnois had penned just before his execution. Full of touching affection, regret for the doubts he had ever entertained, of his wife's love, anxiety for her and the fate of their children, and overflowing with tenderness toward them all—this last gift, these words of remembrance, were dwelt upon with tears by mother and son, while they fired Eugene with the wrongs of France, and made him impatient for the arm and voice of manhood.

Straightened in their means, Josephine applied to Tallien, and succeeded in obtaining a small indemnity from the public property. She educated her children by the exercise of her own abundant talents.

Napoleon Bonaparte was now the rising star of France. He was received in society as a distinguished guest, notwithstanding his

lack of noble blood. He commanded notice by his unquestionable talent, energy, and ambition, as well as by his exciting wit and eccentricities. He had heard much of Madame Beauharnois through a friend. He was also interested in her as the mother of Eugene, who attracted his particular commendation by the bold, manly freedom with which he had presented himself and demanded the privilege of wearing his father's sword.

Josephine and Napoleon met one day. The meeting was at the house of their mutual friend.

Madame Beauharnois conceived the greatest dislike for Napoleon at this interview, which was not lessened during succeeding visits. Her dislike for him increased so much that she finally tried to avoid him; but, as she expresses it, "the more she sought to avoid him, the more he multiplied himself in her way."

She was strongly urged to accept Napoleon. It was sometime, however, before she could give her consent to the proposals, or become interested in the singular man who professed the strongest attachment for her. When she finally promised her hand, she concealed the fact from all her friends, dreading their reproaches. Upon her marriage, which occurred March 9, 1796, two days before Bonaparte set out upon his campaign to Italy, all Paris was in commotion at the unexpected event, and more especially her friends, from whom she had kept the secret.

Josephine is described in this, her twenty-eighth year, as "by no means beautiful, but her manners and deportment were particularly graceful; there was a peculiar charm in her smile and sweetness in her tones; she also dressed with an infinite degree of taste."

During the three following months, nothing was talked of among the Parisians but the brilliant victories of the young general, who was striking terror in all Europe by his skillful strokes and unheard-of success.

He had already penetrated into the very heart of Italy. Couriers were daily despatched to Josephine, keeping her fully informed of all his movements. The victory of Milan achieved, the Austrians were conquered, and the Italians paid homage to the daring commander; he won their admiration while he subdued them; nothing was needed to complete his satisfaction but the presence of his wife to share his honors. In his frequent letters he entreated her to come. Readily obeying his slightest wish, she left Hortense to complete her education, and proceeded by rapid stages to Italy—the land of sapphire skies, towering mountains, and hills luxuriant with fragrant vineyards, and rich in palaces and cathedrals, abounding in magnificent cities and enlivened with a population in gay and picturesque costumes. These scenes enchanted Josephine, who was animated with a glowing appreciation of the beautiful and sublime.

Napoleon gave her a cordial and enthusiastic reception. The Milanese were full of curiosity and eagerness to behold the wife of the wonderful warrior. All the distinguished and the élite of Milan paid court to Madame Bonaparte, who captivated them at once by her irresistible sweetness and affability. If they had honored Napoleon before, their ardor and worship was redoubled at the additional charm with which the musical and loved name of Josephine invested him. Balls, fetes, and concerts succeeded one another in bewildering profusion and magnificence, and the princes of the Italian states were outdone in the display and state of Madam Bonaparte's court. The expense occasioned by this outlay, together with her generous gifts, caused some reproof from Napoleon, but he was silenced by her adroit reasoning. "In some sort," said she, "your wife ought to eclipse the courts of the sovereigns who are at war with the French Republic."

Napoleon continued his conquests, forcing his way even to the midst of Rome, while Josephine remained at Milan conquering the hearts of the people. It was here in Italy that Napoleon learned the rare traits of his wife; he plainly saw she was to be henceforth indispensable to his advancement, security, and glory. Here she first acquired the strong influence over him that ceased only in her death. With the satisfaction of rendering his position safe by keeping him informed of the secret jealousies and intentions of the Directory in France; by a clear, unerring judgment, gaining a voice in his diplomatic measures as well as martial movements; by her address, securing an unbounded influence over the admiring Italians; with nothing to fear and everything to hope, Josephine was seeing her happiest days. She was sipping from the golden cup of fame and splendor, but like all the rest who partake its enticing draughts, she found bitter dregs underneath the sparkle and foam.

After the campaign, Napoleon returned in triumph to Milan, where Madame Bonaparte had remained. The round of pleasure quickly wearied the hero, who delighted most in the sounds and excitement of the battle-field, to which he eagerly returned.

Upon one occasion, she visited with Napoleon the singular and beautiful islands in Lake Maggiore, from which rose luxurious villas, surrounded by terraced gardens, where the citron, myrtle, and fragrant orange trees perpetually blossomed and hung heavy with tempting fruit. These lay in the midst of the lake, and clear, glassy waters rippled here and there before the swift prows of "winged boats," plying to and from the Switzer's shores. Beyond, towered the Alps; the eye falling first upon vine-covered slopes, wandered farther over wooded heights, then above and beyond to where white and gray rocks, boldly outlined, shot up in snowy peaks, lost in a veil of blue



mist that shaded into crimson when the rays of the evening sun had left the valley to linger in warmest colors upon the unclimbed heights.

The beautiful city of Venice, too, called forth her enthusiastic encomiums. Its massive palaces, costly churches, and wondrous bridges everywhere spanning the streets of water through which only noiseless gondolas continually plied; its delicious gardens decorated with innumerable statues, vases, fountains; the gay, musical people, in endless varieties of dress, everywhere lending a lively aspect, altogether gave an air of storied romance that threw the French women of Josephine's suite in ecstasies of delight. The Venetians greeted the wife of the victor with flattering honors, while she, with her characteristic generosity, lavished gifts and kindnesses upon them that riveted their extravagant adoration.

By her thoughtful intervention, the rigors and devastation of war were in a measure checked. Cities were spared pillage, the vanquished treated magnanimously, and the helpless protected—acts which exalted and endeared her to the Italians far more than her gifts, and secured the devotion of her husband, half-jealous of her evident power. "I conquer provinces, Josephine conquers hearts," was his playful comment.

Suspicious of the Directory, and knowing their wish and intention to dispose, in some way, of a man, whose growing power and ambition they had reason to fear, Napoleon suddenly and promptly returned to Paris, leaving Josephine at Milan. She was not suffered to remain long. Even the most virtuously great do not escape malice and calumny; knowing this, Josephine could hardly have expected to have been spared the groundless scandal which was cunningly whispered into the ears of the impetuous, exacting, and jealous hero. Napoleon commanded her immediate return, which she obeyed without delay. He received her

with unkindness, and, for a time, their domestic harmony was interrupted. By the interposition of a friend a reconciliation was effected.

Napoleon's restless ambition would not allow him luxurious repose, neither did the timid Directory wish the presence of so dangerous a man. The French regarded him as their deliverer, and were already fascinated with the name around which clusters so much glory and so much odium. Fearful of the results, the Directory gladly acquiesced in the proposed expedition to Egypt, which they hoped might give some pretext in the end for aspersions and disonor, if he did not fall in the contest. This he wisely foresaw, and left Josephine to guard his interests at home and use her unlimited influence to keep his star in the ascendancy.

Malmaison was her home during the year of the Syrian campaign. Without ostentation, she remained in this beautiful retreat, adorning it with every possible attraction. The gardens and green-houses were filled with the rarest flowers and exotics, of which she was passionately fond. Rich Etruscan vases and graceful statuary, chiseled by the best masters, ornamented the grounds and imparted an air of taste and expensive refinement that attracted amateurs from every quarter. Josephine's income was large, but she greatly exceeded it, in gratifying the love of art, and in the lavish gifts she bestowed upon every applicant, from the founder of expensive, but valuable, institutions, down to the poor thread-bare writing-master, who claimed the honor of first guiding Napoleon's pen. Her generosity never consulted the length of her purse.

A constant correspondence was kept up between herself and husband. He prized her letters, hastily tearing them open and reading them with the greatest avidity, even in the midst of battle. During the last months of his absence, however, he neglected

to write with his usual punctuality and affection, since he had become violently jealous of his wife through the misrepresentations of those who watched her with envy and malice. Reports of his defeat, and even death, reached France, but while the truth of it was being discussed, he suddenly appeared on the shores of France, with his characteristic and startling rapidity of movement.

Josephine was at a magnificent *levée* given by Gohier, the President of the Directory. When the news of Napoleon's arrival was announced, it was received with a thrill of surprise and joy by the guests who crowded the saloon, while Josephine was almost overcome at the suddenness of the event to which she had impatiently looked forward. Immediately resolving to be among the first to meet him on his way to Paris, and thus remove his unjust suspicions, she left the gay circle, and, accompanied by Hortense, set out with the utmost speed. Unfortunately they passed each other by different routes, which mistake Josephine sought to repair in returning to Paris by the fleetest posts, but too late to meet the arbitrary man, whose tyranny she began to feel. He would not receive her when she reached their city residence, since her absence confirmed his suspicions, nor did he abate his resentment till, by the tearful entreaties of Hortense and Eugene, and the reproaches of her friends, who reminded him of all he might have lost but for her faithful and untiring devotion to his interests in his absence, his temper was finally appeased, and he again welcomed the wife who suffered the most poignant grief from this rude repulse of her tenderest affection.

They retired to Malmaison, which at once became the scene of pleasure, of political debates and ambitious schemes.

Napoleon was proclaimed First Consul. This anticipated event had been looked to by Josephine with great interest and anxiety,

not from ambitious or selfish motives, but because she seriously judged it to be for the glory and good of France.

The Consul took up his residence at the Tuilleries; this was suited to his aspirations, as having been the seat of royalty. He took possession of it with great pomp, distinguishing the occasion by military display, fireworks, and general rejoicing among the people.

The first soirée given at the Tuilleries, was attended by all the distinguished and the beauty of Paris, as well as citizens of every class. The crowd was so great, that even the private apartments were thrown open to the guests. Curiosity and conjecture was at its height as to the style in which Josephine would appear as the wife of the hero of so many battles, the subduer of nations, and the guardian of France—a curiosity greatly disappointed, when she entered unannounced, she was dressed with the utmost simplicity in white, her hair negligently confined by a plain comb, and with no ornament but an unostentatious necklace of pearls. The unassuming dress was the more noticeable from the marked contrast it afforded to the splendidly attired ladies in showy brocades, flashing diamonds, and waving plumes that had been selected with the most fastidious care to grace the occasion. The first expression of surprise gave way to a murmur of admiration, as Josephine gracefully passed through the apartments, saluting her guests with fascinating affability, and natural, becoming dignity.

"She was at this time in her thirty-eighth year, but she retained those personal advantages which usually belong only to more youthful years. Her stature was exactly that perfection which is neither too tall for female delicacy, nor so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her person was faultlessly symmetrical, and the lightness and elasticity of its action gave an aerial character to her graceful carriage. Her features

were small and finely modeled, of a Grecian cast. The habitual expression of her countenance was a placid sweetness. Her eyes were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, usually lying half concealed under their long silky eye-lashes. The winning tenderness of her mild, subdued glance, had a power which could tranquilize Napoleon in his darkest moods. Her hair was ‘glossy chestnut brown,’ harmonizing delightfully with a clear complexion and neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her voice constituted one of the most pleasing attractions and rendered her conversation the most captivating that can easily be conceived.”

Napoleon’s tyranny over his household, and in little things, increased in proportion to his power. Especially toward Josephine and her suite he exercised a wayward and annoying surveillance, that would have been insupportable to any other than his devoted, patient wife. Her influence over him was widely known, and, in consequence, she was thronged with applicants of every description.

In May, 1800, Napoleon with a brilliant army, again set out for Italy. Josephine retired to Malmaison, where she remained during his absence, indulging in the study of botany.

Napoleon was absent but two months. With incredible speed his army had crossed the Alps, in defiance of danger and death, descended upon the beautiful plains of Italy, and with a few brilliant strokes, scattered the astounded Austrians, who believed him quietly reposing upon his laurels. He returned in triumphal march, advancing toward the capital amidst the shouts of gathering crowds, roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. His arrival at midnight was first made known to Josephine by his noisy, rapid strides through her apartments, when he came to arouse her with the account of his triumphant success. These sudden interruptions of her rest were not uncommon,

for she was frequently awakened from deep sleep to accompany him in long walks through the botanical gardens to listen to some new plans which had suddenly shot through his restless brain.

At the close of this year the Consulship was bestowed upon Napoleon for life, but this additional evidence of confidence and admiration gave Josephine more anxiety than gratification, for, with her keen foresight and knowledge of Napoleon’s character, she perceived the final result, and knew full well that his ambitious strides would soon carry him beyond the shadow of Republicanism that remained. His imitation of royalty in occupying a separate suit of apartments in their new residence in the splendid palace of St. Cloud, gave her still greater cause for anxiety; it lent a seriousness to the vague hints of divorce from Napoleon, who longed to perpetuate his power and name through descendants. Josephine, however, was not of an unhappy temperament, and was willing to close her eyes to future ills. Napoleon and Josephine were crowned Emperor and Empress at the church of Notre-Dame, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. Napoleon appeared in a gorgeous state-dress, attended by his marshals and all the dignitaries of France, while Josephine was magnificently attired and surrounded by the ladies of her suite. An elegantly decorated platform had been erected at the end of the spacious church. Here, after an imposing performance of Mass, Napoleon received the crown from the Pope, placed it upon his head himself, then rested it a moment upon the brow of Josephine, who knelt before him in tearful agitation. The Testament was then presented to the Emperor, who pronounced the oath, with his ungloved hand resting upon the sacred book. ‘The ceremonies finished, the imperial assemblage retired amidst deafening shouts of “*Vive l’ Empereur!*”

Josephine now saw the predictions of her greatness fulfilled, but her happiness and peace decreased in proportion to the unprecedented rise of the man with whose destiny hers was linked. She seldom saw the Emperor alone, he being almost always occupied in affairs of state, or traveling by post to all parts of the kingdom. She sometimes accompanied him, but the addresses to which she was obliged to reply, and the endless code of court ceremonials, which Napoleon insisted upon being minutely observed, were so innumerable, that, despite her diligence in studying them, she could not retain a fourth part of them in her head—a great annoyance to her, notwithstanding she never for a moment lost her self-possession. Her impromptu replies, rendered appropriate by her quick sense of fitness, imparted a sweetness and sincerity to whatever she said or did, and not only saved her from censure or ridicule, but increased the admiration and respect of those about her.

For some time after the coronation, the Emperor and Empress remained at St. Cloud. While there, Josephine usually arose at nine o'clock, spent an hour in making a toilet, enjoyed a walk or some other recreation, and breakfasted at eleven o'clock, when she was occasionally joined by the Emperor, though he never remained above ten minutes at table, considering it lost time. She afterward received petitioners, to all of whom she gave ready assistance. Retiring to her own apartments, the remainder of the morning was spent with the ladies of her suite, all of whom were engaged in embroidering, while one of their number read aloud from some entertaining and instructive author. Works of fiction were never permitted to be circulated in the palace, as Napoleon was strictly and severely opposed to that class of literature. He sometimes suddenly appeared in their midst, talking gaily and freely with the

ladies of honor, and occasionally joining in a game of cards, but his stay was always short. He was often present while the evening toilet of the Empress was in preparation overturning her boxes in his impatience, tossing about the most costly jewels as if of no value, and frightening her attendants by his irritable criticisms. He did not scruple to destroy an elegant dress, if it happened not to strike his fancy, obliging her to assume another—a needless interference, inasmuch as she was always appareled with exquisite taste.

An important and happy event called her to Munich at the close of the year. The marriage of Eugene with the Princess of Bavaria was magnificently celebrated there; it gave both the Emperor and Empress the utmost satisfaction, not only for politic reasons, but because their mutual attachment gave promise of domestic peace.

All that Josephine had desired was now accomplished. Her fears and anxiety as to the Emperor's idea of divorce were forgotten after the birth of a son to Hortense, now Queen of Holland. Josephine's future peace depended upon his life. As though to mock the hopes centered in the young prince, Death marked him an early victim. Upon hearing the tidings, Napoleon repeatedly exclaimed: "To whom shall I leave all this?" The event afflicted Josephine with a double grief. She not only mourned the loss of a favorite, but trembled under the stroke that threatened her own happiness. She knew perfectly well that the powerful conqueror would not hesitate to sacrifice her, if she impeded his limitless designs, though he loved her with all the devotion of which his selfish nature was capable.

Nearly a year passed before Napoleon made known to her his unalterable decision, but that year was full of inexpressible torture to Josephine. A private passage, terminated by a small door, connected their apartments. At this, the Emperor was accustomed to

knock when he desired an interview. These occasions when the subject of divorce was discussed, became so painful to Josephine that the usual summons caused violent palpitation of the heart, trembling and faintness. She could scarcely support herself while hesitating at the door to gather strength and courage for interviews that inflicted almost unendurable anguish.

The final decision was made known to her, May 30th, by Napoleon himself, after ordering the attendants to withdraw. Of this she says: "I watched in the changing expression of his countenance that struggle which was in his soul. At length his features settled into a stern resolve. I saw that my hour was come. His whole frame trembled; he approached and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it upon his heart, gazed upon me for a moment, then pronounced these fearful words: 'Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone, do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine, my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.' 'Say no more,' I had still strength to reply, 'I was prepared for this, but the blow is not the less mortal.' More I could not utter. I became unconscious of everything, and on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber."

From this time to the 16th of December, she was obliged to appear at the fêtes with a smiling countenance and cheerful demeanor, while beneath it all, her heart was breaking. Her decision was not formally announced to the public till the 16th of December, when the Council of State were summoned to appear at the Tuilleries. Napoleon's family, who secretly exulted at the event, were also gathered in the grand saloon. A chair, in front of which stood a

table with writing apparatus of gold, was placed in the center of the apartment. At a little distance stood Eugene with compressed lips and his arms folded over a heart swelling with resentment. Josephine entered with her usual grace, pale but calm, leaning on the arm of Hortense, who conducted her to the central chair, and stationed herself behind it, weeping bitterly. The Empress sat composedly, with her head leaning on her hand, the tears coursing silently down her deathly-pale cheek, listening to the reading of the Act that was to separate her forever from the man for whom she would have laid down her life. Napoleon in vain endeavored to suppress the emotion that betrayed itself in the violent workings of his countenance; it was the wrenching of a strong affection from a soul that was else all chaos and darkness; it was the obliteration of a guiding-star that had led him to the topmost pinnacle of greatness, and without whose steady radiance he must blindly overstep his narrow foothold and plunge from the dizzy height.

A solemn stillness rested upon the assemblage when the reading of the Act ceased. Even the Bonaparte family were touched with Josephine's uncomplaining sorrow. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes for an instant, then rising took the oath of acceptance in a tremulous voice, resumed her seat, and, taking the pen, signed the document. The dreaded ceremony finished, she immediately retired, accompanied by Hortense and Eugene, who fell senseless as he reached the ante-chamber. The silent witnessing of his mother's suffering was too much for him to endure; for her sake and in compliance with her entreaties, he had restrained his burning resentment. Josephine burst into an uncontrollable paroxysm of tears, when she reached her private apartments, sobbing and groaning with an anguish heart-rending to behold.

Carriages were in waiting to convey her to Malmaison. While preparations were making for her departure, Napoleon came to bid her a final farewell. As he approached, she threw herself into his arms, and clung to him with a tenderness that conveyed, more than words, the intensity and faithfulness of a love which nothing could tear from her heart. Overcome by her emotions, she fainted and was placed upon a couch, over which Napoleon hung with unconcealed anxiety and pain, tenderly stroking her cold face and himself applying restoratives. Returning consciousness brought her more frantic grief, when she perceived the Emperor was no longer near her, for he had hastily left the apartment, fearing another scene. She seized the hand of an officer who still remained, and in accents of wild sorrow, entreated him to tell the Emperor not to forget her. No one could restrain tears of sympathy for the beloved Empress, so unjustly thrust from the affections of an adored husband.

She was accompanied to Malmaison by persons of distinction. She still retained the title of Empress, and received an ample revenue to support the expenses incident to her rank. Malmaison was elegantly furnished and embellished with many costly articles sent her by Napoleon's orders. She here held her court, which was frequented by the *savans* of Paris as well as the gay and beautiful. Thus Malmaison once more became the scene of fetes, balls, and splendid entertainments. These gayeties could not divert Josephine from her one great sorrow. Every object in that lovely retreat where their earliest days of happiness had been spent, reminded her of what she in vain tried to forget. Her tears flowed afresh at the sight of the haunts they had frequented together; the flowers, that had given her so much delight, now only recalled painful associations. The rooms which had been exclusively Napoleon's, she would permit

no one but herself to enter, retaining every article precisely as he had left it. The maps he had studied, the books with leaves turned down, his apparel just where he had flung it in some impatient mood; everything remained undisturbed and sacred to her own eyes already inflamed and almost sightless with continual weeping. What agonizing remembrances of happiness she must have endured in this silent, deserted apartment! What abandonment to grief, where every object recalled the loved face and voice of one lost to her forever, and where no curious eyes checked her tears!

It was well for her health and repose that she finally determined to forsake Malmaison and retire to a palace that had lain nearly in ruins, since the devastation of the Revolution, but which was charmingly situated. It had originally been celebrated for its spacious park, elegant gardens, lakes, fountains, and all that could render it an envied possession. The occupation of restoring its original beauty, of giving employment to the poor peasantry in the neighborhood, as well as escaping the heartless attentions of courtiers, and the wearisome gayeties of court, was a beneficial, wise change.

Josephine was accompanied thither by her most intimate, valuable friends, and a few young ladies whose guardian she became. She was never forsaken, however, by the world, who testified the sincerity of its admiration by visits to this out-of-the-way home of the loved Empress. Her mornings were passed in company with the ladies of her suite, engaged in some useful work, and listening at the same time to one who read aloud. The afternoons were occupied in rides, walks, or visits to the poor, who were constant objects of charity. The evenings were passed in the saloons in lively conversation, occasional games at cards, or listening to the music of the harp and piano in adjoining apartments, where



THE POSTMAN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



the young people engaged in dances or noisy games, which, however much they disturbed the quiet of the saloons, Josephine would never allow to be checked, for she loved to see all around her cheerful and happy, even while her own heart was too sad for her face to brighten with a single smile.

The news of the Emperor's marriage with the beautiful Maria Louise of Austria, was a new pang to her already lacerated feelings. She could not conceal her grief on her first meeting with Napoleon, after the event that deprived her of every claim upon his thoughts and affections. He often visited her, and evinced the lingering love and veneration he entertained for her admirable character, by the entire confidence with which he unfolded all his plans to her. A correspondence, sustained between them, was her greatest pleasure.

The birth of a son at St. Cloud was announced to Josephine while attending a dinner. With no feeling of jealousy or envy, this noble woman added her congratulations and sincerely rejoiced with all France at the accession of an heir to the throne. The only regret she expressed was, that she had not first received the intelligence from Napoleon himself. When at length a letter arrived, communicating the tidings, she retired to read it, and remained in seclusion an hour. When she returned to her guests, her face bore evident traces of tears. She longed to behold the young prince—a wish which Napoleon granted by himself placing the child in her arms.

Bonaparte continued to confide his most secret plans to Josephine. When he imparted to her his designs upon Russia, she used her utmost persuasion to induce him to abandon the wild project, in which she dimly foresaw his ruin. During that frightful campaign their correspondence was continued without interruption. "His letters to her were more frequent and more affec-

tionate than ever, while hers, written by every opportunity, were perused under all circumstances with a promptitude which clearly showed the pleasure or the consolation that was expected; in fact it was observed that letters from Malmaison or Navarre were always torn rather than broken open, and were instantly read, whatever else might be retarded."

The news of his disasters filled Josephine with fearful apprehensions. He returned to France with the shattered remains of his brilliant army, unwilling to believe her people would dare to conspire against the bold conqueror who challenged all the world to battle. Neither his self-confidence nor his giant grasp could retain the crown, lost in his vain reachings after another. It was too late now to retrace his steps. In a short and painful interview with Josephine, he acknowledged that he might still have been Emperor of France, had he regarded her faithful entreaties. This was the last time she ever beheld him. The revolution that soon succeeded, alarmed her for his fate.

Josephine was here visited by the Emperor Alexander, with whom she plead for Napoleon. It was greatly owing to her influence and eloquence, and a regard for her devoted attachment for Napoleon, that severe measures were not taken to crush or effectually pinion his ambitious spirit. Josephine was comparatively happy when it was at last announced to her that he was to possess, in full sovereignty, the principality of the Island of Elba, an envied fate in contrast to the one she had feared. Upon his departure she wrote a most affectionate and touching letter, and would have followed him but for the delicacy of supplanting his rightful wife.

Malmaison was again thronged with the great and gay, who came now, not with empty flattery, but to assure the Empress of the most profound esteem. The Emperor Alexander, on meeting her, expressed his gratification thus: "Madame, I burned with

the desire to behold you. Since I entered France, I have never heard your name pronounced but with benedictions. In the cottage and in the palace, I have collected accounts of your goodness, and I do myself a pleasure in thus presenting to your majesty the universal homage of which I am the bearer."

She was also visited by the King of Prussia. Louis, the occupant of the throne of France, conferred flattering distinctions upon Eugene, and would have made him martial of France had his pride permitted him to accept the honor. Hortense was also received with marked favor.

These monarchs frequently visited and dined at Malmaison, where Josephine graciously did the honors. On the last occasion, May 19th, when a grand dinner was given to the allied sovereigns, she became too ill to remain with her guests. She left her duties with Hortense to perform, obliged at length to yield to a disease that for some time she had endeavored to keep at bay. A malignant form of quinzy had fastened upon her, and, despite the exertion of the most skillful physicians, it made rapid and alarming progress. She articulated with much difficulty. She expressed affection for her children, who remained constantly at her bedside, by grateful and tender looks, often smiling upon them while enduring the severest pain, endeavoring to calm their agitation and lessen their anxiety. A few days, however, so changed the beloved countenance of their mother that no hopes were entertained for her recovery.

She, herself, quickly recognized the hand of death. In her last moments, her thoughts

wandered far away to Elba, longing for the presence of one whom not even the near approach of eternity could drive from her heart. A portrait of Napoleon hung near, which she motioned to be brought to her and placed where she could gaze upon it, as if to number him, who had forsaken her, among the weeping ones gathered about her. Hortense and Eugene knelt at the bedside, overcome with grief, and sobbing painfully while they received her last blessing. At this moment the Emperor Alexander, who visited her daily, entered and was gratefully recognized by Josephine. She summoned all her remaining strength, to say in a faint whisper, "I shall die regretted. I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; I can say with truth, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

Though crowned an empress, she never lost the sweetness and simplicity of character that belonged to her lively girlhood, in the quiet at Martinique. Early disappointments and afflictions, so far from embittering her nature, served to chasten and fortify her spirit for the gentle endurance of sterner griefs. Great in prosperity, she was greater in adversity. She is an example of humane sympathy, of calm reason, of lofty magnanimity, thorough integrity, and unfaltering devotion to the objects of her affection. Hers was that simple wisdom of a true heart which transcends the most dazzling genius of man. And as one of earth's true souls, she will enlist the warm admiration of all who have an earnestness akin to hers, so long as the world endures.

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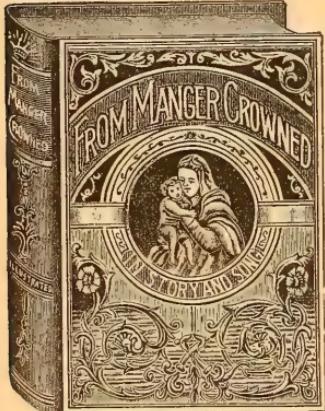
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